

From the Saturday Courier.

THE NEW HAT;

OR, THE BEAUTIFUL STRAWBERRY GIRL.

A STORY,

CONTINGENT ON THE TALE OF "THE LAST BLANKET,"

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Virtue it is gives dignity to toil !

Ask not *what* hands to shape and carry, but

Ask thou, rather if th' *hands*, themselves, be stainless ;

Look not to see if vestments be all rich,

And finely woven, and embroidered well,

But if the heart be honest that doth beat within !

FANNY GRAY, at the age of sixteen, completely realized, as we have said in the preceding story, the idea conveyed by the phrase "a perfect little gipsy." Her black, laughing eyes; her merry mouth, formed of two beautiful cherry-ripe lips; her brilliant teeth, finely contrasting with her rich brown cheek; her flowing dark hair, and symmetrical, full little figure, with a small dimple hand and bewitching foot, a buoyant step, and a bright smile ever illumining her happy face, she presented altogether one of the most charming specimens of a rustic American beauty conceivable. She had a cheerful disposition, a generous tone of feeling, was warm-hearted and enthusiastic, and with natural good sense, was well taught in the great truths of that religion which had been the stay and support of her pious father and mother under the darkest cloud of human affliction. Her idea of God was that He was great, holy, and kind, loving the creatures he had made, and seeking to make them good and happy. She therefore loved him, for her heart was a fountain gushing with gratitude and love, and as the bright stream seeks the ocean, the pure current of her affections flowed irresistibly heavenward. This love for God made her happy, for she felt neither fear nor doubt, nor sorrow nor care; nightly she kneeled by the side of her humble couch, and sweetly confessed her little offences and youthful misdemeanors, for sins they scarcely were, and then laid her head upon the pillow to sleep, with angels to guard her innocent and peaceful slumbers. In the morning she rose with the lark, and thanking her heavenly Father for his protecting care over her during the dark watches of the night, she went singing about the house, assisting her mother in her domestic duties; while Simon started off to market to sell his vegetables and milk.

Thus they lived a peaceful and guileless family, without care or sorrow; experience in affliction having taught them true contentment; and the fear of God having daily kept them from deviating from the way of

truth and integrity, to which industry and duty were the safe-guard and guide.

Notwithstanding they were humbly prosperous for their condition, they did not let thrift elevate them above it. Sarah milked her own kine, made her own butter, and, assisted by Fanny, superintended all those household matters that come properly under a good housewife's care. Seventeen years of marriage had changed her but little; Simon, indeed, thought her handsomer at thirty-eight than at twenty, and truly she had gained in matronly dignity and maturer grace of person, what she had parted with in youthful charms and maiden buoyancy of step and carriage. Her smile was sweeter, her voice more tuneful, and her feelings more chastened and hallowed by the lessons that life teaches all its impatient pupils. Simon, on his part, worked in the garden all the time he was not engaged at market, and was constantly increasing his products and improving his little nook of land. One portion he had set off for a grazing lot for his seven cows and the horse he drove in his milk cart, and his garden covered at least one acre, which sometimes rendered it necessary for him to hire an assistant. Time had changed him more than Sarah: his hair was getting gray, and the lines of middle age were carving themselves deep into his cheek. Yet his heart was young and sound in right principle; he loved virtue and integrity, feared God, and did his duty to all men with whom he was brought in contact as he would have them do to him. He never deceived a purchaser in the sale of fruit or vegetables, nor did he ever add water to his milk; for in all he did, he did it as unto God, in whose presence he always felt he was, and not unto man whom he could easily deceive. So Simon and Sarah prospered and were blessed in their table and their store.

One morning in July, Fanny rose earlier than usual, and with a bright face hastened to her mother's room and awakened both of her parents with a hearty kiss.

"This is my sixteenth birth-day, father! I am just sixteen to-day, mother!" she cried with delight.

The fond parents gazed upon her beautiful and now unusually animated face, and, exchanging glances of pride and hope, blessed God for giving them so rich a treasure.

"Come, you must get up and start to the city early, father, for you promised I should go there with you to-day," she said eagerly.

"Yes, Fanny," said Simon, smiling with happiness, "but have you the English strawberries picked? You know I said I would take you and let you purchase a new bonnet, if you would first sell the strawberries to pay for it. You remember you made seventeen

dollars for your mother's last strawberry season, by selling them in the city."

"Yes, father, I hav'nt picked them yet; but 'tis half an hour to sunrise, and I will have a nice large basket full by the time you're ready to start with the milk."

"Well, you shall go with me, dear; now hasten and get the strawberries. You will want about eight quarts; old Timmy'll help you pick them, if you call him up."

With a light heart Fanny hastened from the bed-room to rouse old Tim, Simon's hired man, and then taking a basket, bounded into the garden, brushing from the bushes and tendrils showers of dewy chrystals as she directed her course towards the strawberry bed, which lay blushing with its delicious fruit. Every bending stem was so loaded with clusters that the whole surface seemed tessellated with green and scarlet; for Simon, at Fanny's request, had indulgently let the bed remain untouched till her birth-day. Old Timmy soon made his appearance to assist her, and in less time than she had named, the generous baskets were filled with the fragrant berry, and Fanny and Tim bore them towards the house. Here they found Simon ready to start to town with his milk cart, and Sarah having put up a nice lunch of fried cakes, a cold chicken and home-made bread, saw them off up the lane leading to the ferry-road, and after directing Fanny what kind of a straw to buy, and what ribbon to get for it, and giving her two or three little messages for tape, thread, and such little necessities for herself, she bade her a lingering good-bye; not without calling after Fanny to be careful and not get lost, and to Simon to come back as soon as he could.

Fanny was in high spirits; first, because she was naturally of a happy temperament; secondly, because she was sixteen that day, on which important event all young girls feel very proud and very much delighted; thirdly, because she was going to the city; and fourthly, because she was going to buy herself a new hat! All these are very good reasons for making any little rustic maiden feel quite happy, and therefore there is no occasion for explaining further causes for her being in such high spirits. Every thing she beheld took the bright hue of her heart. The trees were greener, the birds sang sweeter, the sun shone brighter, the water looked prettier, the skies bluer, and even the old horse in the cart looked sleeker and went brisker, seen in the silver mirror that reflected her own bosom's joy. At length they entered the ferry boat and crossed the noble breast of the Hudson towards the city, which sat like a sea queen crowned with a hundred spired tiara, a thousand navies doing homage to her power. Fanny got out of the

wagon and stood leaning over the railing of the boat, gazing in silence upon the scene around her, and through which she was moving. Her eyes rested with unwearied delight on the palisades, looking like the walls of a gigantic rampart built up by ancient Titans; upon the nearer pleasant green shores with their handsome villas; upon the heights of her own dear Weehawken, and the picturesque vistas of Hoboken; upon the countless towers of the far-stretching city, with its emerald and embattled islands, and, between, a far off glimpse of the ocean! At length the boat darted in between crowds of shipping, and those scenes were shut from her sight. Simon now assisted her with her basket of strawberries into the milk wagon, and took a seat beside her, and drove towards the market to leave his vegetables, before furnishing his customers with milk. The market was the "Fulton," and having arrived at it and disburdened his wagon, he drove off to supply his customers. It was yet quiet early in the morning, and though comparatively few vehicles were moving in the streets, yet Fanny was bewildered by the noise and sight of so many people walking. She had not been in the city since the berry season the preceding year, and though she then became familiarized to its distracting scenes, she had been so long in the quiet of her cottage in Weehawken that she felt strange at the sudden transition. Simon kept her beside him until he had furnished his customers in the vicinity of Beekman street, which he did not by announcing his presence by a fiendish yell that no human being with one grain of moral propriety or correct feeling would give utterance to, but by ringing a handle-bell which he kept in his seat by him for the purpose. A man who would send forth such a yell as some we have heard, startling the sleeper, the nervous and the sick, like a savage war-whoop, would commit murder!

After Simon had served his customers, he drove Fanny up to the corner of Bleecker and Broadway, and telling her to sell her strawberries in that, Bond, and other respectable streets in the vicinity, he left her on the sidewalk, promising to take her up at the same spot at ten o'clock, and then drove off, though not without carefully cautioning her not to enter any house whatever, but to sell her strawberries at the door.

Fanny in her long ride about the city in the milk cart had got familiarized to its sights and sounds, and easily recognised the streets she had formerly known. She stood on the side-walk with her large basket of strawberries swung on her arm, and looked after the milk wagon till it disappeared round the corner of Houston street. She then felt a sensation of loneliness and desertion that for

a moment brought tears into her eyes. But her natural buoyancy of temperament and energy of mind soon overcame this feeling, and calling to mind that she must sell her strawberries before she could buy the new hat she had been dreaming about for the last six weeks, she turned away and passed down Bleecker street, singing in a loud, cheery, and most melodious tone ever strawberry-crier had,

"Straw-ber-ries! Who'll buy? who'll buy?"

And thus she went along crying her delicious fruit, her rich voice ringing most sweet, most musically in the clear morning air. She thus passed along down Bleecker street, now glancing to that side of the street, now lifting her bright eyes to the half-closed blinds and the doors on this, to see if any one was coming to buy. No one passed her, dressed in her neat but worn sun-hat and cape, her tidy white apron and calico frock just fitting her perfect little figure, with her bright, beautiful, though berry brown face, her lovely smile and buoyant step, without stopping to look back, particularly the gentlemen who were going to their places of business. She, however, did not heed them, for she thought only of selling her strawberries and getting her new hat; and when one young ultra-dressed gentleman caught her eye and thought he had made a conquest of the pretty strawberry girl, she was at the instant calculating how much eight quarts of strawberries would come to at thirty-one cents per quart; which she at length found would enable her to get a hat that would cost \$2 48 cents.

"Straw-ber-ries! fine ripe straw-ber-ries! —Who'll buy?"

"How do you sell your strawberries, my pretty one?" asked a respectable middle-aged gentleman, with an eye for female beauty, who came out of a house just before her; and while lifting the fresh green mulberry leaves that covered them, his eyes were banquetting on her rustic beauty.

"Two and sixpence—thirty one cents a quart, sir," she said, dropping her eyes modestly, for she saw he had been looking into her face, instead of the basket.

"They are very nice looking," he said, taking one and eating it with a zest; "but you are too respectable and pretty to sell strawberries, my dear."

"My father has told me, sir, that whatever is honest, is respectable," said Fanny, firmly.

"But it will lead you astray."

"Sir?" asked Fanny, with great simplicity.

"Nothing; you go to that door which has

the blind open, and they will take some of your strawberries. Where do you live?"

"At home, sir."

"Oh, ah, yes—I dare say!" stammered the gentleman, quiet thrown off his self-possession by the ingenuousness of her character, which he did not expect to discover in one of her pursuits; for there are many gentlemen, like this grey Lothario, who have conceived an idea that a young and pretty girl who has to work for her subsistence, is ever ready to exchange the hardly earned pittance of honest industry, for the tempting wages of sin. But such persons are often foiled, to their cost. Such a person was this respectable looking lawyer. Fanny's beauty had attracted his eye, and he stopped her under the plea of looking at her strawberries, to see what prospect there was of becoming the possessor of such a prize. Fanny, unconsciously, met his art by innocence, and the tempter shrunk from his purpose; and as he left her he felt that shame of conscience which vice always experiences in the presence of the virtue it would have contaminated.

Fanny, however, was too innocent of evil to be conscious of his intention, though she had, on seeing him surveying her with a peculiar look, experienced a dislike towards him; nevertheless, she went to the door he had pointed out, in which she saw, peeping after the gentleman, a lady, who had been once handsome, dressed in a white morning robe. As Fanny ascended the spacious brown stone steps, the lady threw open the other half blind, and said to her, in a quick, suspicious tone, and with a look to match it—

"What did my husband—I mean that gentleman, say to you, girl?"

"To come here with my strawberries, madam," answered Fanny, respectfully—though she wondered at her way of speaking to her.

"Didn't he chuck you under the chin?"

"No," responded Fanny, laughing at the idea, and at the lady.

"Didn't he ask you any questions?"

"He asked me how I sold my strawberries, and told me if I brought them to this house, the people would buy some."

The lady eyed her very steadily a moment after she had answered, and then smiling good naturedly, said—

"Well, well—let me see them. They are very nice looking! Did you pick them yourself?"

"Yes, madam, in my father's garden, at Weehawken."

"They have a delightful flavor! Here, Betty, bring a dish here. I will take two quarts, girl. Tell your father he should"

trust such a child as you are to sell strawberries about the streets."

"I sold them before I was thirteen, madam," answered Fanny.

"I don't mean that—I mean you are too old then! How much do you ask a quart?"

"Thirty-one cents," answered Fanny, smiling—for she always smiled when she answered a question.

"You are altogether too pretty a child! How fragrant! Thirty-one cents! You must take thirty."

"It is very early in the season, and I must get thirty-one," answered our strawberry girl, not unimpressed, young as she was, with this little exhibition of avarice; but some folks never can give exactly the price asked; they must offer less if it be but a cent.

Betty now appeared with a large deep China dish, and Fanny measured out two full quarts; the lady, nevertheless, added two or three of the largest ones from the basket to make up, as she said, "full measure," forgetting she had eaten full two dozen of the most luscious while talking with her. There are some very odd people in life, if one would but watch their little motions and ways of doing things!

The lady now drew out her purse, and placed in Fanny's hand a half dollar and a shilling piece saying—

"Well, as you will have thirty-one cents a quart, and the strawberries are very nice and large (here she picked out three of the largest from Fanny's basket and ate them,) I will give it to you. Here is sixty-two and a half cents, and as I suppose you don't happen to have a half cent, I'll just take a handful to make it up;" and the good lady took a sixpence worth of strawberries for her half-penny! Fanny stared and thought she had a very funny customer, but she did not know so much of human nature as she would if she lived twenty years longer. She replaced the mulberry leaves lest "the lady" might remember she *jest* wanted a few more for her baby, and hastened down the steps and took her way along the side-walk, singing her sweet strawberry song:

"Straw-ber-ries, fine ripe straw-ber-ries!"

As she was passing a stately mansion, a lovely blue-eyed girl threw open the blinds, and in a pleasant voice, said,

"Come in, strawberry girl, I want to buy some of your nice strawberries!"

Fanny looked up, smiled, and ceased her song, and the next moment the door was opened by the young lady:

"Oh, what a pretty creature you are! Isn't she, Juliette?" she exclaimed, as Fanny came up the steps, turning round and speaking to another young girl who looked like her sister.

"A perfect brunette!" answered Juliette, in rapture; "come in, I want to see you."

"Will you buy my strawberries?" asked Fanny, archly.

"Yes, if you will come in," cried the first. "Why what eyes and lips!" and they almost pulled Fanny into the hall, as if they had been children, and she a great doll. Fanny recollected her father's wise injunction not to enter any house, though without suspecting the motive from which his experience had led him to give such a command; but as the door was instantly closed, and she was dragged into the parlour by her lovely captors, she could not have retreated if she would. She was bewildered and amazed by the richness of the apartment. Pictures in massive gold frames, were suspended by crimson silken cords, from the delicately tinted walls; curtains of red and yellow silk, draped the lofty windows—diffusing a soft roseate glow throughout the apartment; the marble mantle-piece was supported by statues; sofas, ottomans and divers luxurious articles, of none of which did she know the names, were placed about; an open piano, at which the young ladies were practising a duett when they heard the strawberry girl's sweeter solo in the street; the rich dyes of the thick carpet, and the thousand beautiful ornaments strewn around, filled her mind with amazement and new sensations of pleasure.

Without waiting for her to complete her survey of the parlor, they began to question her and inspect her.

"What beautiful hair! See what shining tresses!" exclaimed the blue-eyed Pamela, taking off her bonnet; "do you put it every night in paper?"

"No," answered Fanny, laughing, and trying to tie on her sun-hat.

"What dark eyes, Pamela!" exclaimed Juliette. "What eye-lashes for a strawberry girl!"

"And what coral lips!" cried Pamela.

"And what teeth!" echoed Juliette.

"And what a rich brown complexion!" she added.

"And what a bright colour mantles through it in her cheek!" repeated Pamela, seeing poor Fanny's blushing confusion, as this singular inventory, which she could not resist, as one pulled her this way and the other turned her that way, was being taken of her charms.

"Do you see her foot, Juliette?"

"Isn't it a little Cinderella, Pamela?"

"And a strawberry girl, Juliette!"

"A strawberry girl so handsome!"

"I wish, young ladies, you would let me go and sell my strawberries," said Fanny, laughing, and trying to get away from Juliette to be taken hold of by Pamela.

"What a smile for a strawberry girl!" cried Pamela.

"What a voice for a strawberry girl!" cried Juliette.

"Can you sing?" asked one.

"Can you play?" asked the other.

"Come to the piano," pulled this.

"Do play!" hauled that.

And between the two wild, enthusiastic, hairbrained girls, who, like all pretty girls, went crazy at the sight of beauty in another of their sex, our sweet strawberry girl was nearly pulled in pieces. Woman, though with more moderation than our two young ladies have shown, if herself lovely, always loves to see a pretty woman. A beautiful woman is always quicker to detect and point out another beautiful female than men are! It is a wrong opinion which attributes to her envy, as the feeling that fills her bosom at such times; on the contrary, it is admiration. Love for female beauty is as deeply implanted in woman as in man, with this difference: in the one it is mixed with a degree of inferior emotion; in the other, it is a pure and unalloyed taste, or love for the beautiful for itself, which woman possesses intrinsically in a higher degree than man. But this is digression!

Fanny soon convinced them that she knew nothing about playing, and they at length induced her to sing, for they assured her they knew she could, for they had heard her in the street. So, at length, blushing, and willing to oblige them, she sang for them with her basket still hanging on her arm, her bonnet thrown half back upon her shoulders, one of the little songs she had learned from a book of minstrelsy Mr. Hadaway had given her mother in days "lang syne." They listened with delight and overwhelmed her with thanks, saying, with truth, they had never heard such a sweet and simple air or a voice more melodious. They now asked her fifty questions about herself—to all of which she gave very good-natured replies; and both Juliette and Pamela were altogether so taken with her and her singing, that they declared they were half a mind never to touch a piano again, to turn strawberry girls, live in some romantic cottage at Hoboken, and learn to sing ballads and simple airs.

"How romantic it would be!" exclaimed Juliette, clapping her jewelled hands.

"Oh, how delightful!" echoed Pamela, looking very sentimental.

"I will thank you, young ladies, to play a song for me on the piano," said Fanny, "now I have sung for you."

"I will, with pleasure," said Juliette; "but a piano sounds so mechanical, after such unsophisticated singing as we have heard."

Juliette obligingly sat herself down to the instrument, and played several brilliant pieces with considerable effect. If these carefully taught musicians had been delighted with the strawberry girl's artless melody, she was enraptured at the marches, waltzes and songs that rolled in a thousand varied notes, from the magical chords! Her whole soul was a fountain of natural song and her ears were now entranced! She had never heard a piano before! A new world of music, undreamed of by her, had been suddenly opened to her extatic senses. Tears came into her eyes; her heart swelled, her whole frame was instinct with the spirit and power of music.

At length Fanny was dismissed, having sold four quarts of strawberries to her new friends, who made her promise when she came to the city again with berries always to come there; and they promised in return, to teach her to play upon the piano, for they were resolved she should teach them her own simple songs.

Fanny now went on with a lighter step and with a new field of enjoyment for her thoughts to dwell on! Music! of melody! She had before known nothing of their power! Her own songs were sweet, and sweetly she sang them: and she had never dreamed of other music than vocal, save that of birds, which she would listen to till her heart ached for envy and sorrow that she could not imitate them. She now went lightly along, and sang with a richer and clearer tone than before, her strawberry song. Though many stopped to admire her innocent, girlish beauty, none bought her strawberries—two quarts of which now remained in her basket. She passed down quite to the extremity, and turning the corner, entered Bond street. Here she made the shaded walks of this beautiful street ring with her musical cry.

"Stop, strawberries!" called after her a footman, opening a door of a handsome residence she had just gone by. She returned and went up the steps.

"Are they fresh, Miss?" asked the footman, very civilly for a footman.

"Yes, sir,"—and Fanny uncovered the basket.

"They look very nice, my pretty Miss. Come in, and let my master see them."

"No, sir, I can measure them here," she said, hesitatingly, remembering her father's parting injunction.

"Oh, very well; you do right not to go into a house with your pretty face till you know who lives in it. I can take them in for him to look at; he is very particular," he added, speaking in a sort of confidential tone to her.

And taking the basket from her, he disappeared, leaving her at the door. In a few

minutes he reappeared, without the basket, and told her his master wished to see her.

"Indeed, I can't go in, sir," she said, firmly, and blushing, she knew not why.

"But he says you *must*! He is an elderly gentleman, and won't harm you. Come—he says the strawberries are so nice, he wants to know where they come from, that he may be every day supplied with the same. Come in, Miss.

Fanny was persuaded, and, following the servant into the hall, entered the front room. It was furnished in a style of elegance and taste, singularly contrasting with the luxurious confusion of the house she had before gone into in Bleecker street. It seemed the abode of a gentleman of taste as well as wealth. One side of it was appropriated to a magnificent book-case, filled with gorgeous volumes. Near the table, covered with a green cloth, and strewn with books, newspapers, &c., sat a gentleman about forty-seven years of age, with a mild, benign expression on his fine face, the features of which were strongly marked. On beholding him, Fanny was instantly impressed in his favour, and all doubts and mistrust vanished. The footman bowed low to him, after admitting her; stood a moment with his hand on the knob, and then retired to wait in the hall. Fanny saw her basket of strawberries was standing on a chair beside the gentleman, who held a large one in his fingers.

"So," he said, looking up and seeing her but indistinctly, as she stood still on the opposite side of the room, "your strawberries, I see, are as sweet as your voice! Come hither; I would see a strawberry girl who knows how to sing her fruit in such melodious notes. Come, come, child, don't be frightened."

Fanny approached him with a confidence she could not account to herself for. She thought there was something in his voice familiar, and pleasantly associated with the past—but how, when, or where, she had no time to ask of her memory. As she came near him, where the light fell full upon her face, he started with a strange surprise, and gazed upon her with a look so steady, that it made her blush and hide her cheek.—"Certainly," thought she to herself, "the old gentlemen in New York city do stare poor strawberry girls out of countenance!"

"Pray, Miss, tell me," he said, eagerly—"but no—it is delusion! 'Tis a likeness, and yet 'tis none! I am mocked by my own deep feelings on this theme."

"Sir?" answered Fanny, surprised, and yet smiling at his manner, which appeared to be more amusing than alarming.

"No matter! These strawberries—I never knew but one person who had this

kind of strawberries, and when I saw them I sent out to know from you where they came from. How very beautiful!" he added, half aloud to himself. "'Tis there again!—that eye!—that mouth! How they do recall the past! Pray, my sweet girl, where do you live?"

"Sir?"

"I mean where do your strawberries live?" he asked, with extraordinary confusion in his manner.

"My strawberries live?"

"I mean—yes—where—that is—will you tell me what your name is?"

"Fanny, sir."

"Fanny! Fanny! Fanny what?"

"Will you buy my strawberries, sir?" she asked, archly, though confused, and each moment convinced her she had somewhere seen, though long, long ago, this very singular gentleman.

"No—yes—where did they come from?"

"Father's garden, sir."

"And who is your father?" he asked, evidently under the influence of some strong feeling.

"Simon Grey, sir."

"Simon Grey!" he repeated, with almost a jump from his chair; "then you are his daughter, little Fanny Grey?"

"Yes, sir—but I am quite sixteen to-day," answered Fanny, not quiet relishing "little Fanny Grey."

"Excellent! excellent! I could have sworn it was mother or daughter!—excellent! And just sixteen to-day you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good—good! excellent!" And he got up, rubbed his hands, capered about, upset the basket of strawberries on the floor, and, and as he turned round, Fanny saw that he had a *queue*! Instantly the flood of youthful memory rushed back, and she recollected her father's benefactor, whom she had not seen since she was in her ninth year; but this recollection, though it gave her some pleasure, did not prevent her from looking out for her unhappy berries.

"Oh, sir, you have spilled all my strawberries! My poor bonnet! my poor strawberries!"

"Never mind the strawberries, my dear Fanny," cried Mr. Wilks Hadaway, catching her by the hand, and trying to kiss her cheek. "Not let me kiss you! I have done it when you were a child. Just sixteen! Handsomer than your mother!—Oh, I'll be avenged on her now!—oh, I will, I will! won't we, Fanny?" And Mr. Hadaway capered about her, till, from Fanny's astonished as well as laughing looks, he felt a sudden qualm of conviction that he was making a great fool of himself. Thereupon he

very suddenly ceased his antics, and, taking his seat again, looked very dignified, and asked Fanny to sit down.

"No, sir," said Fanny, with a look of sadness, as she surveyed her hapless strawberries; "I will try to pick up the strawberries you knocked over."

And she spoke the last words in a tone of such pretty pouting reproach, that Mr. Hadaway felt very much ashamed of himself; and, to make peace with her, got down upon his knees beside her, and very industriously assisted her to put them back into the basket. When this was done, he said to her, as he saw she looked at them, all covered with lint-hair, with a shake of her pretty hand,

"Never mind—I will purchase them, Fanny. Here is a dollar. Only sixteen!" And, as he surveyed her, he rubbed his palms delightedly together.

"Not sixteen, sir, but thirty-one cents a quart," answered the simple-minded maiden. "Two quarts will be sixty-two cents, sir,—five shillings."

"Just sixteen! delightful age!"

"Sixty-two, sir," persevered little Fanny.

"Oh, you are talking about your strawberries!"

"Yes, sir; sixty-two cents. There is the change, sir."

"No, there is not much change from eight years old," he said, drawing on his memory.

"If you won't take it, I will lay it down here, sir," she said, laughing at his abstraction; and she placed the money upon the table. And, taking up her basket quietly, said, "Good morning, sir," and was going.

"Ho! stop—don't go! Look here, little Fanny!" and he rose and stretched his hands toward her.

"But I *must*, sir. I have got to buy me a hat, and father will be waiting for me at the corner of Bleecker street."

"Oh yes—where does he live? Simon, hey!—I must see him—yes, I *must* see him! Where is he?"

"Sir, don't be so excited—you frighten me!"

"Frighten you! Not for the world!—no, not for ten thousand worlds all of iron! Frighten you!—*Fanny!*" And his voice fell tenderly, and he approached a step, and she retreated a step, looking a great deal more mischievous than frightened.

"Fanny, *little* Fanny!"

"Sir, *great* sir!"

"Oh, you mischief! You look just as you did once when you said you would 'tut off my tue.'"

Fanny laughed right out most heartily, and worthy Mr. Hadaway at length prevailed upon her to sit down, and tell him all about her father and family. He then (after satisfy-

ing himself that she perfectly recollected him) told her he had only two months before returned from Europe, and taken that house as a bachelor's abode; but that his affairs had kept him so busy, he had not had time to think of or go to Weehawken.

"But," he added, "if I had known you had grown up to be such a fine-looking young person—so much handsomer than your mother—I would not have kept away this long. But never mind, I will make it up now. To-day is Saturday; to-morrow, tell Simon, I will come over and take a Sunday's dinner with him! The Weehawken dell, you live in now, you told me! Well, take care of yourself, Miss Fanny! Will you not let me kiss you for old friendship's sake?"

"No, sir, I don't think it would be proper," she said, smiling, and retreating.

"Well, well, perhaps it won't! I like to see you conduct yourself with such maidenly propriety. Good morning, then, if you *will* go," he said, following her with a deep feeling of interest to the door, and courteously opening it for her.

"Good morning, sir," said Fanny, gaily, and tripped lightly through the hall.

"Can I do any thing to serve you, before you go out of the city, sweet Fanny?" he enquired, hastening after her, and looking in her face very tenderly, while he sought to take her hand.

"Oh yes, *one* thing," she answered, roughly glancing at his queue, which was sticking out straight over his coat collar.

"Name it," he said eagerly, squeezing her hand, unfortunately not yet appreciating the direction of her eyes.

"To please to cut off your queue, sir!" and she fled instantly down the steps, her merry laugh ringing in his astounded ears.

"My *queue*!" he repeated, looking after her as she went lightly up the street, singing, quite forgetting she had sold them—

"Straw-ber-ries! buy my nice ripe strawberries!"

"Confound the little witch with her strawberries! *Cut* off my queue! *My* queue, did she say!—*my* QUEUE! Bless me! and he felt behind his head for it with affectionate care, and, finding that it was safe, he embraced and smoothed it with a tenderness and warmth of attachment that was grateful to witness.

—
If the fair reader cares to know the subsequent events in the life of the pretty maid of Weehawken, she is referred to a story called "Fanny Grey, or Love and the Queue," which will appear in the next number of the Garland.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

THE NEWLY MARRIED.

BY H. J. BOGUE.

A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh! love that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this, hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in,
To spread the breach that words begin:
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reached the plain below,
Break into floods that part forever.--*Moore.*

"Are you unwell, Emily?"

"Oh! do not speak to me; I am unable to bear your language; very soon I will be better," sobbed the wife.

"Do, I entreat you, Emily, do tell me what is the matter. Why do you conceal the cause of your tears?" anxiously inquired the husband.

"Ah, Richard, I once foolishly fancied that such unfeeling language never would be addressed to me," said the wife in a loud tone.

"Unfeeling language! Why, I cannot find out what has distressed you, unless you tell me. I entreat you to do so at once," Richard said with much affection.

"It seems passing strange to me that you are so absent-minded at present. As, however, you cannot guess the cause of my trouble, I will tell you. Last evening I was annoyed, because you lavished such marked attentions on that odious flirt, Alice Allerton. I do not like her, and I would have made known that dislike, had she appealed to me as she hinted, about a certain play that she had read," said the wife with warmth.

"Can it be possible! That lady is in every respect a desirable acquaintance," replied the husband.

"You and I differ very much upon that subject, and I am pained to have seen you pay more than common politeness to a person whom you have not seen a dozen times?"

"You wrong me, Emily, you wrong me. I paid nothing more than the ordinary politeness expected from every well-bred man towards the woman he sits by at table," answered Richard in a mild manner.

"There is a difference in looking with tenderness on a person almost a stranger, and occasionally glancing at your wife. I never before saw so much disgusting levity in a coquettish woman, and you ought to have been ashamed to have permitted it," said Emily, glancing sharply at her husband's countenance.

"You wrong me, you do, indeed."

"Now I see things more plainly. You cannot bear to hear of her having any fault. You think her all goodness; but others are not of that opinion."

"Well, Emily, it is useless for me to attempt to explain to you, or to pacify your ridiculous suspicions. I shall say nothing more," answered Richard, placing his head upon his hand.

"I have always found it to be the way adopted by too many men, to remain silent when they cannot justify their conduct. And the more I have reflected upon your imprudence, the more foolish I am to suffer from your unkindness. I should consider myself single and pay all attention to my neighbor at table, as you do; all this would be easy if I loved as little as you do. But I—I—" her tears flowed freely, and sobs choked her utterance.

This avowal of love awakened the tenderness of the husband, and contrasted it with her first display of unfounded jealousy. He did all in his power by soothing expressions to prove to his wife, that he loved her and none other. He lavished on her all the touching demonstrations of tenderness which are the comforts of the newly married, before continual fault-finding has nipped the delicate blossom of love, which, like the bloom on the peach, constitutes one of the chief attractions of matrimony; but if once destroyed, real affection can seldom be restored.

This conversation occurred between a couple who had been married two weeks, which were passed at Saratoga Springs, where a delightful dwelling, occupied by a relation, had enabled the newly wedded pair to enjoy all the privacy so much desired during the early days of marriage. The supper which gave rise to the domestic dissension, was given by a rich merchant, as soon as Emily and Richard returned to their home in this city. The wife, previous to this evening, had been so sweetly tempered since marriage that the husband was astonished to perceive this inexplicable chagrin on her part.

The next day there was a smile on the face of Emily. The husband breathed a prayer that he might never again experience such painful emotions, as he endured on the previous evening. And desirous of preventing a recurrence of similar scenes, he entered into an explanation of the conduct expected in general society; and were she to act for the future, as she had done, she would be named a jealous wife, which would be painful and humiliating to him; he thought it a wiser plan to abandon society altogether than suffer mentally, as he had done.

Further conversation was precluded by the entrance of the father of Emily. Richard

repaired to his counting room: on the way thither he was met by an old friend, Benjamin Buley, who congratulated him for having left the ranks of the bachelors. This friend had been a fellow collegian with him, and they had not seen each other since their graduation. Richard, therefore, was delighted to meet him, and invited him to dinner, being anxious to present him to his wife. The invitation was accepted. They parted, and as Richard was proceeding towards his store, he glanced round to have another look at Benjamin, and said to himself—

"He is a good-humored fellow; I wonder if my wife will like this man whom I most esteem."

At the appointed hour Benjamin came, and Richard conducted him with all the unceremonious cordiality of gentlemanly freedom to his wife.

"We have so often made you a subject of discourse, my dear Ben, that my wife feels as if she were as long acquainted with you as myself."

A formal nod from Emily ill accorded with this assertion. But Benjamin attributed this mode of reception to the bashfulness of the wife, whose exquisite loveliness justified Richard's taste, and agreeably surprised the friend.

"Whom do you think I met yesterday?" said Benjamin to the husband, who appeared mortified at the coldness of his wife, as they seated themselves on a sofa: Emily sat near a window.

"On the life of me I do not know," replied the husband, suddenly recovering from displeasure.

"I saw the 'bewitching widow,' as we used to call her; she has not found a second husband yet; she looked as 'bewitching' as ever. She made many inquiries about you. We spent some pleasant hours in her mirth-loving society," said Benjamin. This troubled Richard, who endeavored to turn the conversation by inquiring—

"Did you visit our old haunts in Southwark, since you came to Philadelphia? You doubtless remember the pranks we played there?"

Emily gave her husband a look of displeasure.

"Apropos of our old haunts," observed Benjamin, "I was only one day in this city, after my return from the Mediterranean, when I sauntered about that quarter and met our interesting Sarah, still in single blessedness; she was my sweetheart; you thought to cut me out, but now I have no opposition."

Emily appeared restless, and Richard again endeavored to direct the conversation to other topics. Had Benjamin observed the expression of the husband, he would have been

aware of the indiscretion he had committed. The wife arose to withdraw, and though affectionately urged by her husband to remain, she replied—

"The agreeable reminiscences of by-gone days can be talked over by yourselves," and a cloud of displeasure was on her countenance. Then the husband anticipated another scene of tears, as he excused himself to his friend for the absence of a few minutes, offering as an apology the sudden indisposition of his delicate wife.

"I regret it, my dear fellow, and hope she will soon be better; I will call another time," said Benjamin, rising.

He accordingly left the house, and on his way to his lodgings he was unable to answer the many questions that arose in his mind about the conduct of Emily, whom he first thought possessed true amiability.

In the meantime Richard and Emily in an adjoining room were endeavoring to convince each other by arguments, nay more, by tears, of their own conduct, for each considered the other unreasonable. Mutual affection, however, operated more powerfully in their domestic dissensions than it had in the first; and, like an April sun which quickly dries up the rain that preceded its appearance, soon banished every trace of discontent, and again the skies of true affection became serene. This halcyon term of happiness was of brief duration. A late night at an Association of which Richard was an active officer, led to an angry discussion, more out of order than any the husband had witnessed while in the Presidential chair. This domestic disagreement was not so easily adjusted as the two preceding ones, for these passionate quarrels have this peculiarity, that each succeeding one finds those engaged in them less disposed to make or accept concessions.

The high value of mental cultivation was a weighty motive for giving attendance to this literary and scientific Society. Richard was well aware that knowledge mainly distinguishes a man from the brute. It forms the principal difference between men, as they exist in the same society. Knowledge raised Franklin from the humble station of a printer's boy, to the highest honors of his country. It took Sherman from his shoemaker's bench, gave him a seat in Congress, and thereby made his voice heard among the wisest and best of his compeers. It raised Simon from the weaver's loom, to a place among the first mathematicians; and Herschel from a poor fifer's boy in the army, to a station among the first of astronomers. Knowledge, therefore, is power. It is the philosopher's stone; the true alchymy, that turns every thing it touches into gold. It is the sceptre that gives our dominion over nature;

the key that unlocks the storehouse of creation, and opens to us the treasures of the universe!

It would be tedious to detail the arguments offered by Emily, to prove that a husband who truly loves, should not spend his evenings from home; and the logical reasoning by which Richard endeavored to convince her, that he was discharging his duty as a fellow man, and reaping abundant instruction from the debates and lectures that he had listened to. They did not fail to enlarge his understanding, to render him a more agreeable companion, and to exalt virtue. I will rather leave the thoughts of both parties to the imaginations of those readers who may honor this story with a perusal; and if they have suffered from the same causes, they will better picture the circumstances than I can narrate them; if they only know them from theory, my wish is that they may never otherwise find them true.

Notwithstanding the arguments and the many tears of Emily, the husband still persisted in attending the meetings of the institute. There arose a lukewarmness on the part of the wife, which led to a result that furnished cause for future dissension. This consciousness, that a cold reception awaited Richard at home, induced him one night that the society had not members enough to constitute a quorum, to yield to the request of an old friend to accompany him to his dwelling and partake in the enjoyment of some innocent pleasure. Seven of the members composed the company.

Richard found his companions so agreeable that he did not return home until twelve o'clock. The wife met him with a countenance as pale as monumental marble. Her pallid cheeks, on which the effects of her late vigil and anxiety might be traced in legible characters, were a reproach that his conscience whispered he had merited. Men are seldom disposed to pity the sufferings they have caused, until conscience tells them they have been in the wrong. The husband offered consolation for the anxiety he had occasioned, but the wife bathed her pillow with tears that stole down her cheeks, as she continued to ponder on his conduct, long after the husband had tasted the balm of sleep denied to her. She contrasted this night's absence with the unruffled current of their lives before marriage, when an hour passed away from her, was considered an affliction not bearable. Oh! who can trace the workings of the human heart? Who can tell where its rushing thoughts will bear us? Like the fixed stars, we see and feel their influence—they warn us of our destiny—but are lodged so deeply, that they cannot be told—the heart is as unfathomable as the depths of either.

It was so with Emily. When she first saw Richard, his image, as an idol, she enthroned upon the altar of her heart; and there it still remained, and would until the shrine on which it rested was crumbled or crushed.

Trivial as these errors may appear to some readers, they aimed blows that are fatal to conjugal happiness. The husband thought that this mode of life was compulsory and consequent, owing to the absurd exigence of his wife. How many men have similarly reasoned, and how many women have provoked the same results by their imprudent expectations and resentments, when such expectations have been disappointed. The consequent attendant on such conduct is mutual dissatisfaction, which owes its bitterness and existence to an ill-regulated affection which lead husband and wife to expect in each other that freedom from error, rarely, if ever, accorded to weak mortals.

Many days passed, and Richard and Emily were more disagreeable toward each other. They dreaded a recurrence to the late hours that the husband stayed away from home, yet they could think of no other subject. How to avoid those frequent aberrations from domestic peace, which proceed from the continual clash of inclinations, is a question of daily importance. In those marriages which have been uniformly productive of the greatest sum of happiness, wives have, at least appeared to be, altogether swayed by the opinions of their husbands. By such yielding, the confidence of the husband is increased, and the attachment of the wife is confirmed. His desire to contribute to the increase of his wife's happiness becomes habitual, and prompts him to afford her every indulgence within his power; till, at length, it may be doubted which is the governed individual. The silken cord of true love, which compel them both to pursue together the same path, may not, it is certain, always be efficient in checking the wayward humors of human nature; but when these have had their course, they will then be effectual in drawing closer, and even in uniting more firmly, the married couple, who, while they feel unshaken confidence in each other, cannot altogether overcome the frailties of life. Duty will not be an appalling word to those whose minds are properly framed. The consciousness of having well performed it, will afford tranquillity to the mind, not only under the minor trials and disappointments of life, but even under the pressure of heavier misfortunes, proving the superiority of inward peace, to external enjoyments. A happy couple! How honored, and how honorable the term! They who discharge faithfully the offices of love, fidelity and personal attentions which the responsibilities of the

matrimonial relation involve, are worthy of the appellation.

Richard received a letter from a friend, at Washington, who stated that his brother, younger by four years, was dangerously ill, and wished to see him before leaving this world. Although no one related to him was in that city, every thing that friends could do was done, and notwithstanding the attendance of the most skilful physician, it seemed evident that his pilgrimage here was short.

There is something inexpressively painful in the idea of dying away from our kindred—of having our eyes closed in death by a stranger hand—and of being denied the privilege, when the pulse grows more weak, and our hold upon existence is constantly wearing away, of breathing our last thoughts into the ear of one, who has been our guardian for years, and who has become acquainted with all the peculiarities of our disposition. Every attention may be paid to our little wants and desires, every exertion made to minister to our necessities—yet if a relation be not near, to watch by our side, to place the pillow softly beneath our head, and with a soothing voice to calm the troubled mind, all is in vain: although some gentle spirit essay to perform these kindnesses, yet where is a hand like that of a wife, or sister, or brother,—where is the voice that soothes like that of a mother! This letter was a relief to Richard, as he would be some time from home, which was daily becoming more irksome to him; but to the wife it was painful, as she would be deprived of the sight of him whom she dearly loved. The husband prepared to depart; he muttered a few words of regret at the necessity of leaving her. His lips slightly pressed her cheek, which she silently and passively received, without returning his caress. There was a time when they would fondly linger, if they had to part even for an hour, unwilling to tear themselves from each other's presence, and the wife would as fondly urge him to stay. But now what a change! They fell, but dared not revert to the alteration. The tears, repressed in his presence, flowed abundantly when he left the house to take the Baltimore steamboat, thence the cars for Washington. These tears were the bitterest she had ever shed, for they mourned the death of young and romantic hopes of happiness.

In the afternoon Emily went into the library to find some book, the reading of which would interest her. The first one that attracted her attention was written by a woman, who had been married five years. The first chapter was an autobiography of the writer, in which she lays before the reader that experience which is the inevitable result of a constant intercourse with society. She too,

had, during the first months of her marriage, wept over the destruction of those illusions peculiar to the young and romantic: illusions fated to be dissolved by the sober realities of life—and had learned to value the steady affection of the husband, which superseded the more animated, but brief devotion of the lover. She had passed through the phases of the honey-moon, and noted the barometer of love, from extreme heat to variable, and found the quicksilver to remain steadily fixed at temperature. Nevertheless, though she might sometimes give a sigh to the memory of departed illusions, she was satisfied, nay more, was happy in her domestic life. Her husband had frequented a club, tri-weekly, and she counted the long, dull hours, that she thought interminable, while her husband was at the meetings. Often did she resist the attacks of the drowsy god, Morpheus, for the praiseworthy purpose of being able to tell her husband what a sleepless, wretched night she had passed. Often did she feel angry when her husband exclaimed—

“Why not go to sleep? You would then be unconscious of the tardy flight of time. I see you can hardly keep your eyes open.”

She did learn wisdom from this oft-repeated rebuke, and did go to sleep, and acquired sufficient philosophy by looking cheerful at her husband the next morning after he had frequented the club, and not uttering reproaches for his having occasioned her such long vigils.

As Emily perused this part of the book, her brow was elevated into an angular curve, indicative of displeasure and surprise; she continued reading, however, and dwelt long upon the portion which makes known the pleasure the writer evinced on every demonstration of her husband's affection, without exacting a single one. It is the false notions engendered during the days of courtship and the honey-moon, that lay the foundation for many, if not all the dissensions that too frequently embitter married life. Men forego their prerogatives when they stoop to sue and propitiate those whom they believe themselves born to protect, if not to command. The object attained for which this sacrifice was offered, they quickly resume their natural and ill-concealed sense of superiority, and begin to treat her, whom they seemed to consider as perfection, a being sent into this world, to contribute to their wants and wishes. A deposed monarch driven from the throne where he commanded universal homage from his subjects, is not placed in a more false position, by expecting similar demonstrations of respect in exile, than a wife is, who exacts in the staid and unromantic position of a matron, the devoted attentions offered to her during the delusive hours of courtship and

the first bridal days. Let then both the deposed, resign with "decent dignity" the homage they can no longer command, and they will best insure that continued regard, which, though more homely, is not less precious.

These words made a deep impression on the mind of Emily; she often read that book which chance threw in her way, and she made the firm resolve of seeking content and of conferring happiness in the discharge of her duties. During her husband's stay at Washington, letters were sent and received. After the lapse of three weeks he returned, his heart filled with grief by the demise of his uncle, and his thoughts bordering on the uncertainty of a warm or cold welcome.

He returned home; it was eleven o'clock. The servant admitted him. He repaired to his chamber and found his young wife asleep; her cheeks still retaining the traces of recent tears: he heard his own name uttered by the lips of the sleeper, followed by a deep sigh. That sigh was more powerful than the most eloquent speech, and he reproached himself severely for having caused it.

"Poor Emily," thought he, "remembers me in her dreams. And can I be so unfeeling as to blame her that she is dissatisfied at finding me so much less faultless than she expected! To-morrow's sun shall shine on our happiness, which shall end when the lamp of life is extinguished."

These salutary reflections produced a happy result. On the following day the husband explained the sacrifices entailed on young men who possessed minds similar to his,—the necessity of occasionally submitting; the expediency of a wife's cheerfully yielding to these unavoidable interruptions to domestic bliss,—and she would be happy by having a perfect confidence in her husband, which would exempt him from the painful necessity of concealment or prevarication. The tenderness with which Richard bestowed this advice, insured its adoption. From that day forth Emily learned to bear seeing her husband behave with the courtesy practised by every gentleman toward women, without feeling any jealousy: submitted without uneasiness to his frequently engaging his old friends to dinner, nay, could smile at the mention of his bachelor frolics, and hear of the fondness of young ladies for him before marriage. Emily studiously guarded against having a dispute with her husband, considering it as a demon which should never again enter her home of hallowed affection, where domestic peace, unimpaired confidence, and heartfelt affection reigned. When he brought home a friend, she gave to her husband and company a hearty welcome, which acted as a powerful charm, and gave to her humble fare a zest superior to all that luxuries could boast.

Her goodness now wore a new lustre. It was the oil that prevented discontent and even quarrels; it removed asperities, and gave to every thing a smooth, even, and pleasing movement.

THE NUN'S CELL.

BY H. SYMMES.

EVERY year, on the same day of the same month, a splendid equipage drives up to the ruins of the once wealthy convent of Manbuisson near Paris, and a tall, majestic looking lady descending from the coach enters the dilapidated cell of Correction, and does penance there for two hours. This cell of Correction is a small cavern, about three feet long, and but little higher than the ordinary height of a female; and as it is dug out ten feet under ground, neither the fresh air nor the light of day can penetrate it. The cause for the yearly penance of the stranger was long a secret to me, but at length I learned the secret from her own lips, having become acquainted with her in consequence of her fainting and being carried into my house as pastor of the village. I give the story in her own words.

"I was born at Beauvais—my mother died in bringing me into the world. My father, a gentleman of fortune, holding a distinguished position in the province, soon married again. My stepmother at first, occupied a good deal of her time and care upon me, but when she became a mother, she devoted herself to her own children and her pleasures, and I was totally neglected.

"I was just eight years old when my father was appointed guardian to a nephew, who had within a very few months lost both his parents. My cousin came to reside with us. The similarity of our tastes and a sort of melancholy common to both of us, together with a feeling of total isolation from the world, soon drew us toward each other with the warm and lively friendship of youth. We passed together all the hours we could steal from study, which fled quickly and happily away. This innocent affection alarmed not our relations, even at an age when it might change into a deeper sentiment. It was perfectly understood by us, that we should soon be separated, and for ever.

"My cousin had scarcely entered his eighteenth year, when one day my father called him, and announced that he had succeeded in getting him appointed as a volunteer in a regiment, which was about embarking for India, and that he must hold himself in readiness to join it the next day. My cousin hastened to acquaint me with the fatal news. We each wept, endeavoring to console the other; he embraced me, and made me swear upon my missal that I never would marry another, at least till he returned. I swore to him—the next day he was gone.

"My turn soon came—my stepmother entered my room one morning, a circumstance quite unusual with her. She talked some time of the moderate fortune of my father, of the large family which he now had, and that as he had no fortune to give me, he had determined

that I should enter a convent, and as he knew the Abbess of Manbuisson, that I should be there received. This argument was unreplicated by me, and eight days after I was removed to the convent.

"The usage at all the convents is, when a young lady presents herself who wishes to take the veil, to attach to her a companion of the same age of the sisters to instruct her in the duties of her order, and be as a friend and confidante to her in glowing colors the peace and sweetness of a religious life, contrasted with the disappointments and mortifications inseparable from the world. The companion and friend they gave me was called Sister Rose. Nothing could be more seducing than the manners and appearance of this interesting creature. To her, all the practices of religion seemed easy and acceptable, and she appeared a living exemplification of sweetness and virtue. Charming girl—dearest object of my heart's affections, long as life remains shall my bosom heave with fond and affectionate remembrance of thee. Born to an illustrious family, poverty had served her for a vocation as it did with me, and she also entered the convent in obedience to a father's mandate. But her sweet and docile nature was more pliable than mine. Her angelic face—her mild blue eyes—her quiet and impressive manner—in fact, every thing under the influence of her sweet voice, appeared like her own soul, tender and innocent, and at the same time that I detested the cloister, yet to live with her and near her, appeared the extreme of human happiness.

"She soon gained all my affection—all my confidence, and gave me in return her friendship, strong and sincere. We scarcely quitted each other. When I was separated from her, I thought of my cousin—but what had become of him?—dare I look back? Then the mandate of my father would present itself to me, and throw, as it were, an insurmountable barrier between us. Notwithstanding I saw approaching with considerable regret the moment when I should take the vows—if was in three months.

"One evening in the month of June, upon entering my cell, I found a letter upon the bed. At first I thought of bringing it unopened to the mother Abbess; but when I had seen the address, I hesitated no longer. I recognized the writing of my cousin. He said that he had returned to France for the purpose of taking possession of a considerable property, bequeathed to him by his mother's brother, that when he arrived at Beauvais, he had learned the lot prepared for me, and that his despair was at its height, at the same time he recalled to my mind my oath, and prayed of me not to abandon him. All was prepared—if I would on the following Friday go to the Turret, (which you can discern from this spot) he would manage the rest, and we should quit France together; if I came not, he would most certainly blow his brains out under the wall of the convent. This

menance to a young person, is at all times frightful; it was still more so to me, who knew so well the determined character of my cousin.

"This letter threw me into a disorder of mind, which you can scarcely conceive. I passed a horrible night—a burning fever devouring me, and at the same time my heart burst all restraint, and revealed to me its feelings. It was no longer, as I before conceived, the love of a dear sister which I felt for him, no—it was love—and love the most ardent and tyrannical. I cursed myself; the cloister, and above all, the barbarity of my father. Willingly would I have put an end to the agonies I was enduring, by dashing my head against the bars of my window.

"The next day, Rose easily perceived my altered appearance and manner, and affectionately demanded the cause. I showed her the letter of my cousin. She laid before me the precepts of religion—the grief that I should entail upon my father—and the dangers by which I should be surrounded in following to a strange country, a man who was not my husband. I said in reply, that I was determined never to become a nun—that I had been sacrificed by my father—that my heart was devoted to my cousin with more than woman's love—that if I did not consent, he would kill himself, and as to myself, that I should become mad and die of grief. Rose entered of me to seek God's assistance and comfort, and to consider the subject calmly.

"Thus passed three whole days. On the morning of the fourth, Rose came to me with a more tranquil air. 'My poor friend,' said she, 'I perceive that the commandments of our holy religion, together with my advice, have not produced upon you the desired change, but I have thought of a plan which will, perhaps, conciliate both your love for your cousin, and the duty which you owe to God. You have only to appear what you really are, ill and feverish, and when our good mother sees that you are unable to eat as usual in the refectory, she will call me and desire that you have more air and exercise; she will then give me the key of the park, as she always does when any of the sisters are ill. The day on which your cousin has appointed to see you, we shall go to the turret, the door of which is never closed, you will there be able to speak to him from the little window—tell him that you have not yet pronounced your vows, and that if he wishes you not to take the religious habit, that he must address himself to your father; and as your cousin is now rich, he will consent to your marriage. I feel,' said she, warmly embracing me, 'that you will leave me, but I trust happily, and without disobeying God—that though at least will console me.' Such was the plan which the wisdom of twenty-two suggested, and which my ardent love for my cousin induced me to adopt.

"As Rose had anticipated, the reverend Mother noticed

the alteration in my appetite and looks; she gave us the key of the park, and every evening we walked there. The fatal day, you may judge of our inquietude. Rose had maintained her usual calmness and courage; but I was more dead than alive. When we arrived at the turret, the door, contrary to custom, was shut, and just beside it a high ladder was placed against the wall. We did not know what to do, when my cousin appeared; he was about descending to us, when we threw ourselves upon our knees, telling him if he did so, we were lost for ever; he hesitated, on condition that I would mount the ladder and speak to him. Trembling, I consented, but scarcely had I ascended to the top, when he seized me by the arms, and assisted by his valet de chambre, I was carried down the other side, dumb and half insensible with fear. Three days afterward we were in Holland, where we were married.

"My marriage has always been a most happy one, notwithstanding in the midst of the first joys of our union, one bitter and afflicting thought interrupted my happiness, and that was the fate of my cherished and devoted friend, Rose, who had doubtless been accused as an accomplice in my flight. To my unspeakable joy, I one day received a letter from her to the effect, that she was well, and still happy in the service of God; that outside the walls of the convent she had but one anxiety, and that was solicitude for my welfare; that for several days and nights after my departure, she had done nothing but weep for me, but that she trusted all was well with me, and that I was long 'ere this the happy wife of my cousin, and that as to her, to make my mind perfectly easy, for the penance allotted to her in consideration of aiding my flight, was but a slight one—in fact, no more than spending two hours, one day in each week in the Correction—that she considered the punishment trifling to what she expected it would be, a further proof of the goodness and mildness which at all times actuated the dear reverend Mother. That the first time she was placed in this penitential prison, she was much frightened, and wept considerably, but that now habit had accustomed her to it, and she considered it small indeed, in comparison with the certainty of having added to my happiness; that daily her prayers were offered up to the throne of Grace for my welfare, and concluded by entreating of me not to write to her, or make any exertion to see her, as such a course would only aggravate her sufferings. Such was the substance of the letter of my beloved Rose, which breathed in every line the sincerity of her devotion and the warmth of her affection. I knew she made light of her sufferings, in order to lessen mine.

"About this time the Revolution was making great strides. In the autumn of 1791 we returned to France.

"We had just arrived at Valenciennes, in the beginning of October, when one morning I read in the papers

that a decree had been pronounced by the Assembly for the immediate suppression and confiscation of several monasteries, and amongst the number the Abbey of Manbuisson.

"I hastened my departure with a joyous heart, at the expectation of soon meeting my beloved Rose, and of offering her, in that world where she was about to find herself alone and unprotected, that home and the friendship which she had purchased so dearly. I arrived at Paris the 13th of October, and on the same day I was at Manbuisson.

"I cannot give you any idea of the feelings I experienced at finding the gates, which had been closed for so many centuries, thrown open to all who were disposed to enter. The church had been plundered, the tombs violated, the bones scattered about and profaned. But, oh, my God! a spectacle still more heart-rending awaited me.

"I called aloud to know what had become of the pious sisterhood, and was told that the only inmate that remained was the portress, who now occupied the abbess' room.

"This woman immediately recognized me. 'What has become,' I eagerly asked, 'of my beloved and tried friend, Sister Rose?'

"At the mention of her name she became pale as death, trembled violently, and, without replying, she lit a flambeau, and looked amongst a parcel of keys.

"'In the name of God,' I exclaimed, 'where is Sister Rose? Is she dead?'

"'Oh!' replied the Portress, 'come quickly—they have forgotten her!'

"'And where?' I cried.

"'In the Correction, where they placed her on Sunday, just before the commissioners of the district came.'

"'Sunday!' I screamed; 'and this is Saturday!' To raise the trap, to descend the ladder, to open the door, was but the affair of a moment. But, oh! how shall I describe the sight that presented itself. My God! how have I survived it?

"My fond and faithful friend had died the lingering and cruel death of starvation, and every thing around demonstrated the excess of her agony; her veil and her habits had been torn to tatters—her crucifix broken, and the poor unfortunate lying on the scattered remnants. I caught her by the waist, and raised her toward me. Gracious God, what a meeting! She was stiff and cold; her right hand had torn her bosom—her teeth long and white, which her agonizingly contracted lips made visible, were buried in her left arm, which she had bitten in many places. At the same time, her eyes, moveless and wide open, appeared to fix their gaze upon my face. The sight was too much, and with an hysteric scream I fell insensible, still holding her in my arms. They were obliged to

use force in separating us, so firm and death-like was my grasp.

"The next day, when I recovered my consciousness, I found my husband sitting beside my bed. In a few days he had me removed.

"And now, Sir, you can well understand the deplorable event that brings me here yearly on the 13th of October. I come not to ask pardon of my beloved Rose for the death which I have given her. Oh, no! for certain am I that, in the midst of all her sufferings, her lips or heart never breathed a single malediction against me—but I come to pray to that God who withdrew her from me, that he may be mercifully pleased to unite us in eternity. I come again to see that garden, those walks, and that cloister, where together we have so often vowed eternal friendship; where together we have promised to participate in each others joys and sorrows—unequal participation, which gave to me all the happiness, while the portion which awaited my innocent friend was a cruel chastisement and frightful death."

THE NUN'S DOOM.

BY H. SYMMES.

NEAR the town of Aspetit, in the romantic land of Spain, stands a large, square, dark-looking house with nothing to relieve the barrenness of the high walls, but a few holes with gratings, and which bear the appearance rather of loopholes than of windows. It is scarce strong enough to be a prison; nor does it resemble a convent, from the absence of a steeple. The superstructure, which is in reality, however, a nunnery, crowns an eminence at the entrance of the town. There is something so gloomy about the tower—something so full of vague and awful mystery that I shuddered involuntarily when I beheld it: and when, some time afterward I came to learn one of the deeds which those gloomy walls had witnessed I was almost tempted to believe in supernatural influences, so vague and chill had been the emotion of horror which I felt on beholding that antique building for the first time.

The story was related to me by an old lady, who, in her youth, had been an inmate of this convent for many years. Never shall I forget the tone and gesture with which she spoke as follows:—

"There was a lady in our convent, who, during the two years that had elapsed since her arrival, had scarcely exchanged a word with any of the other nuns. She remained constantly secluded in her cell, excepting when summoned by the tolling of the bell to join in the devotions of the community in the choir. She was shunned and avoided by most of the nuns, who generally supposed that some terrible crime oppressed her conscience; for a calm and gloomy despair sat upon her pale brow, and gave a wild yet melancholy expression to her beautiful and dignified features. Her figure was lofty and noble, but emaciated with suffering. Her prayers and religious duties were repeated and performed with usual fervor.

"Often had I remarked, with feelings of commiseration, her wasted form thrown into an attitude of humble and earnest supplication; her pale though beautiful features formed into an expression of the most poignant grief; her eyes raised to Heaven, and dimmed by burning tears. Thus she would long remain, with her arms crossed upon her breast, and motionless as a statue, with the exception of a convulsive quivering of her lips. Suddenly she would throw herself upon the ground in a paroxysm of despair, and sob aloud, pronouncing some inarticulate words, as if complaining of her total incapacity to quell the fearful tempest raised within her breast by the conflict of opposed and unconquerable feelings. Again would she strive to raise her heart to God; but in vain. She found no relief in prayer; and, in her utter hopelessness, finding that even 'Religion' could not

mitigate her torments, she would fall exhausted, and lie extended on the ground, deep sighs rending her bosom, and invoking death to put an end to her miserable and wretched existence.

"Compassionating her sufferings, I essayed to offer her some consolation. She was moved by the sincere expression of my pity, and perceived that I also was unfortunate. The similarity of our feelings and misfortunes instinctively drew us toward each other, and I soon gained her friendship, and learnt the cause of her grief.

"Her name was Amelia; she was the daughter of the Count of B—. Her crime had been the forming of a strong attachment toward a young officer in the army—a man of strict honor and principle, but whose family and prospects were unfortunately beneath the notice of the proud Count of B—, who would have thought himself disgraced by such an alliance. He forbid his daughter to speak to her lover, or even to think of him; she entreated; he sternly repeated his commands and left her; he was disobeyed; the enraged Count brought her to the convent, and forced her to take the veil, threatening, if she refused, to cause the officer to be assassinated. This had determined her, and she saved her lover's life at the sacrifice of her liberty and her happiness. For two long years she had struggled ineffectually to *forget*, and to offer to the God, to whom she had consecrated her existence, a heart pure and free from all worldly affections and regret. But, alas! never could she succeed in erasing from her heart the fond memory of her lover; which, notwithstanding all her efforts to the contrary, continued to hold entire possession of her soul. His image haunted and pursued her every where. It was in vain for her to seek consolation in prayer; her thoughts would still wander away from her God, and dwell upon her lover. And this constant conflict between love and religion—the fond recollections of the past lost to her for ever, and the torments to which she imagined herself to be doomed for the future—was the canker which wore and wasted her form, and withered strength, whilst the burning fever within her breast raged on unabated.

"Months flew, and time but increased her sufferings: all hope had long deserted her. One day, she had remained alone in the choir, after the termination of the evening prayers; she was, as usual, imploring for mercy and relief. Her meditation was interrupted by her hearing her name pronounced distinctly, though in a whisper. She listened, and heard it again; she started, rose, looked down into the church, and remained thrilled with emotion; supported by a pillar, to which she clung, for she recognised, by the last gleam of twilight—Yes—she could not be mistaken—she recognised her lover. Fearful of detection, he threw a letter into the choir, over the lattice-work, and disappeared. She was weak

enough to read it. It said, that by her father's influence, he had been sent on board of a vessel, which took him to the Havanna, where he was appointed to a regiment. He had petitioned in vain for leave to return to Spain, and even for his discharge from the service. Both had been refused. Unable to live without her, he had, at last, sacrificed everything, even his honor, to see her again. He had deserted, to find her on his arrival in Spain buried in a convent. He told her that it was impossible that God would accept of vows which force and fear alone had extorted from her—they could not be considered as binding. He conjured her, if she still loved him, to fly with him to a foreign land; to repay the sacrifice he had made for her with a similar sacrifice; and, then, they would pass the rest of their days in retirement, in peace, and happiness.

"He promised happiness, when nothing could exceed the wretchedness of her existence—when she felt that even death itself would be unable to erase him from her heart. Was it possible that she could refuse?"

"I assisted them in their flight, which was effected with the greater facility, as not the slightest suspicion was entertained of such an attempt being in contemplation. The anxiety of avoiding pursuit made them take to the mountains. Being unprovided with a guide, they lost their way, and wandered until the horse that bore them, fell exhausted. They proceeded on foot, and having at last met with a shepherd, they persuaded him to guide them. They pursued their weary journey, and after walking all day and night, their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the French frontier. A few minutes more, and they would be safe! At this moment, they perceived with horror a detachment of troops, that had been despatched in their pursuit, upon the discovery of Amelia's escape being made known in the convent. They still strove to go on, straining every nerve; but their wearied limbs tottered beneath them. The troops came up, overlook, and surrounded them. Amelia's lover, driven to madness by this disappointment, began to use his weapons furiously in her defence, but a bullet laid him dead at her feet. She then lost all recollection. Upon recovering her senses, Amelia found herself again in the convent. Before she could collect her thoughts, and awaken from the confusion of what she imagined but a horrid and indistinct dream, she was summoned before the tribunal, assembled with conformity with the rules of the Order, to try and condemn her on a charge of sacrilegiously breaking her vows and profanating the sanctity of the convent."

Fatigued by the exertion she had undergone, my narrator fell back upon her chair, and it was in a voice almost indistinct from its weakness, that she added,

"You guess her doom?"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the poor girl was confined to a comfortless cell?"

A ghastly smile came over the features of the old lady; a smile in which there was something horrible and painful to see. She again sat erect in her chair, placed her head on my shoulder, and approaching her face to my ear, she said, in a low, hissing whisper, which thrilled me to the heart, and made me shudder, "she was built up in the cavity of a wall, and left THERE—to die."

Original.

THE OAK OF CROISSEY.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.*

"I will tell you, comrade, why I love to come here every evening to smoke my pipe under this oak. It is a singular story, but I think it will amuse you. One thing, however, you must promise me before I begin."

"What is that?" I asked.

"That you will keep silent 'till I have finished."

"I promise it most sacredly."

"Enough, comrade," and shaking the ashes from his pipe and replenishing it afresh, he spoke as follows:

In the year 1812, when Buonaparte, to further his ambitious designs, commanded the conscription law to be so strictly enforced, a young man of a respectable family in the province of Marche, who had been enrolled in it, contrived to elude the officers who were ordered to secure his person, and escaping to the neighborhood of Croissey found a refuge in the house of an only uncle, a country curate, where, assuming the clerical dress, and officiating in the duties of the chapel, he found himself comparatively safe and happy. In this state of rural seclusion it was his frequent custom to wander into the woods of the neighborhood, and occasionally clamber up some tall monarch of the forest, where he could gaze upon the glorious landscape around him, or quietly peruse some volume free from interruption or observation. One beautiful moonlight night, clear almost as day, he had strayed into the forest, and ascended into the branches of a noble oak. Not a sound broke upon the ear, scarcely the wandering zephyr disturbed the drooping leaves; the moon rode in unclouded beauty, in a sea of ether, surrounded by myriads of stars. It was a scene to lull the heart to peace and raise the spirit in devotion to the Giver of all good. Suddenly the sound of voices was heard, and the figures of three persons were seen approaching in the direction of the oak where Charles Rambert was seated. Nearer and nearer they came, 'till at length they stood beneath its umbrageous foliage. The party consisted of two females and a young male peasant. The hour, the place, and the sobbings that came from the females, strongly excited the feelings and attention of Charles, and resolving to remain undiscovered, he witnessed the sufferings of a young conscript who was shortly to depart for the army from his sister and affianced love.

"Hast thou not a Colonel?" said the sister—"I can go and see him; I will fall upon my knees, and tell him that you cannot quit your home, that you have a sister and a betrothed who owe their existence to your exertions. You he may cast into prison, may doom you to the severest punishment—but my brother will not and cannot leave us."

The young peasant smiled at the spirit of his sister. "Christine," said he, "your resolution is in vain, it is the command of the Emperor and I must obey it. One only way can I escape, it is, by procuring a substi-

* Partly from the French.

tute; and that, my good girl, you know is impossible, we are too poor to accomplish it."

"Why not," cried Christine, "I will willingly give all that I possess—my golden cross, my buckles, my earrings, nay, my silken shawl and tippet—yes, all, all that I own, to him who will supply your place, Eugeno."

"Still all this is not the price of a man, Christine, and—"

He was prevented from proceeding by Christine, who, seizing his arm and reflecting for a few moments, said, quickly, "No?—well, well, we shall see. I am worth a man, surely. I know there are many who would willingly make me their wife, and surely among these I will find one sincere heart who will win my hand by going in your place. Yes, I swear upon this cross of gold, in which are enshrined the grey hairs of my mother, that I will give my hand and heart to him who will go in your stead, Eugeno." The poor girl fell weeping in the arms of her brother, who, supporting her and Louise his betrothed, departed from the spot, and were soon obscured from the view of Rambert by the thickness of the forest.

That night, as they were seated at their frugal supper in their humble cottage, unable to eat, and regarding each other in sorrow and silence, a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"Enter!" cried Eugene, quickly drying his eyes, and the next moment an old sergeant of the guard appeared before them.

"Is it here that the conscript Eugeno resides?" he asked,—at the same time making a military salutation.

"Yes, sergeant," answered the young man.

"Behold, then," cried the soldier, casting a letter upon the table.

Eugene took it up, and slowly opening it cast his eyes upon the contents; it was the document of his exemption! He was confounded, and could only gaze upon the old soldier speechless and doubtingly.

"Ah! ah! you stare, do you? and well you may, my *coquin*, you are a fortunate fellow; it is not every one who can escape the decrees of Napoleon. But never mind, if the government is satisfied, that is every thing. Good night!" and bowing to them was about quitting the cottage, when suddenly recollecting himself, he continued, "Oh! confound it! one must not forget their duty. You have a sister, have you not? called Christine Leven; where is mademoiselle, pray?"

"She is here, sergeant," answered Eugene, bringing forward his sister by the hand, who was pale and trembling at the unexpected, welcome intelligence.

"A pretty girl, comrade. This, which I had nearly forgotten, is for you, madame," and he threw a second letter on the table.

"Soldier, will you drink a glass of wine with me?" asked Eugene.

"To be sure I will; I am thirsty with my walk, and I should think I ought to be made welcome for bringing such glorious news—a dozen, if you please, comrade." And while Eugene was about demanding some explana-

tion from the sergeant, Louise was full of joy, running about and embracing Christine, speaking at random, filling the glasses and handing them in rapid succession to the old soldier, who as rapidly despatched their contents.

"She will make a capital soldier's wife," muttered the sergeant, winking wickedly with his grey eyes at Christine—a glorious camp companion—just the creature for a bivouac. To your health, madame, I hope we shall be better acquainted." But Christine took no notice of the remark, but stood terribly agitated, trembling, and crumpling the letter in her hands, with her eyes fixed steadfastly upon the table.

"What is the matter? what is the matter?" said Eugene, alarmed at the appearance of his sister—"Christine, beloved girl, give me that letter—what are its contents, that they thus agitate you? Why do you not speak—give it me—and taking the letter from her unresisting hand, he glanced rapidly over it.

"Read it aloud, read it aloud," cried Christine, half choking with her smothered feelings. It is all one to me now. It is just—I have merited it." Eugene obeyed and read aloud.

"Mademoiselle Leven,—I exact nothing; I depart without enforcing any conditions; I take the place of your brother. You require him as your protector and support—I have no tie, no claim upon me in the world. But I love you sincerely. Unseen to you, I overheard your conversation this evening beneath the great oak of Croissey; your oath I have recorded in my heart; I send you a ring which belonged to my mother. If you are sincere in your resolution you will take the cross of gold which contains the hair of your mother, and on which you swore two hours since, in the holy moonlight, and place it in the fissure of the great oak close to the lower branches. To-morrow morning I shall look for it, and if I find it there I shall understand that you are willing to wait for me two years, when, if I am not dead I will return it to you and claim the fulfilment of your oath. Remember you swore it on the cross. Adieu!"

"What does all this mean?" said Eugene. How has this been known? Do you know aught respecting it, sergeant?"

"Not a word," said the soldier, "I delivered but the orders of my officer."

"Why does not your officer then frankly come forward and avow himself?"

"Ah!" said the sergeant, "he is young and bashful, and he imagines you would have contemned him for being a listener, therefore he thought it better to write than personally reveal his sentiments. This is the truth, my young *coquin*."

Eugene shook his head, saying, "Soldier, I am unwilling that my sister should be thus sacrificed for my exemption. It shall not be; I will go with you—hold!" and seizing the document he was on the point of destroying it, when Christine caught his arm.

"Eugeno!" she said, "if I am willing, why should you oppose it? Yes, yes, it shall be so—this very night I shall carry the cross of gold myself to the appointed

spot. But one thing I wish to know: tell me, sergeant, do you know the author of this letter?"

"I suspect so."

"Is he hump-backed or crippled?"

"What!" shouted the sergeant, his blood rising to his cheek. No, madame, he is as perfect in figure and face as I am!" *Sacre bleu!*

"And his honor?" asked Eugene.

"Without a speck upon it." *Ma foi!*

Well, well," cried Christine, taking the cross from her pretty neck,—suspended from a black riband. "Tell him that I am willing to abide by my oath. Take this cross, and place it in the fissure of the great oak. Such a commander, at least, deserves to have good soldiers under him. Eugene, my dear brother, you shall not avail yourself of the exemption. I am willing that you enrol yourself in the ranks of your country. Tell the officer, sergeant, I only ask that he will, if possible, protect my brother, and return him to his betrothed Louise and myself, and, although I have never seen or known him, I promise to fulfil my vow."

Eugene, Louise and Christine, looked at each other unable to speak. Their tears flowed freely—the sergeant took the cross of gold, touched his cap—wiped a tear from his eye, and departed.

Two days after Eugene had joined the conscript company, and departed to add to the numerous army of Buonaparte. Christine and Louise contrived to support themselves by incessant labor, but a change had come over the spirit of the former. She was now serious and circumspect, and when Louise ventured to rally her upon her manner, she would reply, "I am also affianced, Louise; I have given my promise, and must abide by it."

A year after this, a new aspect was given to affairs—the enemy had conquered, and entered France. At the battle of Montereau, the life of Eugene had been preserved by a Lieutenant of Carabanniers, who, on the establishing of peace, and receiving orders for the disbanding of his troops, happened to hint to Eugene, that, like many others who had given up all for the vain glory of acquiring a name, and supporting the selfish views of Napoleon, he was now without a home or friends. The gratitude of Eugene induced him at once to invite the officer to his humble home, and together they departed for the cottage of Croissey.

Charles Rambert which was the name of the officer the moment he beheld Christine, betrayed unusual emotion—on the least attention bestowed upon him, his eye would involuntary meet her's, and a reciprocity of sentiments and feelings at once sprung up between them. If Christine had to leave the cottage for a short distance, Charles was certain to proffer her his attendance—if she had to go into the garden to fetch some favorite vegetable or fruit, Charles was certain to forestall her by bringing it himself—if the clouds betokened a storm, Charles was certain to caution her against exposing herself to its fury; in short, it was easily discernible that his heart was in the keeping of Christine, and her's in his.

One evening they were seated together in a beautiful

arbor in the garden, the sun was declining in the west in a sea of amethyst and gold; the hour was most propitious to the sympathy of soul, and Charles, in a moment of enthusiasm, could not help venturing to tell Christine that he loved her; the blush of innocent affection mantled on her cheek, she durst not reply, but the big tears rolled through her silken eyelashes, which trembled like the silver leaves of the willow, surcharged with the summer dews. "Christine! Christine!" he said, passionately, "tell me that you love me; my life, my heart, my—no, fortune I have none—but my life shall be devoted in achieving, to your comfort and happiness."

"Impossible, Charles," she answered. "I dare not own that I love you, however dearly I may do so, for I have sworn an oath, that I shall espouse that man who nobly proffered himself for my brother's exemption, when, by the conscription decree, he was doomed to leave us, and although Eugene did join the army, still it was voluntarily; yet my oath I still hold sacred, and shall redeem it whenever the generous and brave man shall demand it of me."

"Before whom did you swear?" asked Charles.

"Before God—Eugene and Louise!"

"And on what?"

"On a cross—the gift of my poor mother, in which was enshrined a lock of her grey hairs, cut by my own hand from her temples, on the evening before she died."

"And that cross—where is it?"

"In the keeping of the gallant stranger, who professed himself in lieu of Eugene in the conscript army, a year since. Alas! I fear he has fallen."

"Would you know it again, asked Rambert.

"Would you mock me?" replied Christine. Would I know you again, Rambert? Ay, as certain as I would know that there is a sun in the heavens, in the summer's noon."

"Behold it, then!" said Rambert, drawing it from his bosom where it had remained from the night when she had sent it to be placed, by the old soldier, in the fissure of the great oak, in the wood of Croissey.

A scream was her only reply, and she fell senseless in the arms of her lover.

The sequel is brief. Charles Rambert was the individual who was seated in the branches of the oak on that night when Christine, Eugene and Louise, were mourning the inflexible law which doomed the young peasant to depart from his home, and when Christine, in the exuberance of feeling, had vowed that she would espouse the man who would proffer himself as a substitute for her brother. For some months Rambert had seen, and, unknown to her, loved her, and he resolved to avail himself of the oath which escaped from the lips of Christine, in thus making her his bride. The moment they had left the spot, he descended from the tree, and, making his way to the village, offered himself to the officer of the recruiting company in place of Eugene. His offer was accepted, and in two months after the departure of the conscripts, Rambert was appointed a lieutenant in their body, when, accidentally, (as we have already remarked,) at Montereau

he saved Eugene. His promise was therefore fulfilled—the oath of Christine was also, and the youthful couple, the next morning, stood at the altar in the little chapel of Croissey, (where, one year before, Rambert had helped his uncle to officiate in the sacred ceremonies of religion, but who had since fought the battles of his country,) husband and wife.

“What became of the old Sergeant?” I asked.

“Poor fellow, he was killed at Waterloo. Since then, Christine and myself have supported ourselves by honest labor. We superintend the manufactures of Monsieur Le V., and in yonder pretty red and white cottage, which you see shrouded among the trees, we reside contentedly and happy, and every evening, when the seasons permit, I come to smoke my pipe under this old oak, where I first received the vow of Christine—*The Oak of Croissey.*”

THE OLD FAMILY MANSION.

A SKETCH FROM DOMESTIC HISTORY.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

It is quite deserted now, that ancient edifice! The garden, once luxuriant with native plants and choice exotics, is now overgrown with noisome weeds and ragged briars. The very dial which marked the march of time, when the sunshine was its chronicler, is broken into fragments, and the green mantle of the pool points out the spot where once the silvery fountain shot high into the bright atmosphere. A mutilated statue of a nymph mourns over her deserted grotto. The box is rusty and untrimmed; the garden gate hangs upon a single hinge; and, in short, the very spirit of desolation seems brooding over this spot, once the Eden of the vicinage.

The house itself tells a sad tale of decay. The roof is green and rank with an unhealthy antiquity, and the damp moss clings to the very weather-beaten shingle. The chanticleer upon the weather-cock, as if stricken with the rheumatism, rarely moves unless the wind has blown from one quarter for some hours, regarding the vagrant zephyrs and inconstant airs with supreme contempt as he shivers on the apex of his rusty rod. To a few of the windows yet cling some time-worn Venetian blinds, but the daring school-boys of several generations have made sad havoc with the glass, so that the wind has free ingress and egress and roars through the empty halls and tenantless chambers like an evil spirit seeking whom it may devour. From the walk in front of the mansion, with its parti-coloured mosaic pavement, to the dilapidated stable in the rear, there is an air of mystery about the premises which piques the curiosity, and, of course, the edifice is not without its ghost. Every village has its haunted house, and why should Brookline be without one?

Be it ours to call up the spirits of the buried family from their dread repose. Some eighty years have passed since this rickety building was in its prime. A great day was that for the villagers of Brookline—the raising of the framework—and though Squire Witherell was reputed to be haughty and purse-proud, the lavish abundance of the table set out on this occasion silenced every murmur, and almost raised the wealthy gentleman to popularity. I call him wealthy, for such he undoubtedly was for that colonial period. Everything about his dwelling betokened it. The deep embrasures of his windows were piled with costly cushions of cut velvet; the oaken chairs were curiously carved and gilded; the tables of massive mahogany were supported upon griffins' claws of

the very largest dimensions; and the little round mirrors were brilliant as the silver bucklers of the Saracenic chivalry. But why make an inventory of the pages of my sketch? The library deserves mention, whose volumes were selected by a master mind, whose pictures, few but choice, displayed an artist's taste. An amiable and lovely woman, and two fine boys, with a man and maid-servant, (in those days a liberal allowance for a gentleman's household,) completed the family.

In touching on some prominent features of the old family mansion, I had forgotten to mention one—the treasure-room. Here, guarded by grated windows, and by a double locked door, stowed away in boxes and bags of various sizes, reposed the sum of sixty thousand dollars, then composing a large portion of Mr. Witherell's wealth. Let us accompany him on a nocturnal expedition to this chamber of gold. He has just made a tour of the house, finds that the family are all abed, the fires all extinguished, the bolts all shot, and then he creeps noiselessly, taper and key in either hand, to the depository of his worldly gear. Ah! it would have done you good to see the jolly fat bags, with their plethora of guineas, and the heavy boxes, surfeited with ingots, while I know not how many bills, bonds, and securities, reposed in the secret drawers of an *escritoire*. Here Squire Witherell used to pass an hour or two of every day, gloating over his possessions and trembling for their security. Yet he was an upright, pious, charitable man;

"Gave dinners daily to wealth, power, and rank,
And sumpence every Sunday to the poor."

No military sway was ever more despotic than that which Marmaduke Witherell aimed at in his family. His wife yielded meek obedience, and so did Arthur, the younger and gentler of the brothers; but Hugh, the elder, as he grew to manhood, displayed a fierce and overbearing spirit, which gradually gained an ascendancy over that of his father. When the storm of the revolution rolled its full tide through New England, Hugh Witherell and his father sympathized deeply with the royalists, while the heart of Arthur bled for the sufferings of his country. Had the latter yielded to the earliest impulses of his patriotism, he would have gone forth to the struggle, but the tearful agony of his mother, and the stern commands of his father, compelled him to remain at home. Hugh went forth and joined the royal forces. His

ward was red with patriot blood at New London, at Brooklyn, and at Camden. He fell at the storming of a redoubt, cursing the rebels with his latest breath. His untimely death cast a deep gloom upon the mind of his father, who from this time appeared under the dominion of a sterner spirit than before.

Though secretly sympathizing with the royal cause, he yet contrived to avoid the reputation of a tory, and on the cessation of hostilities remained at home in peace upon his customary good footing with his neighbours. Arthur, not formerly the favourite of his father, received an unusual share of favour when he became the only son by the misfortune of his brother. At the close of the revolution he embarked in commercial pursuits, abundantly supplied by the wealth and credit of his father.

Not long after commencing business, circumstances compelled young Witherell to visit Philadelphia. He was one evening indulging in a solitary walk, when, chancing to glance at a parlour window, he was struck with the countenance of a young lady of great loveliness. Their eyes encountered. Ardent and romantic, the young man seemed to have arrived at a crisis of his fate. He passed the house, hesitated, and retraced his steps. Again their eyes met. He hurried home and dreamed of the unknown. From that time her image was never absent from his mind. Engaged in business or pleasure, her sweet smile and graceful figure were constantly beside him. His daily walk conducted him past her house, but great was his disappointment at finding the parlour window always vacated. The name of Mercer was inscribed upon the door-plate; but Arthur found, upon inquiry, that, though married, he was childless. This mystery stimulated his fancy, and he found himself deeply in love, though he had cast on the enchantress but a passing glance. They were destined, however, to meet ere long. At a large and brilliant ball, which he attended with reluctance, Arthur was presented to a Miss Emily Ashton, in whom he instantly recognized the object of his romantic attachment. He drank new passion as he gazed upon her innocent blue eyes, the delicate curved lip, the Parian brow, and Medicean contour of her justly rounded figure. To dance with her the whole evening, to tread the floor as if he were moving over roses, to exclaim at the fleeting of time when the cold gray dawn broke in upon the fading lamps and withering roses of the festival, were things of course to a young lover.

How rapidly he sped in his wooing we may gather from the words he addressed to the young lady as he drew her shawl around her polished shoulders.

"My own beloved one! you give me life. Tomorrow then we meet, and the next day, and the next; and soon—oh rapture!—we part no more. Nay, fear not anything untoward, for so do I interpret that sigh. I know my father well; proud,

he ought, it may be, but just and considerate. I have but to paint you to him in the colours of truth, and his answer will be approbation. Fear nothing, dearest."

He led her to her carriage, and she returned the pressure of his hand as she stepped lightly to her seat. As the horses bore her away the red sun rolled up from the east and gilded the spires of the city with its golden light; but the shadows fell long and dark upon the pavement.

"Which," exclaimed young Arthur, with something of a melancholy prescience, "which is the symbol of my fate? the sunshine or the shadow?"

He hastened home to write a letter to his father.

"Well, dear Arthur, what did your father say?"

The young lover turned a vacant gaze upon her. His countenance was changed; the veins of his forehead swollen; his eyes red as if with recent tears; his dress disordered; all spoke of some overpowering emotion.

"Ask me not, Emily; yet why should I conceal it? Were not your own heart and mine—which always beat in unison—heavy with a dark foreboding? He tells me that he would never trust a young man's choice; that sudden loves make long enmities; that a passion so easily inflamed will speedily burn itself out; and that such will be, nay *shall* be the case with mine; that he will never consent to our union; and that, finally, he has views for me in another quarter; that he has projected an alliance which I must conclude."

"Then, Arthur, we part for ever."

"This from you, Emily!"

"Hear me, dearest. Believe me, no union can be happy which is unsanctioned by the consent of parents. Do we not owe everything to our parents? even the sacrifice of our dearest hopes?"

"You but repeat the sophistry of the designing and selfish. Has a father the right to immolate the purest wishes and noblest desires on the altar of mammon? Has he right to barter soul and body both? I have ever been a dutiful son, but to this point my allegiance will never carry me. And you too, Emily, have you not sworn to be mine through every trial and in every woe? I now call upon you to be faithful to your vow!"

"I am yours, Arthur, now and ever. I have trusted my happiness to your keeping, and you will guard it as a sacred trust."

"Beloved one!" cried the young lover, "let me clasp you to my heart; and here, as I imprint the first kiss upon those lips, I swear to protect you, even unto death."

Marmaduke Witherell was seated in the Gothic library of the old family mansion. The rays of a study lamp which fell upon his features showed them pale, but stern and resolute. His teeth were set and he held the pen with a firm grasp.

"Pursue him to the utmost rigour of the law," so ran part of his epistle. "Demand immediate payment of those notes. I disown him; he is no

longer my son; he has voluntarily embraced his ruin."

This letter was to Witherell's solicitor, and set in operation the fell enginery of the law. Blow after blow fell upon the devoted head of Arthur, who could still exclaim with Jaffier:

"But yet I am in love, and pleased with ruin."

His situation now became desperate. His means of living had been torn from him, and he beheld a new claimant upon his protection in a lovely female infant, and his heart sank within him. What could he do?

"Go to your father," said his weeping partner. "Tell him our fears and our distresses. His heart cannot be wholly hardened against you, and perhaps he will forgive you, if you tell him I am dying."

"Do not speak thus," said Arthur, clasping her in his arms, "or my heart will break. No, no, dearest, you shall live, live to see better times. *Le bon temps viendra.*"

And with these consolatory words he sought the old family mansion. The aged servant who answered his summons to the door dared not express his delight at seeing him; it would have been as much as his place was worth. He was shown into the library to await the coming of his father. The old gentleman was not long in making his appearance. Arthur sprang up to meet him, but Marmaduke folded his arms upon his breast and bowed loftily and coldly.

"What are your commands, sir?" he inquired.

"I come," faltered Arthur, "to lay my desperate situation before you; in plain terms, to ask your assistance."

"After having rejected my advice; after having embraced the ruin I forewarned you of; you come as a beggar to ask me to drag you out of your difficulties. Upon my word, sir, you are modest."

"I ask for justice. I grant that you established me in business; but I was led to believe that, in any event, time would be allowed before I was called to account for my capital. You ungenerously pressed upon me, ruined me."

"Have you anything further to advance? I am impatient, sir."

"Father, can you shut your heart against me? will you not give me aid?"

"Not a farthing, were it to save you from starvation."

"Will you not see my poor Emily, for whom I braved your displeasure?"

"Never! Dare you propose such an interview?"

"Then, sir, hear my last request. Before I go forth to buffet with the hard, hard world—go forth without your blessing too—let me see my poor mother. I know her heart yearns towards me; never an unkind word passed between us; I was the very light of her life. You cannot deny us a moment's interview."

"Hence!" exclaimed Marmaduke, in a tone of passion. "You have cursed my sight too long. I loved you once; I reared you; I furnished you with

money; I made you all that you are; and you were ungrateful."

"No, father, not ungrateful. But no matter; my mother's heart will tell her how I yearn for her sight, and how I load her name with blessings. Farewell, sir; there will come a time when your own heart will be your punishment."

And these were the last words of Arthur ever heard in the Old Family Mansion. His wife had an uncle established in the West Indies, and thither the devoted and unhappy pair went. But the constant shocks of misfortune had undermined the health of Emily, and she was soon carried to a premature grave, whither—and let this be recorded with due deliberation—her heart-broken husband followed her in the course of a fortnight. On learning these events, the heart of the worldly Marmaduke was stricken, and, though he concealed his remorse even from the wife of his bosom, he sent for the child of the loving and wretched pair, to educate and rear. He found her beautiful and winning, and his affections soon centred in the child. Her infantile grace and angelic beauty flung a spell over the old family mansion. Her cheery laugh sounded musically and strangely as it echoed along the old chambers and the paved gallery. She grew up and married, and now a portion of the ancient edifice was allotted for her dwelling, together with a liberal dowry taken from the treasure-room. But there was one peculiarity observable in the conduct of Marmaduke towards his *protégé*, he always called her his *niece*. That he deeply repented his conduct towards his unhappy son was evident from the rapidity with which he declined towards the close of his life. At length his mind failed him. At times he passed hours in his treasure-chamber, listlessly counting his gold, or seated by the chimney corner, muttering and singing to himself.

One winter his faculties seemed to revive, and as Christmas approached he entered into all the gaieties of that season of festivity with spirit. On Christmas day he was engaged to dine with his grand-daughter and her husband. The latter had just received from his wife's West Indian relative a present of two full length portraits by Copley, which were now to be displayed in the dining-room for the first time. They represented the ill-fated Arthur and Emily in their bridal garments.

Old Marmaduke dressed himself in great state. He appeared with powdered hair, a brown satin coat, and white underdress. His hands, of which he was particularly proud, absolutely blazed with jewels. His lofty manner was tempered by a smile of benignancy, and though his step tottered with infirmity, his eye shone with something of its original brilliancy and intelligence. The dinner passed off gaily: the cloth was removed. Marmaduke filled his glass to the brim, and the rest followed his example. He then rose, supporting himself by the table. It was then apparent that his mind was wandering, his eyes roamed restlessly around the table, as if they missed some familiar objects.

“A happy Christmas to you all!” he faltered. “Happy Christmas! But are you all here? My old eyes are dim—dim—failing fast—*where’s Arthur?* Where’s Hugh? Oh! I forgot, he lies in a bloody grave, with a rebel’s bayonet rusting in his bosom. His memory!” At this moment his eyes rested on the face of Arthur’s portrait, his fa-

culties made a desperate attempt to rally, he appeared to recognise the likeness, and to confound it with the original; he raised his glass to the image, waved it, a smile curved his lips, and with the words “all here! I’m satisfied!” his spirit passed away. There was Death in the *Old Family Mansion*.

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THE OLD MAN OF THE RUE MOUFFETARD.

BY MRS. C. E. BENNERS.

Is the first place, do you know where the Rue Mouffetard is? If you are a Parisian you probably do not, for strangers know much more about Paris than those who have been born within its walls, and always passed their lives there.

In an old house in this street, (where indeed there are very few new ones,) you enter a long, dark, and generally a very dirty entry, at the end of which you will see, or rather you will feel, a staircase with iron balusters. Ascend boldly, for it does require some courage to venture up a dark and slippery stairs: when you reach the third story you will begin to see a little, and between seeing and feeling you will find a door on your right hand, by the side of which hangs an old riband with an old epaulette attached to it, which elegant affair performs the duty of a bell-rope for the accommodation of those who visit this agreeable lodging.

M. Delapoule, the inhabitant, is a little old gentleman of seventy, but still alert and lively, with a slight figure, a sharp nose, piercing black eyes, and curl of the lip indicating rather a sarcastic disposition. He still holds to breeches and knee buckles, and wears his hair in the fashion of fifty years ago, from which you may infer that he wears his opinions much in the same fashion.

This old gentleman was a fine dancer in his youth; he was extravagantly fond of the science, as he termed it, and had obtained great celebrity by the precision and elegance of his steps. As long as dancing was in fashion M. Delapoule was greatly sought after and invited everywhere, that is in his quarter of Paris. The ladies almost quarrelled who should have him for a partner, and the young girls quite took airs upon themselves when they had had the honour of dancing with him. In short, a ball was not a ball unless M. Delapoule was there.

When the great political events of '88 and '89 began to disturb the minds of people, fine dancing declined; they still danced, to be sure, if it could be called dancing, without low bows, *fêtes bathus*, and *entrechats*.

During the empire the gavotte retained some favour, but the minuet was completely dethroned; the gavotte, after a short time, had the same fate; and then, instead of dancing and taking steps, came in the habit of walking, and even going to balls in boots. At this horrible subversion of all propriety and decency M. Delapoule became utterly disgusted with the world and retired into the *Rue Mouffetard* to avoid seeing the walking that

was called dancing, and even hearing the tunes they pretended to dance to. As far as this went there was nothing very singular in the conduct of the old man. Wounded in his pride, his taste outraged, he had, like Achilles of old, retired into his tent to brood over his injuries. That was all right; everybody should be at liberty to be sulky when they like; only when people begin to sulk in old age, it sometimes consumes more time than they have to spare.

But M. Delapoule had not retired by himself into the *Rue Mouffetard*. He had adopted and educated a great-niece; a little orphan who had neither friend nor protector in the world but her old uncle.

An old uncle of seventy is but a poor protector for a young girl of sixteen, but so goes the world; childhood leaning on old age, youth connecting itself with maturity. Extremes meet, they say. I think they might arrange matters better.

Well, the niece of M. Delapoule was named Blanche. She was a charming young creature, blooming as a May rose, bright as an Italian sky, pure as a snow-drift, and mild as—as all pretty women.

To think of so many charms, so much grace, being mewed up in an old house of the *Rue Mouffetard*. I do not mean to insinuate that the young ladies of that delightful locality are not beautiful; but I think that a pretty woman can never be too much seen, and unfortunately the *Rue Mouffetard* is not quite the centre of Paris. And besides, the life Blanche led was not of the most animating kind. She had no company but her old uncle, who entertained her with interminable discourses on the origin, progress and decline of the art of dancing, only varied by such subjects as had reference to it. He never went out himself, nor ever supposed that his niece might wish to do so; consequently she had not even seen the monkeys in the *Jardin des Plantes*.

By way of rewarding the patience with which she listened to his reminiscences he taught her dancing: not the dancing of the present day, but such as was in vogue before the revolution of '89. He spared no pains, either to himself or her; for two hours after breakfast and two hours after dinner he required her to keep her feet in the stocks that she might acquire the habit of turning her toes out; she was kept at least three hours a day practising her steps, was never permitted to enter a room without making a courtesy, nor to retire to bed before she had danced a minuet.

Blanche did not find this mode of life very en-
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tertaining. For though young girls are usually fond of dancing, it is not of dancing as a task, with nobody to look at them but an old man, and at sixteen it is rather tiresome to be kept in the stocks four hours a day. But Blanche was sweet-tempered and dutiful; she loved her old uncle, and to please him took indefatigable pains to improve in the minuet; while M. Delapoule accompanied her with a kit, which he declared to be equal to a stradivarius. And then the poor girl had never heard of any other sort of dancing, never having been to the balls of Musard, or at the *Chaumière*, nor to the smallest *bal champêtre*, nor even at a hop at a friend's house. So she continued firm in belief that the perfection of dancing was the minuet, that of grace the courtesy, and that all skill consisted in the performance of difficult steps.

In the evening M. Delapoule, seated in his arm-chair, would call Blanche to his side, and, after patting her cheek, proceed to the following questions.

"Have you passed four hours in the stocks to-day?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Have you practised all your positions?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Do you make a courtesy every night before you get into bed?"

"Yes, uncle."

"That is right. You are a pretty girl, well shaped; you hold yourself well, and one of these days, when the taste for dancing revives, which must soon happen, for public taste always returns in the end to what is beautiful and graceful; then, my love, you will be an example to others. You will be talked of, sought after, and admired, when the wretched habits of the present day have gone by. I have no patience with these Vandals, who walk instead of dancing, nod their heads instead of pointing their toes, and go to balls in boots. They do not know what they neglect, what a sublime and ancient art, for dancing is not a thing of yesterday, my child."

"Oh! no; certainly not, uncle," exclaimed the young girl eagerly, fearful that her uncle would begin again what he had already repeated a hundred times. The old man would end by falling asleep as he beat the time of a minuet on the arm of his chair.

But at last the tedious, uniform, and solitary life Blanche led, never going out, or taking any of the pleasures suitable to her age, begun to affect her health.

M. Delapoule, very uneasy at seeing the rose fading on the cheek of his little niece, sent for his doctor and consulted him about her health.

"Does your niece ever go out?" asked the doctor.

"Never."

"Not to balls or concerts?"

"No, never."

"Does not she walk out?"

"Never."

"Well, then, that is the cause of her illness."

"What do you mean, doctor?"

"My meaning is very plain; your niece suffers from *ennui*; and that is a worse malady than any other."

"And what makes you suppose that my niece suffers from *ennui*? I am always with her, always talking to her; I get her everything she wishes for. She is at liberty to lead just the sort of life she likes. She can go to bed early, and get up late. In short, she lives just as I do, and I assure you I never suffer from *ennui*."

"Yes; but you are seventy, and your niece is sixteen, and the life that suits you will not quite agree with her. If you want to see your niece well again, you must let her go out, see company, dance——"

"Dance! Why she dances all day long. She is never an hour without taking steps."

"Yes; but that is not the sort of dancing; she must dance with somebody else than you. She must go to balls; in short, M. Delapoule, you must remember that young girls are like flowers; if you keep them from the air they grow up pale and feeble. You must give your niece amusement and air."

"Give my niece air!" said the old man to himself when the doctor went away: "take her to balls! Certainly the doctors of the present day have a strange mode of prescribing. Air! I should think enough of that might be had at the windows. To be sure mine *do* look upon rather a confined court. Well, since it must be so, I will take my niece out; I will take her to the *Boulevards*."

So he calls Blanche and informs her of his intention; the young girl jumps for joy; the public walks were a *terra incognita* to her. She had heard of them, it is true, as well as of the theatres, and other wonders of the centre of the city. But Paris to her did not contain much more than the *Rue Mouffetard*, where she had lived since she was seven years old. She hastened to make her toilet; chose her best dress, and endeavoured to make herself look pretty. Luckily nature had already taken that matter in hand; that was peculiarly fortunate in Blanche's case, because the ornaments given by nature are never out of fashion.

As to M. Delapoule he was as faithful to old fashions in dress as in dancing. He still wore his breeches with splendid knee-buckles, his coat of changeable silk, with buttons as big as a crown piece, of glass with a bird enamelled in the centre; and his hair tied in a queue and frizzled to an enormous height, on the top of which was perched a three-cornered hat not at all like that of the *petit caporal*.

In this trim he sallied forth, his niece on his arm, leaning on a cane which had served him to beat time for the last fifty years, stepping in minuet time, and Blanche looking about in astonishment at everything she saw.

It is not very fast travelling to move in a minuet step. The uncle and niece had left the *Rue*

Mouffetard at eleven o'clock, and it was two before they reached the Boulevard.

You may imagine the wonder of Blanche at finding herself in the midst of a crowd, and how her eyes wandered from the walkers to the pedlars, to those who were exhibiting strange sights, to the ballad-singers, and the sellers of all the various commodities that ever could be wanted: their ears rung with the strange cries; they could not manage to make their way through the crowd: first they were pushed by a big woman looking very cross because her daughter would grow as tall as herself and people would not take them for sisters, though they were dressed exactly alike; then the boys drove their hoops against them, or threw their balls on their heads; some of the smaller children were knocked over by the passengers; why did not the nurses take care of them? the nurses had found a country woman, who was telling them the news of their village, which interested them much more than the children.

The next thing they heard was the bells of the sellers of lemonade, at a farthing a glass. Why they are hung round with little bells like a string of mules I never could discover; but I dare say some people like the noise, and we shall have it introduced into the concerts.

Farther on they saw a dirty looking man in black holding forth to a crowd collected round him; but this man does not carry anything; he has no basket, no stall, of course he can have nothing to sell; what can he be about? what can he be saying? All the people are curious to know, and M. Delapoule and his niece as much so as any; so they push through the crowd to hear the gentleman in black, who every now and then takes a pinch of snuff between his phrases to fill up the intervals, as if he did not very well know what he was going to say.

"Certainly—gentlemen and ladies, among those who are walking for pleasure—particularly in fine weather—as it is to-day—there are some who would say—ah! there is an individual—who is speaking on the Boulevard—probably for some reason—"

"Uncle," whispers Blanche to her uncle, "I don't understand what that man is talking about."

"Nor I neither," replies the uncle; "but since he says he has some reason for being here, we shall probably find it out in time."

The man in black takes out of a pocket-book a little piece of black paper and a pair of scissors; then, looking round his audience to make his choice, he begins to cut away without interrupting his discourse.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen—when you see a man—addressing a numerous company—it is natural to inquire—what has he to say to that company?—It is to be supposed that he has some business, but what is it?—that I shall have the honour of showing you in a few minutes—only a minute or two—that is not much for people who have nothing to do."

The man in black, while he was making these speeches, had fixed his eyes on M. Delapoule, who had at last managed to get near the object of his curiosity. He could not at first understand why the man kept his eyes always fixed upon him, and seemed to address his discourse exclusively to him, but he thought it must be out of politeness, and was watching for an opportunity to answer him, when the gentleman finished his cutting out, stuck what he had done upon a piece of white paper, and showed to the assembly the profile of M. Delapoule, which was an excellent likeness, as the profile and *coiffure* of the old gentleman were so remarkable as to be easily caught.

Everybody laughs; M. Delapoule and his niece want to know what they are laughing at; they press forward to get a sight; M. Delapoule is astounded at the sight of his likeness, and Blanche exclaims,

"Oh! it is you, uncle! exactly! with your queue and your little three-cornered hat."

The man in black presents the profile to the old gentleman saying,

"You ought to be satisfied, sir, as everybody sees the likeness. There is your picture; you may pay me what you please; I am not unreasonable."

"I shall give you nothing at all," cried M. Delapoule, turning red with anger. "I think you are very impertinent to take my profile without my leave. I did not stop for that. It is stealing my face. You had no right to do this. Come along, niece; I shall go and complain to the authorities."

The old man drew Blanche away, and they went off, followed by the laughter of the crowd, who were highly diverted by the scene. Trying to hurry off they got pushed and knocked about in every direction.

"Ah!" said M. Delapoule, "things were much better managed before the revolution. People did not then tread on your toes every minute, without even begging pardon; and they did not take your profile without your leave."

The young lady was much better satisfied than her uncle. The numerous passengers, the shops, the sights, all entertained her very much; besides, some young men had exclaimed as they passed, "what a pretty girl!" And pretty girls, however modest they may be, never dislike to hear of their beauty.

The uncle and niece had by this time taken a long walk. It was their dinner time, and they were far distant from the *Rue Mouffetard*.

"My dear," said the old man, "you must be hungry?"

"Yes, I am, uncle."

"So am I; and, as we are so far from home, we will go and dine at a *traiteur's*."

Blanche was delighted; she had never been at a *traiteur's*, and the idea of tasting dishes she had never heard of, and which must be excellent, pleased her very much.

M. Delapoule looks about him, and sees, in a sort of shop, a gentleman sitting at a table and

using something, and he says to himself this must be a *traiteur*; there are not many people there, but so much the better; it will be more proper for my niece. Let us go in. They go in, and find themselves in a room where there are a number of tables laid, and a quantity of newspapers and small rolls.

They take their places at a table, and the old gentleman says to a lady sitting in the bar, "Madam, be so good as to give us something to eat; whatever you think best; anything that is ready."

The lady makes a sign of assent; and, leaving the room, soon returns with two little bowls of soup, which she places before them, saying, "Do you wish for bread?"

"Bread! To be sure we want bread! How can anybody eat soup without bread?"

The lady brings a basket containing rolls, and returns to her bar. The uncle eats the soup; the niece tastes it, and thinks it best to wait for something else.

When he had finished his soup, M. Delapoule says to the lady of the bar, "Madam, we do not intend to stop at this."

"Very well, sir."

The lady goes out again, and brings in two other bowls of soup, which she places before the uncle and niece. They look at each other, not knowing what to do; but at last determine to swallow this soup also, thinking it must be of a different sort, but it proves to be exactly the same. M. Delapoule then says, "This will not do, Madame; we want something more."

Again the lady goes out, and again returns with bowls of soup. M. Delapoule then gets quite out of patience, and exclaims,

"What! soup again! Do the *restaurateurs* of Paris sell nothing else since the revolution?"

"Why, sir, the establishment you are in belongs to a company for the supply of soup. We sell nothing else; you can have it sent to your house if you like."

M. Delapoule had never heard of this establishment. He pays for his soup and leaves the place, very much vexed at his mistake. When they again find themselves on the Boulevard, the uncle says to Blanche, "Are you yet hungry, my dear?"

"Oh no, uncle! All that soup has taken away my appetite."

"Well then, we will walk on, and try to find something that will amuse you."

In a few minutes they saw a puppet show; they stopped to enjoy the sight. A crowd had already assembled, composed chiefly of boys, who thought the appearance of the uncle and niece very extraordinary; so did the workmen and idlers who stood round and pointed at the little man with the queue, the silk coat, and the birds on his buttons. They no longer looked at the puppets, or anything but the old gentleman, who little suspected the amusement he furnished to the crowd, which increased every minute, till it filled all the space, and impeded the passengers, who were obliged to stop and increase

it. Everybody was trying to get sight of the odd-looking little man; they pushed and knocked each other, and even came to blows. It was supposed to be a mob. A police agent made his way through the crowd; they pointed out the little man to him; he pushed his way through, took him by the arm, and said, in a peremptory tone,

"Come, sir, walk on; you must not stay here."

"Why must I walk on?" said the old gentleman, looking at him with surprise.

"Because you are creating a disturbance."

"I creating a disturbance!"

"Yes, yes, you know you are; and you do it purposely."

"What is it I am doing?"

"You pretend not to know; but I understand you. You wear that little cocked hat to look like the emperor."

"What emperor? who are you talking of?"

"No more jesting, sir. You have eagles on your buttons, too."

"They are not eagles; they are humming-birds."

"I say they are eagles."

"Well, and if they are! what is that to you? If I like birds I suppose I am at liberty to wear them? You are really too vexatious."

"Come, sir, go off at once; and be thankful that, as you are an old man, I do not arrest you."

"Oh! uncle! let us go! pray let us go!" cried poor Blanche, frightened to death.

The unlucky old man yielded to the joint influence of her prayers, and the injunctions of the policeman. He succeeded in getting through the crowd and making his escape, assisted by the increasing darkness. But he could not comprehend the meaning of all this.

"They accuse me," said he, "of exciting a disturbance, because I wear birds upon my buttons, and a three-cornered hat. Really, I cannot understand it! I no longer know Paris. Everything in it is changed! *Traiteurs*, manners, dress, are as much altered as dancing. I wish, at least, my poor Blanche, that I could have seen you enjoy yourself a little; this first excursion has not afforded you much pleasure."

At that moment they passed a rotunda, and Blanche, looking up, observed a transparency exhibiting the magical word "ball." "Oh! uncle!" cried she eagerly, "a ball; there I *should* be amused. I spend half the day in the stocks that I may dance well. How I should like to dance at a ball!"

"And I should like as well to see you dance. No doubt these people have never seen fine dancing; how they will admire your steps! your courtesies! your grace! I am still active enough to be your partner. Come, my dear niece, we will show these ignoramuses what dancing is."

The old man and his niece enter the ball-room. They were just calling for a fourth couple in a quadrille; they hasten to secure the place, and all eyes are turned upon the strange looking couple, who seem to have come from another world.

The music strikes up; the uncle and niece spring forward; they make *pirouettes*, and *fetes bathus*, and *entrechats*, and all manner of steps. The people stare at them, and then shouts of laughter are heard; the other dancers leave their quadrilles to come and look at the strange dancing; the scene of the Boulevards is acted over again; they push, and fight, and scream. The ball-room is a scene of confusion, and still the unsuspecting old man dances away and admires his niece, till, in the midst of one of his finest steps, his arm is seized by a police officer, who orders him to leave the ball immediately.

"Leave the ball!" cries the little man, still balancing himself on one foot: "what is that you say?"

"I say you must leave the ball. You are dancing a prohibited dance."

"A prohibited dance! Have you gone so far as to make good dancing an offence?"

"No; but you are dancing the *Caneau*."

"I dancing the *Caneau*! I should really be much obliged to you to inform me what the *Caneau* is, for I have not the least idea."

"You pretend ignorance, do you! but you may well be ashamed of such dancing. At your age, too. Come, sir, go off, or I shall send you to the watchhouse."

Blanche, terrified again, draws her uncle away. The poor little old man, in a furious passion, gets into a carriage with his niece, and is driven back to the *Rue Mouffetard*, declaring that he never will stir out of it again.

But the next morning the old man had reconsidered the matter, and come to a more sensible conclusion. He called Blanche, and said to her, "My love, you shall have another dancing master; you shall go out oftener, and be dressed like other people; for I cannot endure to see you pointed at in the streets; and I am now convinced that one must dress, dance, and walk with the age."

Original.

THE OLD OAK CHEST.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I will tell it softly;
You crickets shall not hear it."—*Winter Tales.*

THE sun had just set, and the shadows of twilight were stealing over the landscape, deepening the serene blue of an Italian summer sky. The new moon hovered like a beautiful spirit over the gorgeous drapery of clouds that veiled the west and shed a silvery track of light on the glassy surface of the lake Maggiore. The delightful Borromean islands, which gemmed its waters, were vocal with the delicious and melancholy notes of the nightingale, as it poured its evening song from the groves of orange and myrtle. A gentle breeze wafted the music to the eastern shore of the lake, whence it rose to the ear soft and liquid as the element through which it floated. At the foot of a terrace which reached nearly to the water's edge, stood a pavilion, fitted up in a style of oriental splendor. Within, a beautiful girl, sat listlessly, watching through the open door, the shifting forms of the clouds, as wafted by the western breeze, they gradually spread themselves over the sky in snow-white images, that appeared soft and yielding as the plumage on the breast of the dove. The sound of footsteps roused her from her reverie. She started from her seat in alarm, but the appearance of Lira, the housekeeper, quieted her fears.

"If you are at leisure, my dear young lady," said Lira, "I will now tell you the story which you know I promised to do the first opportunity, although, had you not have been so unfortunate as to overhear the conversation between the porter and Ugo, it would be better for you to remain in your present state of ignorance."

Veronica assured Lira that nothing could afford her greater gratification than to listen to her story, and causing her to be seated close by her side, she requested her to commence without delay.

"Seventeen years have now elapsed," said the housekeeper, "since on a dark, tempestuous night at the close of autumn, a knight in black armor, mounted on a charger of the same hue, knocked at the gate, and demanded to be admitted to the presence of your uncle, the Count Foscoli."

"The Count has retired to rest," replied the porter, "having but a few hours since returned from a long and fatiguing journey. Be pleased, therefore, to enter the castle and refresh yourself with food and wine, and a few hours' sleep. By that time the day will dawn, and the Count will leave his chamber."

"Without making any reply, the knight alighted from his horse and proceeded to the castle before the porter had time to close the gate in order to conduct him. He quickly followed, however, and they arrived at the door nearly together, just as I made my appearance with a light in consequence of having heard voices. The knight's vizor was closed, and feigning no attention to

the porter or myself, he began to ascend the staircase that led to your uncle's chamber. The porter rushed after him, while we both raised our voices to prevail on him to stop. He went on without heeding us, 'till he had arrived at the head of the stair-case. He then turned round, and slowly waving his hand for us to be silent, raised his vizor. Oh, Signora, never shall I forget that moment. It appeared to me that every drop of blood froze in my veins, and well it might, for I gazed on the features of Sir Julio Rovina, who had been the Count's most intimate friend, and whom he had himself seen fall in battle five years before, while they fought side by side. He was perfectly pale, and I saw a deep scar over his right eye, the very place, as I had often heard the Count say, where was inflicted the wound of which he died. He fixed his dark, melancholy eyes full upon my face, while mine were riveted upon his. Although nearly dead with fright, I stood without any support at the foot of the stairs, seemingly upheld by some mysterious power. After having gazed at me a number of seconds, his lips moved, and I thought he was going to speak, but I could hear no sound, and soon turning, he proceeded to the Count's door. I then, for the first time, perceived that he carried something on one arm, wrapped in a crimson shawl. The chamber door was so situated that I could not see it, but I am very sure that I heard him enter without either knocking or speaking, although the Count never slept without fastening his door. All was perfectly still for a short time, when I heard the Count cry out in a voice of terror. The cry was not repeated, and I soon heard their voices in earnest conversation. Notwithstanding the resemblance which the knight bore to Sir Julio, as I was but little inclined to superstition, I could not persuade myself that I had seen a spectre, but the porter, who had sunk on the stairs, trembling in every joint, firmly believed that he had seen the ghost of Sir Julio. Neither of us felt any disposition to sleep, and being too frightened to go away by myself, I went with the porter into the hall, where I sat half wishing, half dreading the re-appearance of the knight. In about an hour, I heard your uncle call me. I stepped to the stairs, and he desired me to wake Ugo, and send him to his chamber. I lit him to the door, and the Count, who heard him approach, immediately admitted him. I felt a strong curiosity to know what was going forward, and thinking it would be no harm, I set down the lamp and placed my eye against the keyhole. The Count sat directly opposite the door, and I could plainly see marks of anxiety and distress in his countenance. The knight was traversing the floor in an agitated manner. He had lain his helmet aside, and I could no longer doubt that it was either Sir Julio himself, or his spirit, and I have never been able to determine the point to my own satisfaction to this day, for the Count always preserved a mournful and mysterious silence concerning the events of that night, and I never could prevail on Ugo to utter a syllable about it. The truth is, the knight looked too pale for a being made of flesh and blood, and though not a soul saw him leave the castle, not one of us has ever set eyes on him since. The

beautiful black horse that he came on, is living this very day—fat and sleek, as you know, though too old for service."

"Is old Hunter the horse he rode?" inquired Veronica.

"Yes, bless his old skin," replied Lira, "and a clever horse has he been, and a happy one, though he did have a ghost for a rider."

"Old Hunter will interest me more than ever," said Veronica, "but pray go on with your story."

"The black knight was traversing the room, as I observed, and his looks and motions showed that his heart was wrung with the most poignant sorrow. The Count signed to Ugo to sit near him, and he conversed with him some minutes in a low voice. My hearing was nearly as acute as my curiosity, and I was certain that they were speaking of some murder that had been recently committed, although I was unable to make out who were the parties concerned. I had my thoughts then, however; and have them now. At any rate, the Count was greatly agitated, and the very next day set out on a long journey. You have heard, as well as I, that the spirits of the murdered cannot rest 'till their bodies are decently buried."

"Do you think," said Veronica, "that my uncle went to perform that mournful duty for the black knight?"

"There can be no doubt of it. The porter has always thought so. Once, while I was listening at the door, I thought that I heard the low cry of an infant, and I saw the knight go to the bed and bend over it. When he turned away he covered his face with his handkerchief, and a deep sigh or rather groan, burst from his bosom.

"It appears to me that he evinced singular agitation for a ghost," said Veronica.

"Ay, singular enough. The Count and Ugo now rose, and, concluding that the latter was about to leave the room, I hastily retreated to the hall, and when Ugo entered, appeared to be dozing over the embers of the fire.

"I am glad you are up," said he, "I want you to go with me to the Count's chamber."

"Is it really Sir Julio that's come, said I, or his spirit?"

"Follow me quickly," said Ugo, without noticing my question. I did as he desired, much delighted at the idea of being admitted to a private interview with the Count, though at the same time I shook all over as if I were in an ague fit, when I thought of the knight. How was I disappointed, when, on entering the room, I found it deserted. As I was loudly expressing my chagrin and astonishment, Ugo approached me and placed the loveliest infant I ever beheld, within my arms. I began to question him relative to a circumstance so singular, when he directed my attention to a letter lying upon the table, telling me that it would inform me of every thing necessary for me to know. It was written by the Count, and contained only the following words:

"Lira, I wish you to take charge of the infant in my chamber, during my absence, for which I shall not forget to liberally reward you when I return. Her name is Veronica."

"The letter contains a mighty deal of information, to be sure, said I, "but you were so pretty and so quiet, that I soon forgot my disappointment, in the pleasure I felt in taking care of you."

Veronica, at these words, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Is it possible that it was I, whom the black Knight brought to the castle that stormy night?" said she.

"Yes, you are the identical baby he had wrapped in the crimson shawl."

"And am I not Count Foscoli's niece, and was not my mother his sister, as I have always been taught to believe?"

"No, dear Signora, I don't believe you are any more related to the Count than you are to the Pope, though it is very likely to me, as you have always been told, that your mother died in your infancy—not by any natural death, however."

Lira could not perceive the paleness that overspread the countenance of Veronica, occasioned by the horror she felt at such an intimation, for it was now quite dark, but having once taken the bridle from her tongue by which it had been restrained for such a number of years, she could not resist the inclination to tell all she knew and all she suspected.

"Not by a natural death?" repeated Veronica.

"No, my dear, for as you lay sleeping in my arms, I perceived that your little innocent bosom was sprinkled with blood, and it took both dew and sunshine to bleach the stains on your night-gown."

"Who could have murdered her?" said Veronica, shuddering.

"That, no one knows—though if the black Knight had not made his appearance like a spectre, and vanished like one, I should have thought that he did it."

"Have you no other reason to think my mother was murdered, than the one you have mentioned?"

"I have—though, at first, I did not intend to mention them. To confess the truth, I overheard the Count and Ugo talking about it one day, and they spoke in plain terms of her murder. They said she was stabbed to the heart with a dagger. You have never seen Sir Julio's portrait, I believe."

"No, I never have."

"If you would like to see it, I will show it to you when we return to the house."

An intense and thrilling interest was awakened in Veronica's bosom relative to the black Knight, and she eagerly assented to Lira's proposal. They waited till the clock struck the hour of midnight, when the household would probably be buried in sleep.

"It is a number of years since I visited the chamber containing Sir Julio's picture," said Lira, as she led the way, followed by the trembling Veronica. "I did not like to enter it alone, and whenever it wants air, Ugo comes to me for the key, and opens it himself. Indeed, Signora," hesitating to turn the key, "if you knew all that I do, I believe you would think it better not to go in now."

"No," said Veronica, "let us enter."

Without further remonstrance she opened the door.

"Did you see that?" said she, in a whisper, laying her trembling hand on Veronica's shoulder.

"I saw nothing," replied Veronica.

"I am certain that a light flashed from yonder closet," said Lira, "when I opened the door, but it went out in an instant."

"I think your imagination deceived you," replied Veronica. "Let us proceed."

When they had reached the opposite side of the apartment, where hung the picture, Lira held the lamp in such a manner as to enable Veronica to obtain a distinct view of it. It represented a man about twenty-five years of age, of an exceedingly dignified and commanding air. The complexion was rather dark, the features strongly defined and very handsome, especially the eyes and mouth—the whole forming a countenance spirited, yet expressive of much benignity.

"Dear Signora," exclaimed Lira, "I never thought so much about it before, but certainly Sir Julio's mouth looks very much like yours when you look almost pleased enough to smile, and as for the eyes, there is no telling them from your own"

Veronica, who appeared lost in thought, made no reply to Lira's remark.

"I have certainly seen that face before," said she, after having long gazed at the picture in silence. "I think it was three years ago, when my uncle took me to Venice. It was a brilliant night, and we were gliding silently along in our gondola, when one of the sweetest voices I ever heard came floating over the waves. I almost feared to breathe, lest I should lose one note of music so enchanting, and the gondoliers, at my uncle's command, ceased to dip their oars. The music gradually swelled fuller on the ear, so that we knew that the gondola was approaching the spot where we were, although from the number flitting round in every direction, we could not yet distinguish from which the strains proceeded. We were not long left in doubt, for it soon came so near that the sides of our gondolas touched. Just as the boat reached us, the music ceased. 'You may rest here,' said a figure, addressing the gondoliers, who was muffled in a black cloak, and with his hat slouched, so as to entirely conceal the upper part of his face. The boats that hovered near, and which had been attracted by the music, dropped off one by one, and we were left alone. Excepting the gondoliers, the gondola near us contained only a lady, and the person already alluded to. Ours, only my uncle and myself. As soon as we were left alone, the man in the opposite boat raised his hat from his brow, and warmly shook hands with my uncle. They conversed together a few minutes, but in so low a voice, that I could distinguish nothing they said. My uncle then turning round—'Veronica,' said he, 'will you do me the favor to unveil? I have a particular wish to show your face to my friend. You see that he is as old as myself; you need, therefore, entertain no scruples.' I complied with my uncle's request. The moment I drew aside my veil, the stranger's features exhibited marks of deep agitation. He soon became calm, and while he continued to converse with my uncle, his eyes were riveted on my face with a

look of the most profound melancholy. After the lapse of about fifteen minutes, he bent forward and took my hand. 'It is not probable,' said he, 'that we shall ever meet again. Accept this,' placing a ring on my finger, 'as a token of the gratification, though a painful one, which I have received from beholding a form resembling one now no more, who was dear to me as life.' He bent his lips to my hand, and I felt a tear fall upon it. He then suddenly resumed his former seat, re-developed himself in his cloak—again drew his hat over his face, and commanding the gondoliers to ply their oars, the boat darted swiftly away."

"Dear Signora," said Lira, "why did you never tell me this before? But, holy Mary, if we have not been sitting all this time on the very chest which contains the crimson shawl you were wrapped in the night you were brought to the castle, and which is stiff with the heart's blood of your murdered mother."

"Cannot I see the shawl?" said Veronica, rising, and regarding the old chest with feelings of mingled fear and awe.

"Why, I would not open the chest for the world," replied Lira. "I don't suppose that it has been opened since the night I threw the shawl into it, which is no other than the very night you were brought here."

"I will open it," said Veronica, exerting herself to raise the massive lid, rendered heavier by transverse pieces of iron. She succeeded with some difficulty, and perceived the object of her curiosity.

Lira, in whose breast the last-mentioned passion usually got the better of her fears, ventured to approach so as to peep into the chest, and perceiving a folded paper lying in one of the corners, she took it up, and without ceremony, began to read it aloud. It was addressed to Count Foscoli, and ran thus:

"My dear Count: In consequence of the zeal of Count N——'s son, who has lately returned from abroad, the search for me is revived and prosecuted with so much diligence, that I cannot leave my present retreat without the utmost hazard. I must therefore relinquish the idea which I have so long cherished, of paying you the secret visit at your castle, for the sake of obtaining a sight of my daughter. Yet so painful do I find it to resign an expectation so long and so fondly indulged, that I am sometimes half tempted to gratify myself, even if life must be the forfeit. Life, did I say? Alas, can an existence, loaded with such a weight of misery, be called life? Foscoli, imagine my anguish, haunted as I am in my sleeping as well as my waking hours, with the image of my murdered wife. The poniard now lies before me, covered with rust, which, in that horrible moment I grasped with such fearful energy. Why did I not plunge it into my own heart, while it was yet stained with her's? The low plaining of thee, my child—my Veronica, arrested thy wretched father's hand, and the hope of seeing thee once more, still makes him brave the horrors of existence. If you will bring her to Venice, Foscoli, I think I can, without incurring any great risk, venture on an interview of a few minutes. Do not disappoint me, or I will visit you at your castle, and abide by the consequences.

Farwell.

JULIO ROVINA.

"Well, Sir Julio is alive, thank Heaven," said Lira, when she had finished the letter, "and it was no ghost that brought you thither, but your own father. But I would never own him, Signora, for we can perceive plain enough that it was he who murdered your mother."

Veronica, pale and trembling, had sunk into a chair, with the blood-stained shawl grasped in her hand.

"Dear Signora," said Lira, "do cheer up, for if Sir Julio be your father, he can be nothing to you, be

cause you are mere strangers to each other, you know. But what is this? Another letter pinned into the folds of the shawl, and addressed to whom it may concern. It can concern no person so much as yourself, so I will do you the favor to read it to you."

As Lira was attempting to extract the rusted pin, a slight noise in the closet where she imagined she saw the light when they entered the chamber, caused her to relinquish her purpose. The noise was repeated.

"Let us go," said she, snatching up the shawl and huddling it into the chest.

Veronica rose, and half supported by Lira, they left the chamber.

In a few days the unpleasant impression produced on the mind of Veronica, by what she had learned of Sir Julio, was, in a measure, obliterated, by receiving a letter from Francesco Amelfi, to whom she was betrothed. It informed her that the army in which he served had repelled the French who had invaded their Province, and that he should be at the castle the following day. She repaired to the pavilion at an early hour. The vivid green of the orange-groves glittered with dew, and the birds which fluttered among their branches, were singing their sweetest strains. Veronica had never looked more lovely, expectation having heightened the glow on her cheeks, and imparted animation to every feature. She long watched for the appearance of Francesco, and hope began to give place to anxiety, when she heard the cheerful notes of a trumpet echoing among the neighboring hills. She soon descried a small company of horsemen entering the green valley which lay smiling at their feet, their banner floating on the wind, their plumes waving, and helm and cuirass flashing in the beams of the rising sun. Veronica's bosom beat high, when she saw one of their number leave the ranks, and turn into a winding path that led to the pavilion. An undulation in the ground for a short time concealed him, but she could hear the quick tramp of his steed, and soon the bright plumes of his casque rose to her view. Her bounding heart had not deceived her. It was Francesco whom she beheld, and in a few moments he alighted at her feet. When the first few moments of joy and eager inquiry were past, she thought she saw a shadow of care darken his countenance. She inquired what had disturbed him. Nothing has disturbed me," he replied. "The appearance which you perceive, arises from satisfaction too deep for joy—satisfaction at being about to see an object accomplished, which, from my boyhood, has infused energy and activity into my soul, and which I have pursued with an unremitting and untiring zeal devoted to no other object. Not even the acquisition of your love, dearly as I coveted it, was sought with more ardor."

"Ah, Francesco, it must be a fearful object, which thus makes your lips quiver, your eyes flash, and so dark a shadow gather on your brow."

"It is, indeed, a fearful object—the destruction of a fiend who wears the human form, and it has been the object of every male member of my family, as well as myself, for these sixteen years. His hated picture has

been preserved within our walls for no other reason, than that the youngest branch of the family, were it denied to the others, might, by that means, recognize the original and drag him to justice, should he be so fortunate as to secure him. During the last battle, of which I sent you a brief account by the carrier that announced my approach, a knight in black armor fought by my side like one who courted death. His vizor was closed, so that I could not see his face, but there was something in the tone of his voice as he muttered a few words to himself, that revived some horrid recollections. The heat of the battle was past, and the enemy were retiring in every direction. A few, however, had gathered round an officer who had fallen into our hands, bravely attempting his rescue. They had nearly accomplished their object, when the knight, throwing away his shield, and exclaiming, "one more chance for death," rushed to the spot. Exasperated at the prospect of being foiled in their object, one of them threw his lance with such good effect, that it pierced his armor, entered his side, and prostrated him on the earth. Having effected the rescue of the officer, they left the spot, and I hastened to remove the helmet of the fallen knight. Imagine, Veronica, the horror, the exultation of that moment. The murderer of my mother's sister, the object of my implacable hatred.—Sir Julio Rovinn was at my feet. His eyes were closed, his face was livid, and I feared that death had robbed justice of its due, but I soon found that—"

His words were arrested by observing the paleness and agitation of Veronica.

"Ah, Francesco," said she, as soon as she was able to speak, "do you know what you have done? Sir Julio is my father."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed passionately. "You cannot be allied to such a wretch. Besides, have you not often told me that both of your parents died in infancy?"

"So I was taught to believe by my uncle, but a few days ago, I became acquainted with circumstances that convince me beyond a doubt that he is my father."

"If so, I would save him, deep as is the misery which he has inflicted upon our family. Yes, Veronica, although the wound which pierced the innocent heart of his wife, reached that of my adored mother, and in four weeks' time laid her low by the side of her murdered sister—although this double bereavement withered the heart of my father, and has made our house a house of mourning until this hour. I would forget all this and save him for your sake; but that cannot be done. He is now in the hands of justice, and can only be acquitted by proof of his innocence."

The absorbing interest of their conversation, had prevented them from observing a boat, that had started from the opposite shore of the lake, and was making rapidly towards a little cove near the pavilion, 'till the sound of voices arrested their attention. The keel grated upon the shining sand, and a person who sat on one side of the boat with folded arms and drooping head, suddenly started up as if awakened from a dream, and sprang upon the bank, which rose with gentle ac-

clivity to the pavilion. Two other persons followed, and they now perceived that he who led the way was the Count Foscoli. He ascended the bank with a quick and disordered step, and rushed by the pavilion without noticing Francesco and Veronica. His black hair, matted and neglected, hung about his face, which was pale and haggard, imparting to his appearance an air of peculiar wildness. Alarmed at his singular conduct, they immediately proceeded to the castle. Lira took Veronica aside, and in a whisper told her that the Count had just arrived with two strangers, and with the air of a distracted man had demanded the key of the chamber, where hung Sir Julio's picture, and that all three of them were now there, talking very earnestly. "I have a great mind to go and listen at the door," she added.

"No, Lira," said Veronica, "it is improper for you to seek to gratify your curiosity in such a manner."

Lira had commenced an earnest vindication of the measure, which she was prevented from pursuing, by the re-appearance of the Count and his two companions. The Count had a small bundle in his hand, and Lira assured Veronica, after they had withdrawn, that she saw a corner of the crimson shawl peeping from one end of it. Without losing a moment they regained the boat, and rowed swiftly towards the opposite shore, where horses were perceived to be in waiting. Veronica passed the remainder of the day in a state of unutterable anguish and suspense, which nothing could mitigate. The following day was appointed for the trial of Sir Julio, and Francesco was obliged to be present. That night the distress of Veronica prevented her from retiring to rest, and Lira, who deeply sympathized in the grief of her young mistress, sat up to keep her company. Just as the clock struck the hour of midnight, a confused hum of voices was heard at the portal. The door soon was opened, and Count Foscoli, accompanied with several persons entered, among whom was Francesco, who happened to arrive at the same time. Among them Veronica recognized Sir Julio, her father. Impelled by feelings which she could not resist, she threw herself upon his bosom.

"My daughter," said he, "I can at length, with a fearless, as well as an innocent heart, embrace you."

All present were deeply affected, and Francesco waited impatiently for an opportunity to throw himself at the feet of Sir Julio, and beg pardon for the implacable hatred which he had so long cherished towards him, and the suffering and humiliation he had occasioned him by causing him to be arrested as a murderer. This Sir Julio would not suffer.

"Let us all," said he, sit quietly down, while my friend, the Count relates the circumstances that proved my innocence."

"Fortunately," said the Count, "I happened to be in the town, where Sir Julio was imprisoned. The day following my arrival being Sunday, I attended public worship in the Cathedral. At the close of the evening service, while involved in the crowd issuing from the portal, a paper was thrust into my hand by a person

unknown to me, who immediately disappeared. It contained these words:

"If you would save your friend, inquire of him if he recollects a piece of paper that was pinned to one corner of a crimson shawl, that was spread over his murdered lady's face?"

"This afforded me a gleam of hope, and I flew to the prison and showed the note to Sir Julio.

"I have no recollection of the paper," said he, "but I well remember the shawl. I perceived it in the situation described, when on my return home, I first entered my wife's chamber, but imagining that she had ordered it to be spread there to screen her eyes from the light of the lamp that was burning near, I seated myself by the table and read over an hour. At the expiration of that time, the child awoke and began to cry, while to my surprize, the mother remained perfectly still without attempting to hush it. I then raised the shawl, and beheld, what for a while transfixed me with horror. The continued moaning of the child aroused me, and I then thought of the peril of my situation, for every circumstance conspired to make it appear that I was the murderer. I recollected only one person, whom I imagined would believe that I was innocent. Without waiting a moment, I took the dagger which lay by her side, with a kind of vague intention of terminating my existence if pursued, and wrapping my child in the shawl, took a horse from the stable, and rode with all possible speed to your castle."

"Begging your honor's pardon," said Lira, "for interrupting you, I should like to know why Sir Julio never took the trouble to tell you that he did not die at the time you thought he did?"

"Sir Julio was not to blame," replied the Count. "The enemy were victorious, and, of course, masters of the field of battle. They discovered signs of life in him, and he was conveyed to France with the rest of the prisoners. In that country, he met the lady whom he married, who was travelling with her father. He wrote me several times, but by some mischance his letters failed to reach me. He had returned to his native country only one week when he was deprived of his wife. But let us return to the incidents that more particularly interest us. I had some remembrance of having seen a red shawl lying in an old oak chest that stood in the chamber I used to occupy. I thought that this might be the one referred to, and taking with me two persons to witness that no fraud was practised, we proceeded to examine it. We soon discovered the piece of paper alluded to, pinned to one of the corners. It was written by the assassin, who affirmed that he was employed by the Marquis of S—, who had formerly been an unsuccessful suitor to the Lady Rovina. He added that he had been compelled to do the deed for the sake of the reward, having for a long time suffered all the miseries arising from the most abject poverty, but having formerly received an affront from the Marquis, he took this method of exposing his employer, in order to revenge himself. Application being made to Lady Rovina's friends, they well recollected that the Marquis of S—, had once solicited her hand. He had since that period become a noted gambler, but for some time

had not appeared at his usual haunts. We discovered him after a long and laborious search. He had been confined several months by illness, and was thought to be near his end. When we mentioned the motive of our visit, he did not hesitate to confess the whole truth, which he confirmed by an oath, legally administered. Shortly after he expired. In consequence of the confession and oath of the Marquis, my friend was immediately acquitted."

The dawn was now fast approaching, and the party separated, to obtain, if possible, a few hours' rest. Sir Julio could scarcely persuade himself of the reality of what had taken place, so far did his happiness surpass what he ever again expected to enjoy. He joyfully assented to the union of Francesco with his daughter, and in the course of a few weeks their nuptials were celebrated in a manner suited to the rank of the parties concerned.

The young couple usually spent the summer months at the castle, while the remaining part of the year was passed at a beautiful residence which Veronica had received as a present from her father. At both places, Sir Julio and the Count were almost constantly their guests, the life of the former brightening more and more as it drew to a close.

As for Lira, she frequently amused herself by telling the story of "The Old Oak Chest," to a circle of eager listeners, trembling with fear; 'till by a slip of the tongue happening to mention that the black knight was no other than Sir Julio Rovina, himself, the curiosity of her auditors to obtain a peep at one whom they considered so mysterious a personage, became so annoying to its object, that it was only at particular seasons—so great was her discretion—that she could afterwards be prevailed upon to relate her favorite story.

THE OLD STANDARDS OF BUCKLESBURY.

PLEASANT old Bucklesbury! Can I ever forget the happy hours I have spent in thee? Favorite resort of schoolboys in their August holidays, here were my happiest vacations passed. When I first knew Bucklesbury, it was a place of some five or six hundred inhabitants, none of them very rich, none very poor. Each of its indwellers was known to all, and a sociability that sprang from the heart, united them in the bonds of neighborly kindness. Their dwellings were not closely packed together as I have seen in some villages which ape the style and appearance of cities, but, generally speaking, each house stood alone, environed by its well kept garden, abounding in flowers. There was no scarcity of fine old shade trees in its highways and byways.

It is now many years since I spent an August there, and most whom I loved therein have been carried to their resting-places in the church-yard; but I love to think of them, and would pay the tribute of a few lines to their memory. It is pleasant to me to remember "the old standards," as the members of the oldest families in the place were called by uncle Bob, the negro barber, waiter and fiddler, himself, perhaps, the oldest inhabitant. Bob knew the dates of all the births, marriages and deaths that had occurred in Bucklesbury for sixty years. He was the standing chronicle and universal referee in all matters of village chronology; the decision of the relative importance of modern fires and floods, snow-storms and hail-storms was of course his privilege as the "oldest inhabitant," whose memory as to such matters is always considered unquestionable, by way of exception to the usually received opinion that the memory grows weak with age. In matters of pedigree, I think Bob was worth a whole college of heralds. To all, gentle and simple, Bob was invariably civil, but *the old standards*, the representatives of those families in which he had lived in his youthful days were the chosen objects of his mingled love and reverence. Of nothing was he fonder of discoursing than of the old standards, except, perhaps, the eventful occurrence of his holding General Washington's horse for ten minutes. A stranger could not be long in Bob's company without hearing of that horse-holding, or of the old standards of Bucklesbury, perhaps of both.

In the largest house in the main street lived Major Lane, an especial favorite of mine. A widower without children, he loved to have us boys about him, and his house and grounds were freely open to us. He had served through the Revolution with much credit, and returned to "the dull pursuits of civic life" with a fortune somewhat impaired, but a constitution as vigorous as ever. How he loved to speak, and how we loved to

hear of Brandywine, Trenton, and Monmouth battles, in all of which he had done good service as a captain of cavalry! It was a great day with him when he could gather thirty or forty boys about him in his grounds and drill us. The carpenter had made for him, in a rough way, three or four dozen wooden guns, and having armed us with these, the Major would go through his engagements in miniature, it being first settled by lot who should personate, for the time being, the British or the more odious Hessians. How gloriously we marched and countermarched, charged and retreated. The only drawback to our sport was that the boys who played King George's men would sometimes become so interested as to be harder to defeat than was considered proper. Our old friend stood upon a little eminence, peeling forth his orders in that magnificent voice of his—"Advance light infantry!" "Hessians fall back," "Forward Riflemen," and so on.

In front of his door the Major had planted a battery, two small brass cannons, one-pounders, I believe. These we were sometimes allowed to drag about and pretend to fire, our mothers having strictly prohibited the use of gunpowder in our engagements. Twice a year the Major discharged them himself—on the Fourth of July and the Twenty-Second of February, whose return was duly announced to the village by a Federal salute at sunrise, and a National salute at noon from the Major's pieces. I was told that on these anniversaries, the Major was in high glee, wearing his old continentals well brushed, and having his hair doubly powdered and his queue arranged with unusual pains for the occasion. A supper for a large party of his friends usually closed the day. On the Fourth of July his door posts were hidden with wreaths and garlands, and they who had no flowers of their own raising for the adornment of their houses, which was then a general custom in the village on that day, were very welcome to Major Lee's garden. Perhaps there is more noise now in Bucklesbury on "the glorious Fourth," but I may doubt if there is as much real enjoyment or so heartfelt a veneration for the day and the men who made it memorable as in the times of which I am speaking.

Miss Susan Slocum, who resided across the way from the Major's, was another of the old standards. A maiden lady of between forty and fifty—uncle Bob, who was a great admirer of her, never thought it right to be more particular—with much of this world's wealth at her disposal, her house was the abode of hospitality and kindness. The best society in the place was here to be met with; I have spent many happy evenings there. Yet with most of the boys, her domain was not so desirable a resort, for she was very particular in her injunctions as to our deportment on her premises, not allowing us to pluck a fruit or flower without express permission, a restraint ill suited to a boy's idea of liberty.

It was a matter of much wonderment to us youngsters that Miss Susan had never married, for she had the remains of considerable beauty, was affluent in her circumstances, and setting aside a few peculiarities more of manner than of temper, was a very amiable woman. Her contemporaries told us that she had been hard to please, had refused several offers, and I have an indistinct recollection that uncle Bob said something to me of a young man lost at sea. She had a very compassionate heart, and one of her greatest delights was the getting up of benevolent societies, of which she was either President, Secretary or Treasurer. Bucklesbury, however, afforded but a narrow field for the exercise of her genius in this particular. Every body being able to set a joint of meat on table, her soup house languished for want of customers; and a barefooted child in winter being a thing unknown, the stock of thick stockings and stout boots, which formed the capital of her Provident Society, was some years in going off. Excepting some domestic medicines of her own compounding, the recipes for which she kept secret, her supplies for the poor were generally unclaimed dividends. It was thought at one time that she and our friend the Major were about to make a match of it. This she stoutly denied, declaring that a man so fond of military amusements would never suit her. His cannonades were her especial aversion. Perhaps those little brass field pieces prevented her becoming Mrs. Lane. Greater trifles have produced greater results.

Tom Hardwicke was a nephew of Miss Susan's, and generally looked upon as the destined heir of her possessions, a supposition which, perhaps, led to his being brought to lead a life of genteel uselessness. When I first knew Tom he had lost both parents, and spent his time living about among his relations. His own possessions were small, and it was amazing how well he got along upon so little money. His mother, his last surviving parent, had been a great favorite in the place, and the orphan boy if he received little else, fell heir, on her death, to the good will of the community. The shopkeepers let him have every thing at cost, and sometimes at a little under. He was a good horseman, and no contemptible sportsman. Under his tutorship I took my first lesson in angling in Bluebird creek, which skirted the village. No kinder hearted creature than Tom ever lived, and he was of great assistance to his aunt in her benevolent enterprises. It was a fortunate thing for any one with a broken arm or leg to fall under his notice. He had the first news of the existence of the varioloid, and had re-vaccinated half the people in the place before the physicians heard of it. Though no student, Tom read much, though with little system. He played a little on the flute, and had his head well stored with old ballads, with which, in an uncultivated but musical voice, he sometimes favored his friends. Poor

Tom! he has been dead for many years, but there are hearts yet beating that cherish his memory.

I passed three days in Bucklesbury, during this past summer. I went to spend a month, but the change in every thing was too painfully great to bear. Twenty years make most perceptible alterations in a small place. The town contains three thousand people, but the spirit of love and cordial sociability has diminished in greater proportion. The society is cut up into three or four circles, which never touch not even in a point. The two congregations have split and re-split, and though there are now six churches, not one of them is half full, and it takes less than two years to starve out every clergyman that settles among them. Somebody invented a new religion there the summer before last, but what its tenets are I was unable exactly to ascertain. They have got a bank at one end of the town, and a poor house at the other. The place seemed close and crowded, and I detected an aping of city manners most disagreeable. "The old familiar faces" had nearly all disappeared, and the second and third generations of those whom I had loved looked coldly on me. I strolled out of town toward my old fishing ground, hoping to find nature, at least, unchanged. Oh nymphs and hamadryads! they had dammed up the creek and built a paper-mill. Three days, as I have said, were the limit of my visit. The pleasure I had anticipated was not realized, and I left the town resolved to see it no more. The Bucklesbury I loved shall live forever in my memory; as for this modern town which calls itself by its name, is an impostor. Slowly walked the stage horses up the hill to the point where the first view of the town is seen by those arriving by the northern road. In old times I had anticipated that view with delight, but now I turned not to take a last-view. It was my own dear old Bucklesbury no longer. • •

Original.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted: they have torn me, and I bleed."

Buron.

It was the sunset of a beautiful autumnal day, and the slant beams shed a golden glow upon the dark foliage of many a giant oak which spread its gnarled roots and broad branches across the velvet lawn of Dalesford; while the diamond paned casements of the fine old mansion glittered in the rays of the departing luminary. It was a scene truly English; the antique house, with its heavy doorways and deep set windows, its peaked roof and clustered chimnies,—the park stretching its emerald green turf far around, and dotted with little copses where the antlered deer sported in fearless security,—the village in the distance with its neat white cottages and verdant hedgerows,—the tall spire of the little church relieved against the clear blue sky, and glittering in the latest beam of day,—all combined to form a picture of comfort and quiet beauty rarely seen in other lands. Seated in a deep embrasure of a window which looked out upon this lovely prospect sat the master of the rich domain, and as the soft light touched his long, grey locks, it almost seemed like a halo around his venerable head. But the feelings of Mr. Dale were strangely at variance with the tranquillity of the hour and the scene. His eye dwelt upon the beauty which spread itself before him, but his mind was absorbed in other thoughts, and an expression of deep gloom rested on his fine features which told of secret discontent. He had been sitting with bent brow and folded arms for more than an hour, and the sunset glow had darkened into the grey of twilight when a light touch upon the shoulder aroused him from his reverie.

"You have been long in obeying my summons, Marian," said he, as he turned and beheld his daughter by his side, "you are not wont to be a laggard in your duty to your only parent."

The brow of the young girl crimsoned as she replied "I was abroad, father, and heard not your summons until this moment."

"Sit down, Marian," said Mr. Dale, apparently not listening to her excuse, "I have that to say which requires your serious consideration. Your cousin"—

"What of *him*, sir?" interrupted Marian with a startled voice.

"Your cousin, Sir Thomas," pursued the father "has again written to me on the subject of your union. He complains, and certainly with some reason, of the protracted delay to which he has been subjected. Since your childhood he has been your affianced husband, and surely the time has come now when he ought to expect you to act with the discretion befitting a woman.

"Sir Thomas would show his own discretion by choosing a lady better suited to his years," said Marian, harshly.

"Tut, tut, girl; a hale, hearty man of forty-five is a

match for any one: he has forborne to press his suit out of deference to your girlish timidity, and now he must be listened to."

"Father," said Marian firmly, "you have spoken to me of this matter on former occasions, and my answer must be what it ever has been: my hand must be given only in obedience to the dictates of my heart, and if I understand my own feelings it will never be obtained by my cousin."

"Marian, I will not appear to you in the light of a tyrannical parent; listen to my motives for desiring this match and you will scarcely then attempt to oppose your feeble will to a resolution so irrevocable as mine. My grandfather had two sons, and the elder, of course inherited the baronetcy, but the estates were unentailed, and on his death-bed the old man bequeathed to his younger and favorite child the bulk of his fortune, leaving to the elder little more than a bare subsistence. This unjust distribution of property naturally produced discord and disunion between the brothers which lasted during life, and my father enjoyed his wealth at the cost of fraternal affection. The brothers, playmates in infancy, and bosom-friends in youth, now dwelt within bow-shot of each other,—they met in the field and the thoroughfare,—they sat within the same sanctuary,—knelt at the same altar and yet they never exchanged a word of kindness or even a look of recognition. At length the elder brother died, leaving an only son to inherit his title and poverty. Remorse was awakened in my father's heart when he looked upon the grave of his long estranged brother, he shed the unavailing tears of penitence over the obduracy which had severed those whom nature had united, and when he lay on his death-bed, a few years later, he drew a solemn promise from me, who was his only child, that I would repair the injustice which had resulted from my grandfather's partial affection. In obedience to my dying parent I gave the required pledge, but, I blush to confess, Marian, that I did not fulfil my word. I had then several children and I could not bear the idea of diminishing their heritage by sharing it with the heir of my uncle; yet this was what my father had desired, and what he would himself have done had his life been prolonged. Indeed an unexecuted will to that effect was found among his papers, and therefore I was not left in any doubt as to the course I ought to pursue. But I was governed by selfish interest, and contenting myself with making friendly advances to my cousin, the baronet, who was my junior by some ten or twelve years, I made no attempt to equalize our estates. But a promise given to the dead is never violated with impunity. My boys, my noble and stately boys, were one after another cut down by the stroke of death. The children for whose sake I hoarded my wealth were all consigned to the keeping of the grave, and at last, Marian, you only were left. Your mother too soon followed her little ones, and while standing beside her coffin I vowed that if you were spared to me, I would make full and ample restitution to my cousin for my long delay in fulfilling my parent's command. Contrary to the expectation of every one, you became a healthy and promising child,

and as I watched your growth in beauty and in strength my heart again failed me. I shrunk from the duty of reducing the heiress of Dalesford, and it was not until you had passed the age of thoughtless childhood that I conceived a plan which enabled me to perform my duty without impoverishing you. Sir Thomas was the first to suggest the idea of a union between the heir of the honors and the heiress of the estates of Dalesford. Attracted by your budding beauty, Marian, he offered to keep himself free until you should have attained the age of womanhood, if I would consent to overlook the disparity in years and allow him to consider you his future bride. His proposition removed a great weight from my mind, for it enabled me to accomplish the dearest objects of my life and I gladly consented to such an arrangement. Knowing, how often such an affiancing produces disgust in the minds of the parties, we concluded to allow you to remain in ignorance of it until such time as Sir Thomas might have succeeded in winning your regard. Your unfortunate acquaintance with young Wharncliffe, Marian, was a hindrance to our plans because it awakened a foolish and transient attachment which I trust is now entirely effaced from your recollection. His proposals for your hand, Marian, induced me to disclose to you my intentions respecting Sir Thomas, and I regret that it should have been found necessary to subject your cousin to so long a probation in consequence of your foolish partiality for this stranger. Wharncliffe is a man of mean birth, of fickle and unsteady character, and neither by fortune nor station warranted in his presumption. I cannot therefore but wonder at the strange infatuation which led you to listen for a moment to his suit, although I am willing to give you full credit for the implicit obedience which you accorded to my prohibition of all further intercourse. A year has been allowed you to forget this passing folly, and Sir Thomas is now impatient to call you his bride, therefore be prepared Marian to meet him, next week, as your affianced husband, and as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made I shall have the happiness of seeing you wedded to a man who is deserving of your love and duty."

At this moment, a servant entering with lights, interrupted the conversation, and Mr. Dale discovered his daughter's face bathed in tears, while her whole frame shook with suppressed emotion. Surprized and displeased he bade her retire until she had banished all such traces of agitation from her countenance and remember that his will was now to be obeyed with cheerfulness as well as alacrity. Marian gladly accepted permission to retire but no sooner had she reached her apartment, than, drying her tears, she drew from her bosom a folded paper and read as follows:

"Meet me to-night in the little coppice on the right hand of the park gate, I have hovered about you for three days without being able to see you; do not fail me now; I shall wait until the stroke of twelve. The ship which is to bear me for ever from my native land will sail in five days; I come to bid you a last farewell,—dearest, do not refuse to let me listen once more to the tones of your sweet voice ere I go to return no more."

There was no signature to the note but Marian well knew the characters of her lover's writing. It was from

Wharncliffe—from him whose suit her father had rejected, from him, whom her father had applauded for her forgetting, and with whom she had kept up a clandestine correspondence during many months. "It shall be so," said Marian to herself, as she replaced the paper in the folds of her dress, "there is no alternative; better is a life of affection with him I love than one of splendor with that cold, selfish, heartless profligate to whom my father destines me. If I should stay and wed Sir Thomas my father's grey hairs would be brought down to the grave in sorrow, by the sight of my unhappiness. Let me then take my destiny in my own hands;—he will then relent when he finds the steps irrevocable—he will pardon my disobedience when he finds it has ensured my future peace of mind;—any thing—any thing—rather than this hated marriage! And absorbed in such thoughts Marian sat unheeding of the flight of time until the deep-toned clock struck the eleventh hour, when she started from her reverie, and throwing a cloak around her to conceal her figure, stole softly out of a side door to meet her expected lover.

Marian Dale had been the petted and the spoiled plaything of the whole household of Dalesford from her parents down to the grey-headed steward and gossiping nurse who had watched her infancy. Her mother had indulged her to excess, and when she lost that parent, her father, transferring to her the affection which he had borne towards the fine fair children, who now lay buried within the family vault in the village church, fancied he was contributing to her happiness by allowing her follow the impulses of her own inclination in all things. Her character therefore became imbued with wilfulness to a degree totally unsuspected by those who saw only the sunny tempered and happy girl. Gifted with fine mental powers, she had received an education superior to most of her sex, while her extreme beauty and graceful manners served to display to advantage her really noble qualities of heart. Mr. Dale was like his ancestors, a man of stern and inflexible purpose. When he had once made a resolution nothing could shake it, and under a severe countenance and the most polished elegance of address he concealed the most determined obstinacy. He loved his daughter, he liked his somewhat elderly nephew, he valued his estate and he was proud of his family name. He fancied that he had fallen upon a plan which would combine all the advantages that he most valued, and perpetuate the name while it repaired the fortunes of the titled branch of his family. It was certainly a well arranged scheme and would have been a perfectly feasible one but for the objections which arose from the mature age of Sir Thomas and the prior attachment of his daughter to another. Still Mr. Dale did not dream of resistance. His will was law and he did not suspect that Marian would venture to cherish an affection which he had interdicted or to refuse her assent to a marriage which he had projected. But Marian possessed too much of her father's spirit to become the passive instrument of his despotism. The unlimited indulgence which had been extended to her in all trifling matters had rendered her incapable of implicit obedience in serious ones. She

was so unused to control that it now seemed to her 'an undue exertion of parental authority to which her proud spirit could not submit. One week after the conversation just narrated Marian was on her way to America, the wife of Albert Wharnclyffe. Absorbed in dreams of a first and passionate love, and fascinated by her husband's agreeable pictures of the new world which was now to be their abode, Marian had little time to regret her deserted home. If the image of that desolate mansion and its heart-stricken master rose before her mental vision, the voice of him for whose sake she had sacrificed all, had power to chase these painful fancies and awaken cheerful anticipations of the future. For a brief interval Marian was happy,—perfectly happy notwithstanding her disobedience and her wilfulness. But such happiness,—the dream of a feverish excitement,—lasts not long. Immediately upon her arrival in New-York Marian addressed a letter to her father, not doubting that the affection which had so long been the measure of her days and years would silence the dictates of anger in his bosom. She wrote not as a suppliant, but as a tender and affectionate child who had been driven to extremity by his cruel determination. Her letter breathed the deepest tenderness, but no remorse, no supplication for forgiveness. She acknowledged her fault, but spoke of it as rendered necessary by circumstances, and instead of throwing herself upon her father's mercy seemed to extend the offer of mutual oblivion of injuries. Three months elapsed ere an answer was received. It was a large packet and Marian with tearful eyes greeted the unwelcome writing of her father; but what were her feelings when she found only her own letter enclosed in a blank envelope. The letter had been opened;—her father must have read it, yet it had not softened his obdurate feelings, and Marian knew that she was now an outcast from her father's heart and home. She wept such tears as she had never before shed: even her husband's tenderness was powerless to soothe her remorseful agony, and, for the first time, she was made sensible of the magnitude of her sin by the extent of its punishment.

Albert Wharnclyffe was one of those good tempered, thoughtless beings who are known in society as 'good hearted fellows,' and who are invariably attended by ill success in life. Without high mental gifts or strong moral principles, without prudence and sometimes without integrity, without disinterestedness and real generosity, the 'good-hearted man' is usually a reckless prodigal whose plentiful flow of animal spirits is mistaken for genuine good temper, whose profuseness is deemed true generosity, and whose kindness to others is usually the result of an acute and morbid sensitiveness to his own comfort. Such are the men on whom society bestows the unmeaning epithets;—such are the men whom misfortune pursues like a shadow—and such an one was Albert Wharnclyffe. His fine person and agreeable address made him a general favorite and he had that kind of good taste in small matters which passes current for talent with some people. He sketched caricatures with great drollery, played gracefully if not scientifically on the flute, was extremely skilful in manufacturing charades, quoted Romeo and Juliet to the

extreme delight of young ladies, and recited love verses with marked *emphasis*, if not *discretion*. He had the art (and it is no despicable one, gentle reader) of displaying all his knowledge in the best possible light, and he was thus enabled to throw into the shade many a wiser and better man. As a skilful disposition of goods in a shop window will tempt many an unwary customer to the purchase of inferior articles of merchandise, so the judicious arrangement of his small wares enabled him to retail them at about double their value.

Marian Dale met him when she first emerged from the seclusion in which she had past her early years. He was the charm of the somewhat limited circle of society to which she was confined at Dalesford, and it is not surprising that to the young and unexperienced girl, he should have seemed one of the noblest of men. This favorable impression was increased by the suavity of his manners and his devotion to herself; and when this prepossession had grown into a passion, her father's determined rejection of his suit had awakened all the latent wilfulness of her nature. Probably had she continued to meet him in society her mature mind would have judged more accurately of his merits, and this early folly might soon have faded like the rainbow-tinted dreams which charm the fancy of every romantic girl in early life. But her father's prohibition of his presence, and the restraint in which she was kept during the period of Wharnclyffe's sojourn in the neighborhood, aroused that kind of martyr-like pride which we all feel when the shadow of persecution falls upon our path. Marian loved her husband with all the fervor of her ardent nature, but she could not be blind to his errors. The familiar intercourse of wedded life is but little favorable to the delusions of fancy. The really noble qualities of character seem developed in greater perfection when viewed by the light which glows on the domestic hearth, but the minute defects also are apt to stand out in too bold relief unless thrown into the shade by virtues or veiled by the hand of Love. The vacillating temper and fickleness of purpose which were Wharnclyffe's most serious faults could not escape the penetration of his wife. She saw him wasting day after day in idle projects, consuming their very limited means in luxurious living, and deferring from week to week the search after some regular employment which alone could ensure them future comforts. His sanguine temper had led him to believe that his superior knowledge of business would readily ensure him employment in a mercantile community. But to his great surprise he found that even the head of the bankrupt firm of Wharnclyffe, Higg and Co. was not likely to obtain employment by means of his own braggart recommendations only. Winter came on and he was still unengaged, while their means were rapidly diminishing. It became necessary to reduce their expenses. Their costly lodgings at the City Hotel were changed for private apartments in a boarding-house, and, when, after the birth of Mrs. Wharnclyffe's eldest child, they ventured to look into the little fund, they found it expedient to remove to still humbler lodgings in a cheaper part of the city.

Mr. Wharnclyffe became moody and discontented and

Marian saw with alarm that he resorted to the wine-cup as a stimulant to his sinking spirits. The pride of her nature was subdued by present suffering and painful anticipations. The newly-awakened feelings of maternal affection too had softened her whole character, and she resolved again to address her father. But month after month passed away and no answer arrived to cheer the heart of the penitent daughter. At last as a resource from the horrors of actual want, she determined to turn to account the talents which had once been only the adornment of her affluence and station. She sought employment as a daily governess, and some kindly-disposed persons, who had noticed her regular attendance at church, her lady-like manners, and her delicate beauty, readily came forward to favor her views. She obtained engagements with several families, and by exact appropriation of her time was enabled to devote her whole day to her pupils.

What a contrast was this to her former life! How often as she toiled through the wet and dirty streets at early morning, or sat with heated brow and flushed cheek patiently instilling the rudiments of knowledge into the mind of some dull little student, or dragged her weary limbs and still more wearied brain to her humble home at twilight, how often did the old mansion of Dalesford rise before her troubled fancy! She saw the cheerful sitting-room with the bright fire glancing on the rich pictures which graced the walls;—she beheld once more the massive old chair in which reclined her grey-haired father; the cumbrous table on which lay the newspaper it had been her evening task to read for him,—her own low seat at the old man's knee,—every thing which had been so familiar, so almost unregarded when she was at home, but which were so dear to her now, seemed to come vividly before her. Yet Marian murmured not at her condition. She loved her husband too well to embitter his life with repinings, and though she felt that an effort of resolution on his part might save her from hardship and privation, she uttered no complaint. At length the sympathy which was awakened in the minds of those who had employed the wife, led to some interest in the fate of the husband, and a clerkship, with a very moderate salary, was offered to Mr. Wharnccliffe. But the emoluments of this office were not sufficient to support the family without the aid of Mrs. Wharnccliffe's talents and she therefore continued her laborious avocation as a daily governess.

Thus passed five years, during which time two other children were born to share their parents' poverty. Never until she looked upon her own children had Mrs. Wharnccliffe realized the full extent of her guilt towards her father. However dutiful we may be in our childhood, and in later life, to those who gave us birth, yet never do we fully understand how much we owe them,—never do we feel the full weight of the obligation to honor our parents, until we clasp to our hearts the child of our own bosom, the little being who in awaking maternal affection has redoubled filial love. Again and again did Mrs. Wharnccliffe appeal to her offended father, but her letters were returned unopened and the remorse which was eating into her very heart became more keen

with every new repulse which her penitence received. She was destined however to drink still more deeply of the cup of bitterness. Her daily duties towards her young pupils compelled her to entrust the care of her little ones to a domestic, who proved totally unworthy of the charge. The infant received a serious injury from her carelessness, a painful disease of the spine was the result, and for six months Mrs. Wharnccliffe was compelled to witness the sufferings of her cherished babe. The trial was rendered more severe by the necessity which still existed for daily exertion on her part in order to secure the mere comforts of life to her little family. She could not sit hour after hour beside her dying child, listening to his faintest cry, watching his every look, smoothing with gentle hand his uneasy pillow, and ministering the thousand offices of affection which afford so much solace in memory. Her monotonous and weary tasks were still to be performed, her pupils were still to be visited, and with a heart almost bursting she turned from the pale face of the little sufferer, often doubting whether he would be still living to greet her return at evening. At length the poor child died, and as she bent to impress a last kiss upon his brow ere the little shrunken form was hidden for ever beneath the coffin lid, she murmured in the words of the devoted missionary mother on a similar occasion: "God grant the sacrifice may not be made in vain!" She felt that the child had gone to bear her offering of penitence to her offended Maker whose commandment she had broken when she turned from her father's heart and home.

From that time Mrs. Wharnccliffe altered rapidly. After the lapse of a few days, spent in melancholy seclusion, she resumed her duties, but her pupils who had learned to love her tenderly, saw with pain the pallid cheek and sunken eye of their young preceptor. A short cough often interrupted her reading, and she was soon obliged to relinquish the attempt to continue her lessons in vocal music. "It was only a slight cold," she said, when she was advised to practise the prudence so necessary in our changeful climate, and she still persevered through all seasons and even in the most inclement weather to fulfil her daily engagements. But the short dry cough became still more distressing, her breathing was painful and labored, and she was obliged to limit her walks to short distances. By degrees her strength failed; one after another of her pupils was given up, and at length the pale face and fragile form of the daily governess was no longer seen in her daily walk. Confinement to the house was speedily followed by a total prostration of strength, which stretched her upon the couch of sickness from whence she was never again to rise. Consumption had long been making its insidious ravages upon her frame and little now was left for the destroyer to accomplish.

Mr. Wharnccliffe had been strangely blind to the gradual change in his wife's health. Her patient endurance had rendered him unsuspecting of the extent of her sufferings, and it was not until the fiat had gone forth and the voice of medical science had interpreted the decree, that he was awakened to a sense of the trial which awaited him. Wharnccliffe was fickle, and thoughtless, and

selfish, but he was not hard-hearted. He wept like an infant as he watched beside his dying wife, and thought of the ruin which his hand had wrought. His heart now told him that the indulgence of his wayward passion had been productive of little happiness to him and certainly of great misery to others. His conscience reproached him with many an act of thoughtless unkindness, many a cold and careless word; and the remembrance of her uncomplaining patience and devoted tenderness was now as a dagger to his bosom. But repentance came too late and the love which might have saved was now destined to look with 'late remorse' upon its victim!

Death hovered long beside the pillow of the gentle sufferer ere his dart sped on its fatal errand. There was little pain in her disease towards the close of her life; excessive weakness and lassitude were its principal symptoms and she lay hour after hour with closed eyes and quiet smile, as if in sleep. But at such times her mind was wandering to the scenes of her childhood. The beauties of the natural scenery at Dalesford, the images which were connected with her infancy, the old familiar faces of her father's household were pictured in vivid colors before her failing sight. She would murmur of the rill and the greenwood, of the summer flowers and the joyous birds;—then she would fancy herself sitting at her father's knee while his hand smoothed her flowing tresses;—sometimes she would seem to be uttering some merry jest with her old nurse, or bantering the formal old steward who had loved her so well in her childhood; again melancholy fancies would mingle with her dreams,—the remembrance of her dying mother and the mournful array of the stately burial would seem to be blended with more recent recollections of her lost infant;—then she would weep piteously and beg the funeral train to wait a little while, only a little while, and bear her with them to a place of rest. There were other periods however when her intellect was as clear and unclouded as if disease had never touched her frame, and it was then that her wishes were conveyed to her sorrowing husband, and her latest appeal was made to her obdurate father, ere the long suspended stroke at length fell, and the purified spirit of her who had been sanctified by sorrow was released from its earthly tabernacle.

One evening, about six months after the event just recorded, Mr. Dale was seated, absorbed in thought, in the cheerful apartment which we have already described. The light of a blazing fire fell upon the rich carpet, the velvet-cushioned chairs and the luxurious decorations of the abode of wealth, while a decanter of fine old port and a half filled glass which stood upon the table sparkled in the cheerful flame like melted rubies. Every thing spoke of affluence and comfort, but the countenance of him who seemed lost to the lonely enjoyment of these appliances was moody and melancholy. His locks were thinner and of a more snowy whiteness, his brow was ploughed with deepened furrows, and the lines of his handsome mouth were marked with a firmer and more

determined expression, yet there was a degree of sadness in his eye which seemed scarcely in keeping with the stern cold fixedness of his fine features. The old man was evidently the prey to some hidden sorrow, and the frequent sigh which alone broke the stillness of the apartment told a tale of long suppressed regret. It was at this time that a letter was put into his hands. He hesitated a moment—it was unsealed and the direction was in a strange handwriting. A presentiment of coming ill sent a shudder through his frame as he unclosed the paper and read as follows:

"My Father, my dear father!—the voice which now utters that sacred name will be hushed for ever ere your eye rests upon this written word;—the heart that now pours forth its gushing tenderness will have ceased to beat with life and love ere you can receive this latest record of my oft rejected penitence. Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight:—I have broken the *command* of promise:—I have not honored my father—therefore my days are *not long in the land*: therefore in my youth am I cut down as a cumberer of the ground. You will forgive me now, dear father; the blessed sounds of pardon cannot pierce the sod which will lie more lightly upon my breast than your curse has done upon my heart;—yet you will forgive me. I have repented in bitterness of spirit and now I go down to my early grave mourning over my offence and with none to comfort me. Yet I have one treasure to bequeath—a treasure which poverty and want have made more precious to me: my children!—will you not be to them as a father? I ask not your wealth for the heirs of my sorrow, but by the love you bore to the mother who now awaits me in Heaven, I pray you to protect my little ones. Preserve them, my father, from the snares of the world, from the temptations which await the poor and the unfriended. I have known hardship and privation—I have shrunk from the winter's cold, and panted beneath the summer's heat for my children's sake, and I have learned how terrible are the dangers which beset the child of poverty and pride. For my husband I ask your forgiveness and your forbearance; he will bring you his children to atone for his early error—let them be to you even as I was in the days of my merry childhood, and if the wilfulness of their mother's nature ever springs up within their innocent bosoms, tell them of their mother's sin, and of her punishment. God bless you, my father! it is the last prayer, save one, of your dying

MARIAN."

The heart that had refused to melt at the voice of a penitent child, was touched at last. The agony of a contrite spirit was too terrible for human eye to witness, and Mr. Dale lay for hours, like a crushed worm, upon the earth, ere he was sufficiently calm to meet his innocent grandchildren. A vain hope of silencing the voice of conscience, led him to lavish kindness on all whom Marian had loved. Her husband returned to America, where, a liberal annuity from Mr. Dale, enabled him to live in his own way, while few unpleasant reminiscences of former sorrow were allowed to sadden the countenance, or depress the spirits of the thoughtless, good-

hearted man. A second marriage soon severed the slender ties which bound his heart to the object of his youthful passion, and to the mind of him for whom Marian had sacrificed the happiness of a father, and to whom she had devoted her brief existence, her memory soon became but as the half-traced image of a painful dream. Mr. Dale still lives to find in the budding virtues of his two grandchildren, some alleviation of his sorrow; but in the little church-yard of Dalesford, arises a slender marble shaft, on which is inscribed the single word, "Marian," and when his eye turns to that vain memorial of her whose ashes sleep beyond the Atlantic wave, the remembrance of the obduracy which doomed her to an early tomb, pierces, like an arrow to the heart which still bewails an only daughter, while, to the gentle children of an erring mother, that monument seems to say that the *only commandment which bears with it a promise*, is one which, even in this world, is never violated with impunity.

Brooklyn, L. I.

THE VICTIMS OF POLITICS.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY L. A. WILMER.

IN one of our large cities, there lately lived an old gentleman, Mr. Christopher Edwards by name, who was more distinguished for his intemperate zeal in party politics than for anything else. In justice to him, it must be supposed that he was disinterested in the exhibition of his political ardour; for notwithstanding that he had adhered to the same principles for fifteen years, neglected his own business and spent a good part of his fortune in advancing the interests of the faction to which he belonged, that faction did not think proper to make him the least return: he was not offered the most insignificant office of honour or profit, and scarcely indeed, was the value of his services acknowledged. True, it was often suggested among his acquaintance that it would be proper to nominate him for this or that office; but the leaders of the party, having their own purposes to accomplish, still contrived to keep him in the back ground, supposing that his views and expectations were at variance with their own. For your master spirits, who conduct the political game, are quite willing that all their partizans should come in for a share of the labours and inconveniences of the contest; but, when the honours and emoluments are to be distributed, they are not quite so liberal.

Now this Mr. Edwards had a very handsome and amiable daughter called Adeline, whose misfortune it was to place her affections on a Mr. Gardener, a young gentleman of rare talents and irreproachable character, who, but for one exception, would have met with the warmest approbation of her father. But in that one exception a lover less ardent than Gardener, and therefore less inclined to "hope all things," would have beheld an insuperable barrier to the accomplishment of his wishes. He belonged to the party opposed to that of Mr. Edwards; and at that time the dispute was carried to the highest pitch of hostility. Meanwhile, the faction to which Gardener was attached became ascendant; and he, in regard to his good services in the election, had been favoured with a situation that afforded him a very handsome salary. After many fruitless attempts to propitiate Adeline's father, (who, though not an amalgamationist, declared solemnly that he would prefer Tom, his coloured coachman, as a son-in-law, before Mr. Gardener,) our young gentleman, seeing the posture of affairs, proposed an elopement to his sweetheart. She, being truly an affectionate daughter, resisted his importunities for some time; but, judging that her father was unreasonable in his repugnance to her admirer, she finally consented to be

married without the sanction of parental authority; and, Gardener having prepared a neat dwelling, they soon commenced housekeeping with great comfort and satisfaction. Adeline wrote to acquaint Mr. Edwards with the engagement into which she had entered, and receiving for answer an assurance, strengthened with a variety of imprecations, that he would never speak to her again, the affliction caused by this harsh treatment greatly marred the enjoyment of her new situation.

About three years after this wedding, there happened to be a revolution in political affairs; Gardener's party was defeated; and he (chiefly by the instrumentality of his father-in-law, Mr. Edwards) was ejected from his office. His successor was a dissolute young man, without a family, who spent the income of his new office in every kind of extravagance and dissipation, and in less than a twelvemonth made an end of himself by these courses; exemplifying to those who had procured him that public employment, how little they had done for his real benefit. In the mean while, the Gardeners, having saved some money, contrived to live, in a very poor way, for five years; managing, at the same time, to produce a fine family of children. They removed to indifferent lodgings in the suburbs and kept themselves as private as possible, having the weakness to be ashamed of the change in their circumstances. The funds of the family now began to run very low, and as Gardener found it impossible to procure any employment which might provide for the subsistence of his wife and children, there was every prospect of coming to absolute want. In these circumstances the unhappy mother (without consulting her husband, whose stern independence of character she well knew) sent her eldest daughter—a charming little girl of seven years—with a letter to Mr. Edwards, stating their destitute condition and imploring some relief against the approaching winter, which threatened to be a season of uncommon severity. The old gentleman, merely glancing at the signature of the letter, dismissed the child without an answer, and the grim smile with which he received the message showed how little time he had done towards diminishing the strength of his resentment. Winter came, and, amidst the horrors of destitution, Mrs. Gardener brought forth her fifth and last child, which event she scarcely survived three days. The infant itself did not live much longer, for, owing perhaps to the want of female care, which the wretched father was unable to procure, the

poor little creature followed its mother before the expiration of a week. Almost every article of furniture which had been left in the house (after the claims of creditors had been satisfied and the expenses of the family disbursed) was required to be immediately sold to defray the funeral charges of the mother and child.

And now nothing could be more forlorn and comfortless than the dwelling of poor Gardener. If he had thought himself completely miserable before his wife's decease, he was now convinced that his former condition was one of comparative felicity. For, besides wanting that consolation and encouragement which he had been accustomed to receive from her, his mind was now constantly agitated by solicitude for the welfare of his motherless children, for whom he had an uncommon affection. But new troubles were in store for him. In less than a month after the bereavements we have just spoken of, the two youngest of the surviving children were seized with an epidemic complaint of a very fatal character; and now the heart of the father was doomed to be riven with an anguish not to be estimated by one who has never stood in the relation of parent. He beheld his children suffering, not merely with the pangs incident to the disease, but for want of every comfort which can alleviate sickness. A physician had been called in, but as the poverty figured forth in the habitation made his recompense doubtful, the man of science gave but little attention to the young Gardeners; and, notwithstanding their father parted with every dispensable article of his own clothing to procure them sustenance and medicine, they died; probably for want of one or the other. To obtain the means of burial for these two little corpses, Gardener (now overwhelmed with his calamities) was obliged once more to visit those rapacious creatures who deal in second-hand furniture; and, in a frame of mind most unfit for such negotiations, he succeeded in effecting a sale of his last bedstead, bed, and bedding, all of which, sold in such circumstances, would scarcely defray the costs of decent interment for the two children.

Returning from the funeral, on the evening of a bitter cold day, Gardener found his two remaining children, Adeline, now eight years of age, and Charles, scarcely two years younger, shivering over the remains of a fire on the hearth, which he had kindled just before he left them, the only fuel being an old chest broken up for that purpose. The children, who had not tasted any kind of food for many hours, were rejoiced to see their father, imagining, in the simplicity of childhood, that the very presence of a parent could alleviate their sufferings. The boy soon became importunate for bread, for which he was gently reproached by his sister, who said, "Do you not think father would give you bread if he had it?" These words seemed to arouse Gardener, who had been stupified with grief. Starting up, he bade the children wait for a few minutes and he would bring them food. Pro-

ceeding then to a pawnbroker's through a drizzling rain that froze as it fell, he took off his coat, (his only one, and much the worse for wear,) and left it with the Jew in pledge for a sum barely sufficient to supply the immediate wants of his helpless dependents. Returning, without a coat, he purchased a loaf at the baker's, and hastened to the children, who manifested extreme joy at the timely supply.

Gardener now looked gloomily around the apartment, which was stripped of every item of furniture except the broken chair on which he himself sat, the children being crouched one in each corner of the fireplace, which now contained only a few embers. Observing the desolation of the place, and the misery which, even in that dim light, was too plainly visible in the countenances of his boy and girl, he began to blame himself for omitting to do many things, which had really never occurred to him until that moment. He cursed his own pride, which had prevented him from begging in the street, or applying to the distributors of public charity, thinking it would have been much better to have sacrificed every feeling of manly independence, (which now appeared to him as a mere selfish consideration,) than to witness the utter distress of those whom he so dearly loved, and for whom he was bound, both by duty and affection, to provide the necessities of life. While he was engaged in this train of thought the fire was exhausted, nothing remained but a few sparks, and even the hearth gradually cooled. Adeline and her brother drew closer to their father, and, as they pressed themselves into his arms, he perceived that they were agonized with cold: the anguish of his mind had prevented him from attending to his own sufferings from the same cause. Breaking up the old chair on which he had been seated, and rekindling a fire by the help of a match, he left the house once more, secretly resolving that nothing should withhold him from procuring the means of life for his offspring, though he should be obliged to resort to the utmost humiliation, to beggary, to crime itself.

By this time the night was far advanced; the town-clock struck twelve as he closed the door of his apartment, and when he came to the street he began to feel pretty severely the want of the coat he had been compelled to pawn. The cold was almost insupportable. He passed through several obscure streets, and emerging, at last, into one of the most public thoroughfares, he discovered a pile of building materials in the vicinity of a house which had just been completed. He looked around carefully, and perceiving no person, he cautiously extracted a piece of board from the pile, and placing it on his shoulder proceeded homeward, flattering himself that the wood would prevent his children from suffering for that night and the following day, at least. He walked under his burden for some distance, and had now entered the street in which he lived, when he discovered a man standing under a feeble lamp which afforded the only light perceptible in the narrow avenue.

Gardener, who, for the first time in his life, had just committed an offence against the laws of his country, and being more fearful of present interruption than any other consequence of his theft, shrunk into an alley in the hope that the other person had not seen him. But in this he was much deceived; the man, who was one of the city watchmen, approached the spot where he had hoped to conceal himself, and grasping him rudely by the shoulder, commanded him to show the place whence the board had been taken, and threatening him with the penalties of the law for the larceny he had committed. Gardener begged the fellow to let him pass, and, expecting to move his compassion, related in what circumstances he had just left the children. This account, far from mollifying the officer, seemed to enrage him still more. "And so," said he, "you expect to pick up your firewood in the street, eh! People's fences must be burned to make you and your children comfortable! Tell that tale to the mayor to-morrow morning!"

Gardener still remonstrated and entreated, but the other would not forego the grasp on his collar, and urged him towards the watchhouse, when the prisoner, finding that entreaties were not likely to avail, pushed his capturer away with such violence that the latter fell into the street and was not a little bruised in his fall. The watchman, however, was not disposed to relinquish his prey, but rising and sounding his rattle to procure the assistance of his comrades, he rushed towards Gardener, who, being prepared for his approach, and, in the excitement of the moment, seeming to be gifted with more than human strength, swung the heavy piece of timber around as though it had been a mere wand, and striking his assailant with the whole impetus of the ponderous weapon, the watchman was again prostrated, and this time lay still, in a state of utter insensibility.

Gardener hastily shouldered the plank, and proceeded towards his place of residence, from which he was distant but a few yards, when he encountered two other nocturnal guardians, who had been attracted to the spot by the sound of the rattle. Seeing him thus loaded, at a very unusual hour, they ordered him to stop, to which mandate he paid no attention. The men, incensed at his obstinacy, drew nearer to intercept him, when Gardener, almost phrenzied by anxiety for his children, employed the same weapon which before had proved so effective, and furiously attacked the officers; one of them was quickly overturned, though the board glanced, by which accident the force of the blow was much diminished, otherwise the consequences might have been fatal. The weight of the board, and the violence of the stroke, which had partly missed its object, made Gardener stagger, and before he could recover himself the other watchman seized him, and hung on him until his companion came to his assistance, when, by their united efforts, they succeeded in securing his hands with pocket-handkerchiefs.

By this time Gardener's former antagonist had so far recovered as to cry for assistance; when his comrades, proceeding with the prisoner to the spot, ascertained that the first watchman was considerably injured, and all three began to execrate the captive with great bitterness. Gardener now recollected himself, and deeply regretted the folly of his conduct in using force against the ministers of the law. He endeavoured to mollify their resentment, humbly apologized for the outrages he had committed, and implored them to let him go and attend to his children, who by this time must be in danger of their lives from the extreme cold and the want of a fire.

They either did not believe his story or affected not to credit it; and being highly exasperated by the resistance he had offered, and the bruises which two of them had received, they flatly refused to allow him one moment's delay, but hurried him off towards the watch-house. Gardener, all the time, raved, threatened, entreated, and behaved so much like an inebriate or an insane person that the men probably believed him to be one or the other. Moreover, they found all their strength necessary to urge him forward; for, although his hands were tied, the violence of the passions under which he laboured enabled him to exert a force which was really formidable. Howling, cursing, and acting in all respects like a maniac, this most unfortunate of men was cast into the dungeon of the watch-house, which, during the whole night, rang with his alternate lamentations, furious threats, execrations, and prayers for mercy. At the customary hour next morning, Gardener, who for some time had been silent, was carried among other prisoners before the mayor, when, appearing to be partially deranged, and unable to give any account of himself, he was dismissed as not a proper object for legal retribution.

A few days before these events, Mr. Edwards, the father-in-law of Gardener, had been deeply chagrined at not receiving a certain appointment which he expected as a reward for services rendered to his party. The effect of this disappointment was, as it often happens, to change his views completely; and (as men commonly do in such cases) he sought the opposite ranks, with a burning desire to avenge the injuries he had received, or fancied he had received, from his former associates. Now that the scales of his late prejudices had fallen from his eyes, he began for the first time to conceive that he had acted an unreasonable and unnatural part towards his daughter, her husband and their children. Resolving to attach himself to the party to which Gardener belonged, he expected to find in the latter a powerful ally for the execution of his plans of vengeance. In compliance with the dying request of Mrs. Gardener, the account of her decease had never been communicated to Mr. Edwards; the tenderness of this poor lady's disposition was such that she anxiously wished to save her father from that remorse which she supposed would be awakened in his mind by the intelligence that

she had expired in such miserable circumstances. Mr. Edwards was therefore ignorant of her death, and since the change in his political sentiments, the influence of passion had ceased to operate against his natural affection, so that his better feelings returning, he designed to recompense his children amply for all his former neglect and repulsiveness. Anticipating the pleasure which his arrival and the announcement of his intentions were to produce in the Gardener family, he found the obscure dwelling with some difficulty, and being directed to the apartment by the woman who hired out the lodgings, he entered with little ceremony, about an hour after Gardener had been dismissed by the police. The first objects he beheld, on his entrance, were his son-in-law and his two grandchildren lying on a heap of straw in one corner of the room, which was, in every other respect, empty. Gardener took no notice of his entrance, but lay, without motion, between the little girl and boy; when Mr. Edwards approached and touching him with his hand, said:—

“Where is Adeline?—where is my daughter?”

Glancing at him with some wildness, Gardener replied sullenly, “Where? where you will never be;—in heaven.”

Mr. Edwards staggered to the window, and leaning against the frame, gave himself up, for some minutes, to a burst of affliction. Coming to his recollection, he drew near to the group once more and said:—

“Rise, Mr. Gardener, and let us remove the children from this dreadful place; the cold will be the death of them.”

Gardener gave him another glance, accompanied by something which was too ghastly and horrible

to be called a smile. Struck by the expression of his countenance, Mr. Edwards hastily knelt on the straw and examining the children, discovered that each was a livid and stiffened corpse! He hurried from the spot, and by the exhibition of money, induced the people of the house to accompany him with materials for a fire, cordials and other refreshments, to Gardener's room. On their arrival at the door, they discovered Gardener lying with the body of a dead child on either arm. He, on observing their approach, started up with the most furious gestures, and wrenching a shovel from the hands of the landlady, drove the whole party down the steps, exclaiming:—

“Do you think I will consent to eat and be warm, when my poor babes have been starved and frozen to death? Begone and let me die in the same way. It is all I ask of you; my first request and my last.”

Old Edwards, attempting to reason and expostulate with the frantic man, received a blow with the shovel that deprived him of his senses for the time, so that he was carried home in a coach (by direction of the landlady, who knew his place of residence), and he did not recover sufficiently to leave his room until the next morning. As soon as he found himself able to walk, he hastened once more to the dwelling of Gardener, and procuring a party of men to assist him, broke open the door of the apartment, which was found locked. The bodies of the two children were discovered, still lying on the straw. Between them was another corpse, that of Gardener himself; and the three bodies, attended by Mr. Edwards as chief mourner, were all deposited in one grave.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

BY MISS EMILY FRANCIS.

CHAPTER I.

OUR village differs but little from other country villages, except it be in this one particular; it contains a greater number of busy bodies. Do not form from this an idea of a beehive, where each one is intent upon works of industry, but picture to yourself, gentle reader, a community whose ruling passion is to gain as much information of the affairs of others, as is consistent with unoccupied minds and unemployed hands.

But it is *our* village, of which I am speaking notwithstanding; and who has not felt the magic of that little word—who can look back upon the days of childhood, and think of our school, our home, our sports, without a thrill of pleasure? it has a charm in itself, which invests everything to which we attach it with interest. But candour compels me to describe things as they are; and our village, dear as it may be to ourselves, is, as I have just now said, a place of busy idleness. It is situated on a river, and offers to the lovers of natural scenery every inducement to visit it. On the opposite shore, mountains rise in towering grandeur, till their summits are lost in the clouds. No stranger could pass our village without being tempted, by its situation and appearance, to pause on his journey, and for a few days at least, to sojourn among us. There is the neat little church, so humble and unobtrusive, and yet so silently by its “Heaven directing spire,” pointing upwards to the skies, that while the eye rests upon the graves, which speak of separation, mourning and tears, in the churchyard below, it once more looks upward and remembers that “there, shall be no more death; and sorrow and sighing shall be done away.” It seems to me the grass grows greener, and the trees look more venerable in that country churchyard than anywhere in the world. Our villagers, at least the industrious part of the population, are fond of flowers, and what is more lovely than the white-washed cottage, overgrown with sweetbriar, clematis, and honeysuckle, which, mingling their sweets, form a fragrance more rich and delightful than any artificial perfume. But the hungry traveller sometimes inhales with more delight, the fumes of the savoury dish, which towards evening, denotes many a fair Eve to be “on hospitable thoughts intent.” But we have lingered long on the road, and will hasten more rapidly through our village, and I assure you many a watchful eye, peeping from half-closed shutters, marks our progress. We will stop at the tavern, but it shall be the upper one; no idlers lounge about here, but

everything bespeaks honest industry; it looks so neat and clean, and the landlady herself so tidy, that we overlook the vinegar which shines in her face, particularly as it only exercises itself upon the idlers and loungers, who are forced to seek a retreat at the lower tavern—where an idle landlord and careless landlady, have suffered everything, as the saying is, to go at sixes and sevens. Our landlady, Mrs. Mumford, is one of your active, stirring little bodies, who know nothing of idleness practically, and have no sympathy with those who do. But we will look in at the post-office, which though last is far from least in our opinion, at Norton. The postmaster has held his office for some thirty years, ever since the place became of sufficient importance to have a mail; he is growing old in the service, and can well remember when the mail carrier arrived on horseback, once a week, and so on through the several gradations, till now two mails a day, tell of the increasing population of our neighbourhood. Mr. Tryon is an original, and we behold with sorrow the gray hairs which thicken on his brow, for we fear we “ne’er shall look upon his like again.” He is a walking gazette, and precludes the necessity for any other; he knows all the news for twenty miles round, and prides himself so much upon this knowledge, that he was once actually indisposed in consequence of some one announcing in his store, before all the politicians of the place, a piece of political news, which he had just avowed himself ignorant of. This announcement was made at a venture by a wag, for the purpose of teasing him, though it turned out to be the case; our friend George never was himself again, till he was assured it was not a known fact when spoken of. But we have for the present done with the affairs of our village, and proceed to the narration of the story, which has called forth the preceding sketch.

One evening in the month of June, owing to the exceeding sultriness of the day, a larger number than ordinary had assembled in Tryon's store, to await the arrival of the mail. Nothing had occurred for months at all out of the common way, to afford the talkers a theme upon which to exert their energies; the last birth in the village had been duly descanted upon; Thomas Green wondered the mail had not arrived, John Comly thought it was quite time, and though only half an hour later than usual, they had worked themselves up to the belief that some evil accident had happened, and at length settled down in silence to prepare for the news. The postmaster stationed himself at the door, to watch; when, to the great disappointment of the idle group, the stage arrived

crowded to excess, but all in a state of preservation. The driver could not be persuaded, though all insisted that he must have broken down at least, but the opening of the mail diverted all thoughts for the present. Mr. Tryon sorted his letters, making as usual, remarks upon each name. "George D. Patton, Esq., very clever man that, rolling in wealth, but I could never find out his middle name. Asked him once, but he swore and would not tell me." "Mr. Patton swore!" said his servant, who waited for the letter, "why sir, he never did such a thing in his life." "Oh yes! I assure you; says I, sir, what is your middle name? says he, devil! and I was so surprised, I could not ask him again." "Well, Mr. Tryon," said the man, "that is Mr. Patton's middle name, but he spells it thus, '*Devil*.'" "To think," said our postmaster with a sigh, "I might have known it six months ago." The next letter which came to hand afforded full scope for the exercise of George's curiosity. It bore the post mark of London, and was indeed a new thing in the simple annals of our village. George examined it with a penetrating eye, but not one word could he discover to gratify his thirst for knowledge; its seal was a lion, and its motto enveloped in the mystery of an unknown language. He had heard of the lion-hearted king, and with an imagination peculiar to himself, had conjured up some of his descendants looking from the other side of the water, on our little village as a desirable place to rule and reign, who were thus commencing in a wily manner to carry their plans into execution; but the letter was addressed to a lady; originally directed to one of the large cities, but its destination changed, till the whole cover was a mass of obliterated directions; the final one accompanied with the order, to be left at the office till called for; his imagination ran through a number of improbable conjectures, while he held the document in his hand; after duly considering it, he proceeded to read its direction aloud. "Mrs. Farrelle—singular name, who can she be—no one of that name about here, wonder what her maiden name was—any stranger arrived, Ned," said he addressing the driver, "that I have not seen?" "No! indeed Mr. Tryon, you have seen every one I have brought up these thirty years." This letter was sufficient to afford conversation for the rest of the evening, and Mrs. Farrelle's name, or as our postmaster called it, Far-rel-le, was in the mouth of every one. The loungers returned to their families, and between the conjectures and exaggerations accompanying the narration, the owner of the letter was regarded as something different from the rest of mankind, and her arrival considered as an event, which was to affect the interest of every one in the village: whether these anticipations were realized, the next chapter shall disclose.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Farrelle was an English lady by birth, and descended from one of the most ancient families in

England; she was an heiress, and in her younger days so beautiful, and withal so agreeable, that her hand was sought in marriage, by more than one peer of the realm. But desirable as a union of this kind appeared to her parents, she declared she would never give her hand without her heart, and the beautiful Anne S. continued single till she had attained her twenty-second year; she was possessed of an uncommon energy of spirit, which manifested itself even from her childhood, in a disposition to overcome difficulties, which imparted a loftiness of bearing, and an air of superiority to her carriage, that seldom failed to call forth a corresponding acknowledgement from every one with whom she associated. Possessing in herself materials for happiness, she was independent of those around her; though endowed with the keenest sensibilities and the warmest affections. It might truly be said of her, "none knew her but to love." It was in the very height of her loveliness, that Mr. Farrelle "came, saw, and conquered;" his mother was an Englishwoman of high birth, and had met his father, when travelling on the continent. Her husband, although a Frenchman, adopted his wife's country as his own, and their only son inherited their united estates, which produced a princely income.

In this instance, the course of true love did run smooth; no obstacle delayed their union, and they were married, amid great rejoicings. The happy pair proceeded to their magnificent abode, where they might have remained till the present time, had not the restless spirit of change taken possession of their bosoms. They were blessed with two lovely daughters, on whose education no expense or trouble had been spared, and they grew up and proved that it was not thrown away. Few sorrows had darkened the domestic happiness of this little family. They had seen their parents gathered to their fathers in a good old age, and thus the strongest ties severed, which bound them to their home, and a dissatisfaction towards the existing government determined them to seek a home in the Western World. The difficulty of arranging his property to the best advantage detained Mr. Farrelle much longer than he anticipated. As his presence was requisite, his wife determined to embark with her two daughters, under the escort of a friend, invested with full power by her husband, to locate herself where she found it most agreeable; though both agreed to find a habitation somewhere amid the wild and romantic scenery which abounds in our land. She had money at command, and a spirit like hers rejoiced in the prospect of spending its energies on some wild untutored spot, which she might mould to her mind. She arrived a stranger in a strange land; but her commanding aspect, her dignified though courteous carriage, procured for her wherever she went, consideration and attention, and though among free born Americans she did not meet with the servility of dependents, to which she had been accustomed, she valued more highly the self-procured respect, which was

the result of superiority of character. I have said her daughters were lovely; Bertha the eldest strikingly resembled her mother, but a subdued, and pensive cast of countenance, told of some sorrow, which already had wrung her gentle bosom. It was not a countenance altogether sad, for a sweet smile of peace illumined it, and the meek eye of the fair Bertha was lighted up with an expression of quiet joy. She was in every respect a model for a painter, and altogether in mind and person, a perfect representation of woman in her most beautiful characteristics. The scale of creation gradually rises, from the green herb, shedding its luxuriance at our feet, through the various orders of living things, till it reaches the highest of created intelligences; each connected with the next in rank by a link, harmonizing the whole: woman has been said to be the connecting link between men and angels; and though now tainted by the fall, and "far gone from original righteousness," even in ruins, we gaze with admiration on her loveliness. Such untiring fortitude and patience, such disinterested devotion, such warm and glowing affections, such tenderness and sensibility, combined with such sweet retiring modesty, that we are often constrained to say of woman, if she be dust, it is the very quintessence of dust. Isabella, the second daughter, though scarcely less lovely than her sister, was entirely opposite in her beauty. They had both imbibed the energy of their mother's spirit, and though still young, (Isabella being in her seventeenth year,) combined great native self-possession, with dignity of carriage; it was the result of well regulated minds, taught by the acquirements already attained, how much was still to be learned. But the mantling cheek of the gay Isabella, told she was behind her sister in this attainment. Her dark eye, when lighted up with the interest she felt in every changing prospect, imparted a portion of its own sprightliness to all around; the friends who loved her, declared it impossible to be sad beneath the influence of her sunny smile. A warm heart, and generous feelings, spoke in the varying colour and expressive countenance, which invited alike the confidence of the sorrowing and the joyful; sure of finding sympathy from a heart which spoke so eloquently in those speaking features. Such were the individuals who had excited such commotion in our village. Day after day passed away, and still the letter was not called for; every stage was closely examined, and Mrs. Farrelle's name was echoed throughout the village. A group of men collected, whenever a carriage was seen at the store; and the eager inquiry awaited them, on their return to their wives, has Mrs. Farrelly come? Even the children partook in the general excitement; the letter, the unconscious cause of all this, was inspected with curious eyes, and the poor postmaster could neither eat nor sleep, nor talk of anything else but the expected arrival.

Meanwhile, our travellers quietly pursued their journey, little imagining their movements were of the slightest importance to any one but themselves;

but everything must have an end, sooner or later; and though long delayed, they at length arrived. Mrs. Farrelle had brought her coachman and footman over with her, and therefore had only to purchase carriages and horses, when she arrived. This was soon accomplished, and after exploring many parts of the country, she proceeded with her daughters, to her destination. Why she was led to locate herself among us, is one of those unaccountable things which can only be explained by attributing it to fancy. But she came, and our village has reason to rejoice, that any cause brought her hither. The carriage was seen at a distance, and the crowd collected—men, women, and children, issued forth, to see the wonderful stranger; windows were filled with staring faces, as the carriage passed along. "Dear mamma," said Isabella, "one would think these people were expecting a show of some kind; only look how from every house we are gazed upon; see, how the children run after the carriage; surely something must be wrong; see there, a crowd are assembled at the post-office; there is the sign; shall we stop for letters?"

"We will inquire my dear, but I have so often made the inquiry in vain, that I fear your father's letter has miscarried."

Ere William could draw up his horses, the eager postmaster, with the letter in his hand, approached the carriage. "Here's your letter, Mrs. Farrelle, we have been expecting you nearly a week—meet with any accident to detain you?" The lady, all astonishment, received her letter, simply replied in the negative, and desired William to drive to the tavern. Isabella, ever alive to the ludicrous, could scarcely restrain her laughter, as she gazed on the faces of stupid wonder and curiosity, which surrounded her. One of the boys, more daring than the rest, had climbed up behind the carriage, and swinging himself round, contrived to peep in at the window; where, encouraged by the smiling face of the gay Isabella, he took a deliberate survey of the interior, before William's eye discovered him, and his surly voice quickly dismounted the intruder. Mrs. Mumford's establishment offered every inducement for their accommodation; and the bustling landlady ushered them into her best parlour, with as much deference as could have been shown to the royal family. The good lady dusted each chair, ere she handed it to her visitors, though we who know her, are well assured, in her house no dust accumulates, for it is scattered, before it has time to settle.

"What will you have for supper, ladies?"

"Anything," replied Mrs. Farrelle, "which you can conveniently give us; can you accommodate us for some weeks?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you can put up with our fare. I shall think myself honoured if you will stay with us."

"Have you a husband?"

"Yes, ma'am, but Ned Mumford, ma'am, is no good to nobody!"

"Does he drink?"

"No ma'am, he is a sober man—will you please walk up and see your rooms, ladies?"

"You Ned Mumford you, why don't you come, and carry up the ladies' trunks?"

"I will not trouble your husband," replied the lady, "my servants shall attend to them."

"Oh ma'am, it is no trouble to him, he is no good to nobody."

Mrs. Mumford, though a sharp spoken woman, was far from being so in her disposition, and excepting that she was the better man of the two, she made her husband a most excellent wife. The ladies were well satisfied with their accommodations, and Mrs. Farrelle determined to remain there till she could build a house for herself; at least, till she could finish a part of it sufficiently to make it habitable. We have spoken of the village church, but as yet have been silent with regard to the pastor. He had been there but a short time, but was sedulously engaged in the duties of his parish. He was a young man, of devoted piety, and earnestly desiring the spiritual welfare of his flock. Mrs. Mumford spoke loudly in his praises, as she responded to Bertha's question, who was their minister. She told of his kindness to the sick, to the afflicted and the poor, and how beautiful he talked to everybody; her praises, though unqualified, were not misplaced, the object of them was fully worthy. George Monteith was a humble follower of his master, and though highly educated and gifted, chose to devote his talents in some obscure vineyard where he might be useful, and where he might be secure from the temptations which attend popularity. The beauty of this location, and the spiritual destitution of the people, had induced him to fix his abode in our village; and his coming among us has been a source of thankfulness and rejoicing to many. He was absent for several weeks, after the arrival of Mrs. Farrelle and her daughters; and his pulpit was occupied by a clergyman from the city. The praises of this young man so continually sounding in their ears, awakened a desire in the minds of our friends to see him, who was henceforth to minister to them in holy things; but the young people anticipated his return with different feelings; the laughing Isabella declared she longed to behold this paragon, that she might enjoy the sight of a civilized human being; for she was weary of the stupidity and absence of refinement in those around her; but the gentle Bertha hoped to reap from one so beloved by those who listened to instruction from his lips, the benefit of those lessons of heavenly wisdom, from which she so much desired to profit.

CHAPTER III.

BERTHA had scarce grown up to womanhood ere her warm affections had been enlisted, and her heart won, by one in everything worthy of her love, save that a cloud rested upon his birth. He

had been adopted at a tender age by one of the first families in England, and was educated with their own children. His lofty bearing, his talents, gentle manly deportment, and conversational powers, made him eagerly sought after in the circles of fashion; he was one of nature's noblemen, and in every respect calculated to win the affections of a girl like Bertha. They met at the house of a friend, where they, with other company, were passing the holidays. At the end of the week they were so deeply attached to each other, that they parted not till a tale of love was told. The blushing girl referred her lover to her parents, and hardly lingered to return his adieu. With the ardour of a first love he hastened to press his suit, but the pride of family prevailed, and the parents, though unwilling to grieve their daughter, refused their consent. They alleged the youth of both parties, and fully believed a few months would convince their daughter they had acted wisely. The young people were not allowed an interview, and both were too high-minded to seek one clandestinely. The light-hearted Bertha drooped daily, and the rose faded from her cheek: she never mentioned his name, but strove to submit her will to her parents. Her lover fled from the scene where all his hopes and affections were centred, and the warm blush of shame mantled on his cheek—false shame, indeed—that he had no name among the great ones of the earth. He determined to win one for himself, and then come and cast his laurels at the feet of his Bertha.

Blighted in her young affections, Bertha was led to feel the vanity of all earthly things, and to seek a more enduring love from Him who has promised to give "His people the blessing of peace;" and ere one year had passed, while she bent beneath the chastening rod, she had learned to say, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted." Once more a smile played over her features; it was a smile of peace; "such peace as the world can neither give nor take away;" and joy beamed from her eye—the joy of a soul walking in the ways of salvation. She had fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before her in the gospel, and she was happy, though her affections had been too closely entwined around the object of her early love to rest for a moment on any other. Many suitors had retired from the field, finding it hopeless to make an impression upon her heart; but she made friends of all by her winning and courteous deportment. Such was Bertha's history, and her whole manner was so plaintive that your interest was at once elicited. Isabella's joyous laugh told its own tale of joy and happiness, unchecked in its current by sorrow and disappointment. This family was soon regarded, by the whole village, with respect, and looked up to with admiration; particularly as Mrs. Farrelle was giving them materials for conversation in the unheard of building she was erecting. She had much trouble in getting workmen, and more in making them follow her directions: some said the kitchen was too large; others, that

was not the way they built houses in Norton. Then, when she came to lay out the grounds in English style, planting hedges for fences, a park for deer, a walk cut in the mountain, and other unheard of enormities, she would have been in despair had her spirit been less energetic, less determined: but the more difficulties that rose in her way the more did she appear resolute to overcome them. Innumerable were the mistakes made in carrying out her plans, but she at length saw them all under way, though still requiring her personal superintendence. The girls were not idle. Isabella, accompanied by the servant, scoured the country on horseback, and met with so many amusing adventures, in her intercourse with the villagers, that her mother would sometimes laughingly put her hands to her ears and beg her to spare her nerves, for her tongue ran so incessantly that with all her difficulties and conversations with the workmen she was worn out. Isabella would beg to be commissioned to superintend them, assuring her mamma she would wish no better employment.

"But what have you done with your sister all this time, Isabella; does she never accompany you on these excursions?"

"Oh no, mamma; Bertha is so busy with the poor; I do believe she knows every old goody for miles around. I tell her the clergyman will regard her as a rival, and consequently bestow all his admiration on me: but here she comes with a beautiful bouquet in her hand, no doubt the gift of old Dame somebody."

Beautiful as were the flowers in her hand, Bertha's loveliness far surpassed them; and the mother gazed with gratified admiration upon the living graces which exhibited themselves in her figure. Her light chip hat was carelessly thrown aside, and a shower of golden ringlets escaping from their confinement, fell in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders; her fine face, glowing with exercise and beaming forth that blessed spirit of the gospel, "Peace on earth and good will towards men," told of some sweet errand of mercy.

"Oh mamma, dear mamma, you must accompany me to Dame Green's. I have had such a happy afternoon with this poor old woman; she is nearly blind, and lives alone, and yet so neat is everything about her house, that it shames many who have their sight: she is such a good woman, so happy amid all her poverty and infirmities, that it is a privilege to witness it."

The visit was at once decided on, and we will leave the mother and daughters for their walk.

CHAPTER IV.

BRIGHT and beautiful arose the sun of the Sabbath day. The busy hum of the workmen's tools was hushed, and a sweet stillness proclaimed the day of rest had come. The noisy sports of the children were not heard, for these little lambs of

the flock had been gathered by their kind pastor into the Sunday School. The whole village wore an air of repose. Many hailed the sacred day, the best of all the seven, and rejoiced that, having fulfilled the command, "six days thou shalt labour," it was their privilege to "remember the Sabbath and keep it holy." Among those who thus regarded it was Bertha.

Sweetly sounded the chime of the village bells, inviting all to leave their worldly cares behind and go up to the sanctuary, to hear of that "rest which remaineth for the people of God," of which the Sabbath is a type. The villagers, in their neat Sunday dress, as they sallied forth from their dwellings, presented an appearance harmonizing with the scene; and the joy which beamed in the countenances of some, proclaimed that they were glad when it was said, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord." Among the worshippers were seen the strangers: they had obtained one of the most commodious pews in the church, and, according to the good old English custom, also provided for the accommodation of their servants.

All eyes were directed towards the desk, and the pastor entered. In utter amazement, Mrs. Farrelle beheld her daughter's lover. Bertha, absorbed in her devotions, raised not her head till the voice which was heard from the desk uttered the sublime sentences in the opening of the service. That voice sent the blood to her cheek, and with a throbbing heart she scarcely dared raise her eyes, lest the illusion should vanish. But it was he who had sole possession of her affections. Great was the struggle to regain composure: she had learned to "cast down imaginations, and every high thing which exalteth itself;" and ere the minister's invitation was heard, that all should "accompany him with a pure heart and humble voice unto the throne of grace," Bertha was enabled to join, with a single heart, in the confession. The man of God was so impressed with the solemnity of the worship that earth, with all its cares, "kept silence in his bosom; for the Lord was in His holy temple." He saw not the strangers, and this strong proof of his devotion inspired them with respect, such as true piety cannot fail to excite. Poor Bertha was sorely tried that morning, to keep her thoughts from wandering. Her mother and sister vainly strove to catch a glance of her countenance; she sedulously avoided looking towards them. The service ended, and the pastor, after giving out the hymn, left the chancel. No lofty organ swelled in solemn notes through the vaulted aisle; but the sweet though untaught voices of our choir echoed the melody of the heart, and filled the simple building with a strain awakening devotion, and tuning the soul to praise. The last note died away, and the pastor, as was his custom, arose from his knees, and standing before the congregation till the rustling accompanying the seating and arranging of themselves should be over, his eye surveyed the assembly. It rested on the pew where the strangers sat. The flush that mounted to his forehead

was succeeded by a deadly paleness, and he paused for an unusual length of time. Recovering himself at length he proceeded with his sermon. The glowing eloquence of his discourse was heightened by the effort, prayerfully made, to bring each thought into captivity, and to preach the Gospel in all its simplicity.

It was not till in the solitude of his own chamber the bursting heart of the young pastor found relief. The sight of his beloved Bertha had awakened all the feelings and hopes of former years. When he entered the ministry he gave up all ambitious desires, and with them the being who had inspired them. If the gay and courted Monteith was not thought by her parents worthy of their daughter's hand, he could not hope that the humble village pastor should become of sufficient importance among the sons of earth to cast a look of love to one so far above him. Thus in entering upon the duties of his calling he had relinquished literally everything for the service in which he enlisted. Of the birth and parentage of George Monteith nothing was known. He was found by an old woman in the north of Scotland when about two years old. Attracted by the cry of an infant she approached the spot, and found a lovely babe, though clad in rags. It was a lone and desolate place, not a house for miles round. The benevolent old woman, though exceedingly poor, could not forbear to carry the infant to her cottage, saying to herself "we shall not miss the bit the bairn will eat, *puir chiel*; I am sure our Johnnie will share with the wee thing." There was nothing about the child to lead to a conjecture as to whom it belonged, save a small leather bag, which he appeared to value highly, always saying in its simple language, pretty, pretty. The bag contained a locket, set round with pearls, with the initials A. M. S. Our Johnnie shared cheerfully with the wee bairn, and they did not miss the bit he ate. Their affairs seemed to prosper, and the old woman said the back was fitted to the burden. She had no means of making inquiries about the child. She taught him as well as she was able. She could read her Bible, and though not fluently, many a lesson of wisdom he learned from her lips. The bairn grew, and became a comfort to this poor family. When he was about ten years of age, a lady, travelling through the north of Scotland, having met with some accident to detain her a few hours, stopped at Mrs. Monteith's hut. The good dame did all in her power to entertain the lady, for her children were employed out of doors. George, who was gathering sticks for his mammy, entered the apartment. There was a nobleness in his bearing so unusual among that class of children, that the lady's attention was attracted. She looked with admiration on the open brow, and sunny features, and the dark ringlets which clustered round his forehead. The tears came into her eyes as she gazed, for she saw a striking resemblance to a darling son, whose death she mourned with all a mother's tenderness. When George departed to his

work the old woman, glad of an opportunity to relate his history, and observing the interest with which her visitor regarded him, showed the locket and entered into the particulars. The guest departed, and the munificent gift she bestowed rejoiced the widow's heart. After an absence of a few weeks Lady Mortimer returned and offered to take the adopted bairn to London, and if she should not succeed in restoring him to his parents, to educate him as her own son. Bitter was the parting between the child and his kind friends; but the widow was not selfish, and the interest of her darling bairn was near her heart.

"Gude-bye, my sweet bairn; shall I never again hear thy busy wee feet? the widow's heart will be sair without thee: a blessing from above rest upon thee."

Her eyes were dim with tears, and our Johnnie wept outright.

"Here, Geordie, tak this knife; 'tis all I hae to gie ye; and oh, when ye be sae grand, dinna forget, Geordie, the happy days o' lang syne."

Poor George clung to these dear friends, beseeching not to be sent away, and only desiring to live with mammy and dear Johnnie. The widow dried her tears, and told him, when he was a man he could take them to his home. Comforted by the thought, he consented to go with the lady. It was long before he could be satisfied in his new home. All inquiries proved fruitless, and he was, as we have said, brought up as the adopted son of Lord Mortimer. Almost broken-hearted by the refusal of Bertha's parents, he left them, determined to enrol his name among the distinguished of his country. His patron wishing some business attended to in America, George embarked, hoping to find in change of scene some relief to the bitterness of his sorrow. He met with an American clergyman who, discovering the state of his mind, ministered so judiciously and perseveringly to him of the word of life, that he was brought to that knowledge which is above all price; and feeling himself called to preach the gospel, with the consent of his patron he entered upon the necessary preparation. His college education greatly shortened the time of study, and he was regarded as one of the most promising young men in the ministry. He chose an humble station, for he feared he might have been tempted to seek popularity and fame for Bertha's sake. He had arrived home on Saturday, and was detained by visiting a sick parishioner till late in the evening: in consequence, the arrival of the strangers had not reached his ear. He called on the family early Monday morning, and great was his joy to find that Bertha "had obtained like precious faith with himself," though he remembered the insurmountable obstacle which opposed their union. Bertha avoided every meeting with the young pastor, except in the presence of her mother, though they both cherished a hope that happier and brighter days were in store for them.

"ONLY think, ma'am," said Mrs. Mumford, "our pastor is going to London!"

This remark was addressed to Bertha, and the tell-tale blush betrayed she was not unconcerned.

"Does he intend returning?" inquired Mrs. Farrelle.

"Indeed, ma'am, Mr. Tryon did not know; he said there was a letter with a great seal upon it, and Mr. Monteith had written to take passage in the ship. He thinks the letter has something to do with his going."

Mr. Monteith called himself to say he was unexpectedly obliged to go to England, and would be the bearer of any despatches for the ladies: he anticipated returning in a few months. He said no more, and no conjecture of Isabella's was satisfactory to Bertha as to the cause of his departure. Isabella declared she would ask him herself, and was sure his benevolence would not suffer him to refuse to gratify her curiosity. Mr. Tryon asked him many questions, but he was impenetrable. He sailed as soon as he could make arrangements for his absence. Rumours were afloat in the village that he would bring a bride with him; and Bertha, unable to account for the joy with which he bade them adieu, concluded it must be so. Nor could she blame him, for he was so domestic in his habits and feelings, she could not expect him to remain single on a hope so indefinite of one day possessing her hand. Again had Bertha to struggle with her heart, for the holy teachings of the pastor had raised a new tie to bind her to him, and she felt she would be willing to share any condition in life with him.

Little did Bertha know the cause of the joy which George felt when he said adieu. His hopes appeared about to be realized, and he looked forward to returning in a few months to claim the hand so highly prized. He knew not that Bertha loved him still, but he hoped—for he had heard how many suitors had been dismissed, and she remained single. The letter he received was the cause of his absence. Lord Mortimer had been visited by a Scotch gentleman, after George sailed for America. He was struck by the likeness of a portrait of George to an old friend, the Earl of G—, and after hearing the story, became so much interested in the subject of it that he promised to spare no pains, on his return, to discover if Lord G— had ever had a son. His acquaintance with him was formed within the last ten years, and of the previous history of the family he knew nothing. The hope was so faint that the circumstances were never mentioned. The gentleman, after remaining a year in England, returned home. He sought an interview with the earl, and showed him the locket, which he had brought with him. The old man covered his face with his hands, and in the pathetic language of the patriarch Jacob exclaimed, "My son is alive; it is enough; I will yet see him before I die." George, or rather Arthur Morton Somers,

was the only son of the Earl of G—, who possessed vast estates in the south of Scotland, and whose name was not unknown in England. He had distinguished himself in many ways, and was dear to the hearts of his countrymen. His only child had been stolen away by a gipsy, in revenge for the measures he had taken, to rid his grounds of them. Whether she became tired of her burden, or feared detection, is not known; but she left him where the kind old widow found him. Lord Mortimer's letter did not inform Arthur of all these events; but merely that there was reason to believe him to be heir to a title and estates in Scotland.

The return of Somers was a cause of great rejoicing to this noble family, who were tenderly attached to him. Soon as he heard his father was yet alive, he hastened on his journey, accompanied by Lord and Lady Mortimer. The joy of that meeting beggars description. The father received his son, so long supposed to be dead, and rejoicings meet for the occasion welcomed him home. But the piety of the young minister raised the voice of prayer and thanksgiving to hallow the joy. Every day his respect and filial affection increased; it was his privilege to find his father in all respects a Christian. The thought of parting with his newly found son, was a great grief to the earl; but that son was set apart to the holy office, and he felt that "necessity was laid upon him to preach the gospel." Owing to a law then existing in the English church, he could not exercise his office without a regular theological education in England; therefore he felt called upon to return to the flock he had left. Besides, his heart yearned for Bertha, that she might become the sharer of his prosperity. His father listened to his reasons, and commended them; saying, as he could not remain with him, he would accompany him to his parish to witness their union. Somers had not forgotten the kind friends of his babyhood. The widow preferred remaining where her happiest days had been spent; but a small annuity, and some repairs and conveniences about the cottage, made her comfortable for life. Her pious heart was gladdened, for she felt that she was realizing the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the water, and thou shalt find it after many days." Earl G— and his son embarked in the vessel with Mr. Farrelle, who no longer refused his consent, but heartily wished the young man success in his wooing. No tidings reached our village of these events, and Somers was glad that he might thus test his Bertha's affection, so certain was he of its disinterested character. Meanwhile Mrs. Farrelle's establishment was complete, and she was prepared to receive her husband in their own house. It was truly a magnificent establishment, and altogether superior to any ever seen by our villagers: indeed there were few in the country equal to it. Mr. Farrelle promised to keep Arthur's secret from Bertha, and he visited her as the humble pastor of a village church. Surprised at the favour shown towards him by her father, she attributed it to their voyage in company. Her pa-

ings gave him the opportunity he sought, and Bertha, assured of their consent, hesitated not to make a frank avowal of her feelings.

"Remember, dear Bertha," said her lover, "as the wife of a country clergyman you will have to make many sacrifices: I would not take advantage of your disinterestedness, but wish you would weigh well the cost. You will have to visit among persons void of refinement, will be exposed to the vulgar curiosity of many, but above all remember the comparative poverty which awaits you. The country pastor's salary is a mere pittance to one accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth."

"None of these things move me, George," replied Bertha, "and I believe we shall enjoy as great happiness as falls to the lot of mortals."

We will pass over the scenes which, however interesting to lovers, are exceedingly ridiculous in the eyes of sober persons unconcerned in the transaction. Bertha learned with astonishment of her lover's brilliant prospects, but it did not awaken in her bosom the pleasure her mother anticipated in the recital.

"Why daughter! do you regret the accession of wealth and a title?" asked Mrs. Farrelle.

"Yes—no mamma, not exactly; but I know not how it is, I cannot contemplate George Monteith as the future Earl of G— without losing his identity, and am almost tempted to wish he had continued only the humble pastor of Norton."

"That you might have proved the disinterestedness of your love by sharing his poverty! foolish, romantic girl; you are quite incorrigible," rejoined her mother.

The Earl of G— hastened to welcome his future daughter, and Mr. Farrelle insisted the parsonage was not a place for him. He was prevailed upon to take up his abode with them, and was much amused by Isabella's lively sallies, and found great delight in the company of Bertha. Arrangements for the wedding were speedily making; Mr. Farrelle insisted upon building a house for the young people; but Somers resolutely declined, and Bertha declared, with a few repairs, the parsonage would be all they could desire. Thus time wore away, and the eventful day drew near. Nothing was talked of at the store but the approaching wedding. As the ceremony was to be performed in the church, the whole parish anticipated witnessing it. A merry peal of bells ushered in the wedding day, and Bertha was awakened from her slumbers by the sweet voices of the village choir singing under her window an epithalamium, composed for the occasion by the schoolmaster. A group of young girls, dressed in white, awaited the appearance of the bride, and strewed her path with flowers. White favours were seen on William's hat, and he had decked his horse's head correspondingly. The young men of the village, dressed in their best, each one with a posy in his buttonhole and a white favour in his hat, assembled at the door of the par-

sonage, to welcome their pastor. When the bride and groom arrived at the church the choir sang a hymn. The venerable bishop officiated, and the ceremony was replete with interest. There was scarcely a dry eye in the church, though all declared they wept for joy. Long will the day be remembered in our village, for there was not one who needed forgotten on this joyful occasion; and a feast was prepared, to which all the villagers were invited. There was bridecake in plenty, and the very children who were left at home as too youthful to conduct themselves with propriety were supplied with a piece. Mr. Tryon was in his element, and said he was sure that letter denoted some great revolution in the village. Mr. Somers addressed a few words to the assembled company before they separated; and the bishop, after prayer, dismissed them with his blessing.

Thus ended this happy day. Many years have passed since then, and our good pastor, with his lovely wife, have accomplished much good among us. The earl returned, after the wedding, to his home. The next year Mr. and Mrs. Somers went over to Scotland to visit him. He was attacked by violent sickness while they were with him, and they did not leave him till the last sad scene was over. Mr. Somers, with the consent of his wife, relinquished the title in favour of the next heir, retaining of the vast estate an income which would make them comfortable, devoting much of it to the cause of missions and other benevolent objects. He suffered the remainder to go with the title. Having made these arrangements, they returned to their humble home. There was a time when Bertha's parents would have regarded as the height of folly this voluntary surrender of the riches and honours of this world; but their son had convinced them that the possession of these things was inconsistent with his duties as a village pastor; and such was his attachment to his flock, and so great was the success attending his labours, that he wished to spend his life among them. Bertha's tasteful arrangements had thrown a beauty over everything at the parsonage. During their absence a few alterations had been made, and it is now second only to the Manor House, as we call Mr. Farrelle's. Isabella accompanied her sister to Scotland, and the last news in our village was of another wedding. The arrival of the young Earl of G. seems to countenance it. While we regret the loss of the sprightly girl, we rejoice in her happy prospects. Mr. Tryon says it is just the thing, for it would be a pity the estate should go out of the family, and the thought of being lady G— has great weight; for he says he would rather see a titled lady than any show to be seen in the city. Our village has become an important place, and the exertions of our good pastor have done much towards the promotion of industry among us. The return of the wedding day is always hailed by a merry peal from the church bells.

THE VOTARY OF FASHION.

BY MRS. ELIZA VANHORN ELLIS.

CHAPTER I.

"If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it."

"Well, mother," cried Jane Stanton, "I have down half New York, and can make up only four hundred."

"Only four hundred," cried Mrs. Stanton, musingly; "we must muster up more names; I wish to impress the world at once with the *ton* of our society. I hope you have secured the Count, my love."

"Oh yes, mamma," cried Miss Jane, looking down, and endeavouring, by a compression of the breath, to blush deeply.

"By the by, mother," cried a strikingly handsome youth, starting from the sofa on which he was reclining, "are not the Lovels relations of ours?"

"Yes, Edward, the mother is some sort of a cousin to your father, but why do you ask? I have not heard their name for ages."

"Why?—by Jove, they must be at this ball, as the daughter is a perfect angel of beauty, and would grace any drawing-room."

"What nonsense!" cried both mother and daughter in the same breath; "why Edward, you are taking leave of your senses; the Lovels, although descended from our best families, are entirely out of the question—they are so poor."

"But virtuous, I should presume to judge, from the manner they are spoken of by those who know them."

"Pray, Edward, where have you become so well acquainted with those whom no one knows, or of whom no one ever hears?"

"You are most mistaken, mother, in the belief that no one knows or ever hears of the Lovel family, as not a girl in New York is half so much admired as their daughter, and they are actually adored by those who know them. I must beg as a personal favour, you will lay aside, for once, your prejudice to *poverty*, and in respect to high-souled worth, leave your card for the Lovels, and invite them to this magnificent fête."

"I know not where they reside, my son, and it would be an absurdity to put them to the expense of fitting out the daughter; I have not a doubt they would starve a week, to make her the least presentable, if she is pretty."

"Well, my request is made; out of four hundred, I have asked for one solitary card, and have been refused, on account of *poverty* forsooth! Be it so; I will ask Thornton to introduce me there

this evening, and will let them know that one cousin at least is not ashamed to solicit their friendship." Thus saying, Edward with a flushed brow walked towards the door.

"Listen to me, my son; if you are so bent upon the wish, I will not refuse you; they will aid in filling the rooms: but remember, let not your enthusiastic desire to patronize Miss Lovel, make you forget what is due to yourself and to us; bear in mind that you are the representative of an ancient family, and that an accession of wealth will be necessary to support its dignity."

"If you mean to warn me to beware of falling in love with Agnes Lovel, trust me it is needless. Now that I have relieved your mind on that point, will you allow me to accompany you and Jane to their house on the morrow?"

"Certainly, Edward, I shall be happy to do so."

"I return you my thanks, madam, and shall bear in mind your wishes, in gratitude to your prompt compliance with mine;" and bowing to the ladies, Edward left the room.

"Strange boy; his kindly feelings are not calculated to combat with the cold heartless world," said Mrs. Stanton.

"His warm feelings in regard to the Lovels, I shrewdly suspect, were prompted by our visible reluctance to comply with his wishes."

"I was impressed with the same idea, and therefore yielded with a good grace, as it will be easy to cut them after the ball."

"Mr. C—x, madam, wishes to speak to you about the lamps," cried a footman as he pompously flung open the doors.

"Oh, show him in by all means," cried Mrs. Stanton with alacrity.

"Well, C—x, good news, I hope."

"Why yes, madam, I am happy to inform you that I have been able to make arrangements for the lamps and candelabras by the time you will want them; you will do me the favour not to mention the circumstance to your friends, as I wish to produce them quite a new thing."

"That you may depend upon I will not; and I shall want all your silver forks; and those exquisite silver tureens, and various other articles which I cannot now remember."

"They will be at your service, madam, if not disposed of previously to the night of your ball."

After many orders and counter orders, the preliminaries were at length settled, and Mr. C—x made his exit; and the all absorbing subject was for the time forgotten by the arrival of evening visitors.

"High stations tumult, but not bliss create,
None think the great unhappy but the great."

THE Stanton's were descended from an old English family of some pretension. The father of the present Mr. Stanton arrived in America soon after tranquillity was restored to the disenthralled land. Having established himself in a flourishing mercantile house, he married a pretty little Dutch heiress, and with old Von Keitter's wealth and his own persevering industry, he amassed large possessions, and became in time a person of great importance in the new world. Upon his death, the wealth was divided between his two sons and a daughter. The eldest son followed the footsteps of his father, united himself to a lady of humble family, but some fortune, lived handsomely, gave good dinners, good wines, became an alderman, and in short, was a "*devilish clever fellow*." The brother was a wild roving fellow, spent his portion faster than his father was making it for him, and died penniless. His sister married at an early age, a clergyman, and settled in the north of the state of New York, in what was then a wilderness: death awakened the fond husband from the dream of domestic happiness in which for two short years he had lived, by removing his gentle wife; but the winning smiles of his little girl insensibly beguiled his grief, and lured him back to earth. Faithfully did the affectionate father fulfil his duty to the motherless child; ere he closed his eyes to the world and its delusive joys, he beheld her united to Mr. Lovel, a young man of brilliant parts, and every way calculated to win a woman's heart, though he had naught but his noble soul to offer, and only a profession to baffle the iron hand of poverty. Upon an investigation of the worthy clergyman's affairs, but a small stipend was all that was left (through the villany of his agent) of the fortune of his lamented wife. Being of an easy disposition, and far removed from the busy haunts of men, he implicitly believed the stories constantly sent to him of the depression of stocks, and the fall of real estate, and died contented with what was allowed him; but Lovel and his young wife were rich in the heart's best affections—for which possession they would not have exchanged the earth's hidden treasures. They settled in New York, and in cultivating the virtues and talents of their little Agnes, they heeded not the frowns of the world.

After an interchange of a few visits, the Stanton's and Lovel's lost all knowledge of each other. The one moved from the bustling part of the city, to an elegant mansion, in one of the gayest and most fashionable streets. The Lovel's, contented with their lot, lived in a retired street, through which the splendid carriage of Mrs. Stanton never deigned to pass. The one family spent their lives in a whirl of gaiety, and in searching for happiness—which like the *ignis fatuus* had ever eluded their pursuit—the other realized the enjoyments of

life by steady perseverance in the path of rectitude. Their society was limited, but a select few of talented friends often assembled around their social board; thus enabling Agnes to overcome the shyness of youth, without mixing enough with the world to assume the air, and confidence of a belle a-la-mode.

The sun peeped through the chintz curtains into their small but cheerful parlour. A beautiful bird hung near the window, and as he basked in the bright rays of a winter's sun, he sent forth his thrilling notes. A few, but choice plants were also placed near the window, to expand to the genial warmth. Mrs. Lovel sat sewing near a bright fire, whilst at her feet sat Agnes with a book she was reading aloud to her mother.

Looking up from her book to chide Bob for his long and repeated warblings, her attention was attracted by the carriage of the Stanton's, as it drove to the house. And ere mother or daughter could make out the arms upon the highly polished pannel, the door opened, and Mrs. Stanton with her son and daughter entered the room.

The greetings between the ladies wore the semblance of cordiality. Edward was delighted with both mother and daughter, and thought the room the mirror of refined taste, blended with comfort. Not so Miss Jane; from curiosity she had condescended to make one of the party, and was surprised at the beauty of Miss Lovel, and the perfect ease with which she received her guests. Although she despised the small room and plain furniture, still she envied the luxuriant curls that clustered around her face, and scrutinized narrowly the finely formed head, to detect one pin or comb to fasten a borrowed lock; but in vain—she *felt* convinced that nature had placed them there; she sat in haughty silence, and only with a bow answered when addressed.

Edward regarded his sister with displeasure, and endeavoured to draw the attention of Agnes to himself; he chirped to the bird; admired the flowers; he next examined the paintings that hung around the room, and with surprise heard they were the mutual production of mother and daughter. Miss Stanton actually raised her glass, and half uttered "indeed!" At length the ladies arose, and made their exit to the carriage, and as it whirled from the door, Edward, casting a lingering look behind, asked his mother if she was pleased with her visit.

"Oh! of course; Mrs. Lovel is a fine woman, and her daughter appears a nice little creature."

"I never saw you behave unlike a lady until this morning, Jane," angrily said her brother; "but you really looked at poor Miss Lovel's head, as if you would have stolen those beautiful tresses, and appropriated them to your own use, instead of those of Manuel."

"This is past all endurance, Edward, first to inflict the visit upon me, and then to insult me; and as for the curls, I dare be sworn her father's last fee paid for them, and her colour too, with all her excessive *naivete*."

"Fie, Jane, you are now asserting what you know to be unjust; for if ever a head was adorned with *natural* ringlets, (which I confess is hard to tell in the present age of refinement,) *that* of Miss Lovel's is; and as for her colour, why it comes and goes with every breath."

Jane commenced an angry retort, but the mother commanded silence, and adroitly turning the conversation from the Lovels, she succeeded in restoring harmony. Driving to S*****s, in Broadway, they amused themselves in selecting satins and blonds, and overthrowing boxes of finery without once reflecting on the trouble they were giving their obliging attendants. Whilst the mother and daughter were thus idling away the morning, Mrs. Lovel and Agnes were quietly pursuing their occupation of sewing and reading. So interested was Mrs. Lovel in the story reading, that the morning visitors were almost forgotten; but it must be confessed, that ever and anon the pleasing manner, joined to the handsome figure and face of Edward Stanton, would flit across the mind of Agnes, and cause her to forget to commence a sentence—a circumstance hitherto unusual with her.

Concluding that Agnes was fatigued, her mother bade her lay aside the book, and prepare the slippers and coat for her father; and when Mr. Lovel did return to his home, the fond smile of welcome from his wife, the ardent embrace and happy greeting of his beloved child, repaid him for the trials and vexations he endured with the world; but he never brought shadows of the cloud that often darkened his pathway through life, to his happy home, nor saddened the brows of those that surrounded his fireside, by sighs and unavailing discontent. Mr. Lovel enjoyed the lively sketch drawn by his daughter, of their morning visitors; and wondered to what to attribute the *honour*; little was said on the subject by the parents; but Agnes caught herself wondering if Edward Stanton would ever call again. That evening arrived a card for the ball.

"Oh, how I should like to go, mamma."

CHAPTER III.

"Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
Steal with an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes."

"Fondness for Fame is avarice of air."

At length the important evening arrived, and was ushered in by a cold bright moon. The dwelling of Mr. Stanton shone with unrivalled splendour, and illuminated the square; causing the Queen of Night, in jealousy, to hide her face behind a fleeting cloud.

Mrs. Stanton had descended from her dressing room to the apartments below, which were deco-

rated with great taste. C—x had surpassed himself in the arrangements of lamps, candelabras, vases, and china ornaments without number and name. The massive damask curtains were so disposed as to form beautiful canopies, with seats to correspond, for some fair one to recline beneath their graceful folds. Before the full length glass in the front room stood a choice Hebe, a fine piece of sculpture; the mirror in the back room reflected the stately figure of Mrs. Stanton, as she, with a measured step, advanced to take her station to receive the expected guests.

Fifty winters had passed over the brow of Mrs. Stanton, and though touched with a gentle hand, had left their frosty mark; art now repaired the ravages of time—pearly teeth sparkled when she smiled, and dark tresses fell from underneath her velvet cap; whilst the satin dress with mystic skill concealed the almost skeleton frame. She stood for a moment and surveyed herself in the glass, then sighed deeply; she seemed labouring under some mental anguish; ringing the bell, she desired the servant to inform Miss Stanton her mother was in the drawing-room—"and do stop, James, and ask nurse if Miss Mary still sleeps;" her darling child—her youngest born lay dangerously ill with measles.

Mrs. Stanton was the mother of four children, two sons and two daughters; Jane had just completed her twenty-ninth year, and her taking precedence to her brothers in the dawn of life, was to her a never-failing source of vexation and chagrin. She now swept into the room; without regarding her mother, she stopped before the mirror, and with a complacent look contemplated her image, reflected there.

"How do I look, ma?"

"Exceedingly well, my love; do you not think that wreath *rather* high? and your curls droop a *leetle* too much."

"Not at all, ma'am, it's the fashion, Manuel says: he placed it in the most becoming manner; it gives a queen-like dignity to the figure, he thinks; my dress fits well, do you not think so?"

"Very well, dear, it displays the form to great advantage; but do hold yourself up, child, you bend over like a bow."

"Lord, mamma, you would have me stand like a criminal in stocks, head up and feet turned out; it is not graceful—a slight bend is easy elegance."

"Well, Jane, as you please; our ideas of grace differ widely—how late the people make it—I only hope that eternal bore, old Bedwin, will not be here, telling all he sees how well they look for their age."

"And defend me from that odious Mrs. Church, asking who every one's grandfather was,—Lord bless us, here she is, I hear the wretch's voice in the hall."

"Ah! dear Mrs. Church, how do you do? How kind to come early and have a little gossip before the rooms fill," cried Mrs. Stanton.

"That is my way, my dear; I know everybody

root and branch, and it amuses me to see the vast airs that some people put on."

"Oh! dear Mrs. Church," cried Jane, "do sit near where we stand, and then you can tell us who many are."

"Who don't know themselves; yes, child, I'll keep near."

"Horrid old creature! how I wish she was safe at home," mentally ejaculated Jane.

The rooms now filled fast; Mrs. Stanton was in ecstasies at having her lace veil nearly torn in shreds in consequence of the crowd; and Jane was in Elysium, at having Count Flaughenragues once more at her side, and listening to vows which told how remained

"Unalterably firm his love entire."

Mrs. Church had drawn around her a group of people who were convulsed with laughter, at the manner in which she was serving up some, whose airs had rendered them obnoxious to ridicule; one young beau rivalled the others in mirth, and in aiding Mrs. Church to names, when she was at fault; at length, turning round full upon him, she exclaimed:

"Your name, my dear sir, I think they call Wheatly; good man your father, he made the best hot rolls and buns I ever tasted; I hope, for the benefit of the present generation, he left a receipt?"

The beau coloured—bowed; and indirectly sauntered away.

"That young gentleman richly merits his rebuke, as in defiance of good breeding, he encouraged that old lady

"To convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;"

and wound the feelings of those who would scorn to perform the part of *crier* to a company." Thus spoke a gentleman who had witnessed with pain the by scene—Mrs. Church being the chief actor.

As the deep tones of the harp floated through the rooms, the buzz "who is she," heralded the arrival of a new face, and as the dense mass gave way, Mr. Lovel advanced with Agnes leaning upon his arm, her eyes timidly cast down, and her cheeks glowing with confusion, at meeting the eyes of so many persons fixed upon her.

Mrs. Stanton received her guests with the most flattering distinction; likewise the Alderman, whose ruddy face glowed with fatigue, and anxiety of mind, at watching the *waiters*, and his old wine, and the expected arrival of his honour the Mayor, and the common council; for although late in the evening, not one of his honourable brethren had yet made their appearance.

Edward Stanton immediately claimed the hand of Agnes for the dance, and her pretty mouth was wreathed in innocent, happy smiles, "sweet as spring-time flowers," at having him for a partner. If Edward thought Agnes handsome before, this evening he looked upon her as an angel of beauty,

and as he listened to her sprightly remarks, and marked the playfulness of her expressive countenance, he felt, though unconscious of its power, "the first impassioned dream of youth."

What a relief to turn from the automaton of *fashion*, set in motion by the spring of self-importance, to the artless child of nature, untrained in the arts of the intriguing world, whose actions emanate from the fountain of purity and disinterestedness.

Notwithstanding the brilliancy that reigned around, Mrs. Stanton's bosom was ill at ease; she noted with sad forebodings the animated looks of her son, and his entire neglect of the rich Miss Grimps, in violation of her express injunctions, for Agnes Lovel. While the laugh was loudest, and the dance the merriest, she would steal from the room to seek the sick couch of her daughter, and drop a tear on the fevered hand that lay almost unconsciously, upon her jewelled fingers.

The mother did not lack feeling; but so long had she been the slave of the tyrant world, that not for a sick child could she break the chains that bound her.

Jane cared not for the admiration that the beautiful Agnes excited; as in perspective glittered the coronet of a Countess, and soon, she thought, it would shadow her brow, as the Count had uttered ambiguous expressions, and looked an offer in every blink. Meanwhile the voice of inquiry was not silent respecting Miss Lovel.

"Beautiful creature, Jim—fortune, hey?"

"No! great pity, such a sweet face—her father a poor lawyer."

"Oh, the devil! why Ned Stanton will be bit, he is a greenhorn in such matters."

"Not he, faith; his politic mamma will take care of *that*; but by Jove, if she was *only* rich I'd be introduced, she is so pretty."

"Don't, don't, it will not be safe; but come, let us be presented to the rich Miss Grimps; they say that her father is worth a plum, within the smallest calculation."

"But, Jim, she is so infernal ugly."

"What of that, think of her *golden* charms." Thus saying, they joined the votaries of Pluto that surrounded Miss Grimps, and joined their voices in the chorus of adulation offered to the shrine of wealth.

Agnes heard not the remarks, nor would she have heeded them, if they had met her ear; she moved through the rooms the happiest of the happy. Many admirers of her personal charms were presented to her, and she reigned the belle among the disinterested and intellectual—Miss Grimps amongst the sordid and selfish.

As the band struck an inspiring march, the crowd squeezed their way up the stairs to the supper room. "How beautiful," "how vastly pretty," "what a sweet idea," exclaimed the ladies as they passed along the table, to be jammed two and three tiers deep along the sides of the banqueting room.

The supper table presented a fairy scene of

Lilliputian temples, grottos and bowers in sugar so refined, that, as the rays fell upon them they glittered like various gems and crystals; but a more solid banquet, than candies was disguised upon the massive silver dishes; and amidst the profusion of nymphs, flowers and roses were found every delicacy that our own or foreign lands could produce; and as champagne circulated wit sparkled, and for a moment every breast forgot its own internal care, and yielded to the influence of the enlivening scene.

Matrons and chaperons, now alarmed by the warning voice of time, gathered their trains and curtsied their adieus; the rooms thinned fast, and amidst the vociferations for carriages, answers of coachmen, trampling of horses and clanking of steps, many a soft good-night was given. Edward wrapped the shawl around Miss Lovel, and drawing her arm within his own, he whispered, "you will not lose that rose-bud, Miss Lovel, but when you look upon it remember that 'angels from friendship gather half their joys.'"

As the carriages turned from the door, the voices of discontent and envy were heard within them. "Oh, how horrid Jane Stanton looked; what an odious dress; only imagine, a fawn colour with such a sallow complexion; and how delighted she appeared with the attentions of that ape, Count Flaughenragues."

"Yes indeed; but she will never catch him, notwithstanding the intrusion of her mother's head between him and any lady he chanced to speak with during the evening—do you not think Mrs. Stanton at least fifty, Pa?"

"Fifty," growled the father, (who had not recovered the equilibrium of his temper, in consequence of the loss of sundry delicacies that disappeared at supper, while he was supplying the wants of two beauless daughters,) "fifty indeed; she will never see the snug side of fifty again."

And for such "half a hundred dear friends," did Mrs. Stanton sacrifice the feelings of her heart, and pass an evening of internal anguish. How many laid their heads upon their pillows with a secret sigh of envy, at the happiness of Mrs. Stanton, who was at that moment shedding tears of bitterness over the burning brow of her daughter, a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood.

The ball was over; the long wished-for evening passed, and in the train of hours had flown many a fond hope, and many a dream of love had awakened to a sad reality; some, however, had tasted of the elixir of enjoyment—pleasure unalloyed by jealousy or envy.

But there was one heart in that vast city that beat with envy at the brilliancy of the fête, and nearly burst its bonds by rage and disappointment, that *illness* should have prevented her from participating in its pleasures. That one was a Mrs. Rawdon, next neighbour to the Stantons, a rival to that family in dash and dissipation.

The dress and jewels were all in readiness, that were to have excited the envy of all present, when

lo! a violent ague in the face increased the natural roundness of one cheek to twice its original size, and the night that was destined to cause so many hearts to ache, was passed alone upon the bed of pain, in fretful repinings, tears and groans, as every burst of the festive strain met her ear;—but the Rawdons must not be introduced at the fag end of a chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"This is a notable couple."

At the commencement of the fashionable season in New York, (that is, when the chilling blast drives pleasure, and consequently visitors, from the various watering places, and the heavy dews warn the loiterer of a longer sojourn on the sea-shore,) Mr. Rawdon made his debut upon the stage of notoriety; his tandem, handsome livery, and lastly, his extremely stylish *self*, soon attracted observation; the voice of inquiry was silenced by "lately arrived from New Orleans," "immense income," "pleasing address." He soon ingratiated himself into the good will of the hotel, by his liberality in money, wine and good nature: however, it was soon whispered that the handsome Rawdon was a gambler; what did *that* signify! he was rich, beyond a doubt. The belles would slightly blush, as Mr. Rawdon, leaning upon the arm of a fellow dandy, would saunter up and down Broadway, and with a broad stare, gratify himself and the ladies; (no! the gods forbid, not the ladies;) then would the mammas walk at a convenient distance *behind*, to catch a passing word; and how would hearts palpitate if he condescended to join some fair one; and *then* would the mammas watch with eager eyes who passed, and what friend witnessed that child's triumph, and whose lip blanched with envy; as few young persons have such control of the inward thoughts, as to prevent the reflection from flitting across their countenances. It is only in after years, when the realities of what were before the ghosts of sadness and sorrows, oblige us to wear the mask of dissimulation.

But the attentions of young Rawdon were general to the ladies of New York; one day he would walk with Miss Dash, to appearance absorbed with her lively sallies and ready wit; and ere the busy world had well arranged the wedding, he was seen driving the pretty Miss Blush in his exquisite tandem; and now the gossips lost scent, and stood at fault, when Mr. Rawdon suddenly departed for Washington, and a few days after appeared in the daily papers, "*Near* Washington, was married Adolphus C. Rawdon, Esq., to Miss Anna M. Twibold, of England"—alas! the sighs that were heaved that day would have wafted the Delaware out to sea in a dead calm.

Ere many a bright eye had recovered its lustre, the Rawdons had arrived in the city, and put up

at Astor's; now were all on the *qui vive* to catch a glimpse of the bride, and many a card was left, before the poor lady had well-nigh reconciled to herself that she actually made one of the thousands that throng that famed city.

At length Mr. Rawdon established himself in a handsome mansion, next door to the Stantons, at — Place; his horses were the envy of the jockeys, his equipage of the ladies, and his famous French cook and *old* wines of the gourmand.

It was soon discovered that Mrs. Rawdon was a novice, as to the ton of the *beau-monde*; and not being blest with a mind of her own, she conformed herself to the *regle* of her many dozen friends; at the gentle hint of one dear creature, (who had a "love of a dress" to show off,) she gave a masked ball; at the suggestion of another, a *private* concert, where her friend *might* sing in *public*; thus she became a puppet for *tout la monde* to pull the golden wires.

The Stantons were their sworn allies; mamma gave advice (which was never taken), and Jane introduced her beaux, and confided her love affairs, whilst Mr. Stanton left (to use his phrase) no stone unturned to bring Rawdon round to the Whig cause; for which neighbourly kindness, he induced the worthy Alderman to *gamble*, for which amusement he always had a *secret penchant*. At length the pressure of funds began to be heavily felt by Mr. Stanton; what with losses at play, extravagances at home, and mercantile embarrassment, his hitherto firmly established house tottered, notes were protested, not a paper could be discounted, and execution threatened; all beyond appeared utter ruin, had not Mr. Rawdon stepped forward, and in a most unequivocal manner, relieved the sinking merchant, and propped the falling house. Everything now wore a new aspect, the Alderman's cheek resumed its ruddy hue, the long banished smirking smile played again around the broad full lip, and the wife, feeling the gentle breeze of prosperity, dashed, dressed, and panted as usual for the applause of the world.

Rawdon pursued the tenor of his way as usual, patronized horse-racing, cock-fighting, and gambled high; was never at home except at a dinner party, or ball; and thus was left to her guidance, his silly young wife, who consoled herself for the loss of his society, by her opera box, and Count Flaughenragues, as that incomparable personage managed with much adroitness to keep up the flame of love for the unconscious rival neighbours. But, alas, time was rapidly bringing to a close the denouement, as debts of the Count pressed sorely upon him, and in vain had the two beautiful diamond rings (pledges of friendship and love) followed the *gold*, attached to the lovely miniatures, to the jewellers with sundries bestowed by the fair ones, and *some* borrowed; in vain was every effort of economy; even the luxury of *picking his teeth* on the hotel stoop was abandoned, as the poor Count was obliged to keep close, or be dis-counted. To elope with Jane Stanton, was the only alternative left.

THE latter part of March still found the dreary winter lingering, loath to resign its reign to balmy spring; the timid wild flower shrunk from the touch of the chilling blast, and nature wept at the usurpation of its favourite season; at length the bright sun hurled the sceptre from the tyrant's grasp, and by its genial warmth lured onward the gentle gale, and decked the flowers with their gaudy colourings.

Broadway was now deserted for that delightful retreat, the Battery; various were the passions that swayed the breasts of those that mingled with the motley throng. There might be seen the merchant, standing with looks intent, gazing as far as the limits of sight would permit, to catch a glimpse of the lingering bark laden with his *soul's* best treasures; and how his heart leaps, as the white-crested wave comes dancing over the dark blue waters, and cheats him into a momentary belief that the much wished-for sail is in sight. Near him stands the fond young mother, whose anxious looks are turned upon her sickly child, while its plaintive wailings blanch with a deadlier pallor her wan cheek—*her life* is likewise one of care; the timid wooer, and successful lover, the bashful maiden, with the intriguing matron, all mingle together and hurry down the stream of life in search of that phantom—happiness.

Edward Stanton had become a constant visitor at the Lovels. Afraid to probe the feelings of his heart, he persuaded himself into the belief that *friendship* was ever luring him to the cheerful dwelling of Agnes, or that accident alone found him always at her side during her promenades. The crowded haunts of fashion were a desert to him, if he met not there those deep blue eyes, beaming so softly bright upon him; and with what silent rapture would he mark the tell-tale blush steal gradually over the finely rounded cheek, as he, to reveal upon her artless countenance, lingered a moment ere he joined her.

But with what different feelings did the parents view the increasing love of Edward and Agnes. Mr. Lovel would have preferred bestowing the hand of his daughter upon one whose mind and habits were more matured, and whose principles had not been formed in the school of worldly views and extravagances; still, he could not but admire the noble, generous bearing of Edward Stanton; his expressive countenance bore the stamp of a pure and uncorrupted heart. Although Mr. Lovel held in contempt the parents, Edward he respected, and ever extended to him the hand of genuine friendship.

Mrs. Stanton knew very little of the Lovels, and unless they came in contact in the streets, they were forgotten. At length her pride and fears were aroused by meeting Agnes constantly with Edward by her side. Her increasing beauty awakened a

twofold hatred in the breast of the politic parent. She represented in glowing colours the misery arising from such *disinterested* marriages, the effects of poverty upon the feelings in wedded life; and lastly, the absurdity of love being requisite to render the chains of matrimony lightly worn; but Edward was in love, and liked not his mamma's sophistry.

As for Jane Stanton, she seemed a perfect mystery; letters were received and answered in solemn silence; the whole tenor of her conversation was ambiguous; she noticed not her mother's anxious countenance; for no thought of feeling was in common between the parent and child. The Alderman looked less rosy, and more thoughtful; and although to the eyes of the world appearances were the same, still a mighty incubus rested upon the breasts of all the family, and each felt unhappy.

CHAPTER VI.

"To this complexion it has come at last."

In a small room, (the ceiling scarcely of sufficient height to allow its inmate to stand upright in his boots,) walked up and down its narrow boundary Count Flaughenragues; his tall gaunt figure shrouded in a faded silk morning gown; whilst his stockingless feet were thrust into a pair of red slippers. Upon a small dressing-table lay his wig, and a woollen nightcap covered his bald head; his whiskers and mustachios, which usually figured in jetty black, were now of a dirty snuff-coloured brown.

His cogitations were interrupted by a gentle knock, and with pale lips he opened the door to admit his landlady.

"Well, sir, I come once again to demand my just dues. I can't no how be put off any longer. Why it's good four months since I have had any thing from you but promises; and you——"

"Stop a bit, my good lady; I am so happy, I could hop, skip, and jump for joy; listen, I have a secret to tell you;"—thus saying, he laid his long bony fingers upon his nose, and gave her a sly wink.

"Law suz, a secret did you say? but it won't do. I want my money, and have it I will; or else I will set the boogaboos roaring around you, that's what I will, count or no count."

"Don't talk so; oh, how you make me perspire. But will you listen to my secret? I am about to run away with a great heiress, a girl of most prodigious wealth; and the first use I make of her money will be to pay you, my dear good lady; and a wedding present shall my adored Jane send you. Now I think of it, you had better dispose of this room; I shall not return to it." The count drew himself up to his full height, stuck his hands into his pockets, and cast upon his listener a look such as men suddenly made wealthy are apt to bestow on those they think their inferiors. Here the land-

lady cast her eyes around the room to note what was worthy of detention for the rent; but the wig only met her view, and that was nearly brushed bare. With heightened colour, she exclaimed:

"And so, sir, you think you will just take to your heels and trot off. But I'll tell you someit different sort of a thing to that."

"Now, my angel of a landlady, have patience. Don't hint at a tip-staff as you love-dife. Believe me, the first use I make of my wealth will be to satisfy your demands. In the meantime, to convince you of my honourable intentions towards you, I'll leave this valuable trunk in your care until my return to the city. Be so good as to look at its contents." Thus saying, he raised the lid, and presented to her astonished sight sparkling gems, which appeared to her gaze of countless value. Even her blunt gray eyes looked for a moment bright; reflection, no doubt.

"Ah, my dear marm, how much I have suffered rather than to part with these. They belonged to my lamented mother, the countess."

The landlady touched with the corner of her apron her eye, and endeavoured to cast upon the possessor of so much wealth a look of sympathy. At that instant the door was thrown open, and a man rudely entering, encountered the sensitive pair.

"Indeed, Mr. Solem, this is most vulgar conduct. I haven't forgotten your bill, and will settle it to-morrow; for I am about to be married to a very rich lady to-night, and will have it in my power to satisfy all my creditors."

"That cock won't fight; bird in the hand, you know—confound your rigmaroles about the marriage. Come, sir, plank up, or march with the constable below."

On hearing these frightful words, the landlady stepped forward, and offered to stand security for the count.

"Well, old lady, if you choose to stand for the same, well and good; but as for such coin as promises, you are welcome to my share of 'em." Accordingly, he pulled out a small vial of ink, and producing some writing-paper from his capacious pockets, he drew up a bail-bond, and requested the landlady to sign her name, which she did promptly.

"Well, that's settled," sighed the count as he followed the hostess to her front parlour, to quiet his perturbed nerves by a glass of "cogniac." Ere his tall figure shadowed the door-way, a thin, dapper looking man stepped up and presented his bill.

"Ah, I see, Mr. Tapestay; will positively send you the sum to-morrow, one o'clock. Good morning, sir."

"Pardon me, Count," bowing, to the threatened annihilation of his straps, "but I must take the unpardonable liberty of demanding my bill."

"Oh, is that all? There is your bill; you are right to take it. I have a dozen copies of the same in my room."

"Oh, ho! he! he! you are pleased to be facetious this morning; but it's the sum specified upon that

small bit of paper that I must beg your immediate attention to."

"Upon the honour of a gentleman, Mr. Tape-stay, you shall be paid to-morrow. But I will inform you, in confidence, that this evening I shall be united to Miss Stanton, the rich Miss Stanton."

"Allow me to congratulate you. But you will see the necessity of my being urgent, when I inform you that I shall likewise lead to the *hy-meal* altar a beautiful young lady. So, sir, once more, will you pay the money?"

"Mr. Tapestay, I must beg your patience; I cannot now pay you."

Mr. Tapestay bowed low, touched his hat, and ere the door could be closed, an officer gave the count an ominous clap upon the shoulder. At the earnest request of the unfortunate nobleman, a carriage was sent for, and being permitted to resume his wig and cloak, he appeared "dressed like a gentleman," as the landlady exclaimed. An affectionate adieu was exchanged; and on leaving his humble dwelling, he kindly took her hand, and whispered, "consider the jewels all your own, and try to free me from that horrid place."

Casting one lingering look behind, Count Flaughenragues drove from the door.

With a mighty effort, the forlorn hostess gulped down the rising sobs, and hurried to her *treasures above*. As she flung open the door, she remained for a moment motionless, at the air of desolation that reigned around: there stood the toilette, the combs, brushes, and pomatum pots, but what gave life to the scene, the wig was gone,—there lay the faded gown, and there reposed the red slippers; but where now rested the gawky limbs and ponderous feet, that were wont to fill their ample dimensions?—thrust into a jail, reclining upon straw.

Rummaging through the room, the landlady found some notes, which induced her to make immediate application in behalf of the captive knight, to the fair authors of the tender effusions before her; and with much care and no small difficulty she accomplished a note to the two ladies whom she considered most interested.

Having thus quieted her conscience, she proceeded with much satisfaction to examine the contents of the trunk. Carefully bolting the door, her cold gray eyes dilated with coming expectation of their destined feast. Applying the mystic key with much care, the lid flew open, and the rays of the bright sun fell full upon the sparkling gems. With feelings of awe she removed a necklace and bracelet, then the cotton on which they reposed, when lo! a pebble met her horror-stricken gaze. Eagerly she tore aside the coverings and heeded not the various rings that rolled over the floor, for with passion indescribable, she saw her dream of future wealth and castles of greatness flit from before her astonished sight, and naught remaining, but a few cobble stones.

No redress could the poor woman obtain; the

count was in jail, and her jewels were coloured glass. One thought, however, soothed her,—she would hasten to Miss Stanton, and expose his baseness to his destined bride.

CHAPTER VII.

"Was it for this I loved him so?"

THE gaudy tone of day had given place to the gentle glow of a summer's twilight, when a female figure, closely bonneted and veiled, slowly crossed the Park, and arrived opposite to the jail; casting a cautious glance around, she demanded admittance to Count Flaughenragues. After some hesitation on the part of the jailor, a *golden key* at length unlocked the door.

As the lady entered, the loud shrill voice of a female in the Irish accent met her ear; and looking in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, she saw the object of her visit stretched upon a flock bed; while by his side sat an aged, but athletic woman, wiping the tears from her ruddy cheeks with the corner of her plaid cloak, and swinging her body to and fro as she wailed forth,

"Och, och, that I should be livin' to see this day; och but that I was in my could grave wid Barny and Teddy. I've always been afther telling yez, Pat, that it wud come to this—but here comes a leddy (blessings upon her beautiful face) that is jist come to carry yez away, Pat, my darlint."

"Cease, good woman," cried Miss Stanton, throwing back her veil, "your boisterous voice quite overpowers me."

"Boisthrous is it, and who should be boisthrous in sich an hour if it isn't his ould mother, who has kilt herself to make him a gntleman? Why thin, Pat, haven't I?"

"Count Flaughenragues, explain this mystery; oh, I am ready to faint with horror at what I hear! Are you indeed the Count Flaughenragues to whom I plighted my vows, or—are you?" (in a tragic voice) "an impostor?"

"May the devil catch this ould tongue: an' is it the Count that ye'r afther? arrah, sure an he is, as was ever born of two honest parents, aren't yez, hinny?"

"Count Flaughenragues, in one word, is this woman your mother?"

"My adored Miss Stanton forgive this silence, but I am so distracted at my unfortunate situation, that all thought but my thanks for this amiable condescension in the most lovely of her sex, are absorbed in the horrors that surround me—my kind nurse here—"

"Och Pat, my jewel, sure yez thin wouldn't be afther denying the mother that bore yez—harm wud come to the tongue that would be doing it. Why thin, if the leddy has a liking for yez, she will kape the *secret*, and be none the *bit* the wiser. Sure an isn't he a gntleman born, as was his father before him, honest Pathrick M'Gee?"

"Base man," screamed Miss Stanton, "I see through your vile deceptions; I am the victim of your perfidy; under false delusions you have engaged my young affections, but I'll be revenged; here you may lie and enjoy your countship to your full satisfaction." Thus saying, she rushed towards the door, and encountered Mrs. Rawdon. Both remained spell-bound with the recognition.

"Miss Stanton, and in such a place!"

"Mrs. Rawdon, on a secret visit to a single gentleman; mighty fine indeed; no doubt his countship will be much indebted to your platonic friendship."

"A married lady, Miss Stanton, let me tell you, may venture to relieve the wants of a fellow being, where it is highly indecorous for a maiden lady to be seen!"

"Oh, no doubt madam, for you married ladies are always most fortunate in finding objects to bestow your kind sympathies upon; but before I leave you and the object of your commiserations, allow me to introduce to your notice *Mister PATRICK McGEE, alias Count Flaughenragues.*"

The rivals saw at a glance that each was in the power of the other, and that their conduct, in the eyes of the world, would appear most ridiculous; therefore, with seeming good feeling towards each other, they joined in a war of words against the unfortunate impostor, who stood the very personification of rage and despair, giving vent to his feelings by invectives against his sorrowing parent.

"Can't yez be aizey now; I don't belave there's a bigger plague livin' than yez are—and didn't I make a thairf of myself to make a gentleman of yez—and all for nothing at all, at all, but curses and swearen." Thus would the old creature mutter as she heard his imprecations.

"I'll clear yez yet hinny, so never heed them. Och, sure, but I'll jist give out that my Pat is dead, and raise a sum for ye'r wake, and what with begging and lying, I'll put yez in ye'r right place yet. So kape up a heart, my darlint, and don't be aither cursing ye'r ould mother, who will stick to yez when no one else will."

The affection of the mother touched the hearts of the fair votaries of fashion, who immediately tendered her notes of some value, and then with looks of direful ire, flashing lightning rage, they sallied from the room.

This event caused the ladies to be firmer allies than ever; for fear of betrayal made them almost inseparable, as sometimes the bonds of mutual interest are more tightly woven than disinterested friendship.

By hard labour and various stratagems, the poor mother amassed a sufficient sum to liberate her "darlint boy," who immediately commenced an excursion through New Jersey, in the capacity of a pedlar, and the "moon had not yet filled her horn," ere the existence of Count Flaughenragues was utterly forgotten in the fashionable circle where so many had vowed to him *eternal friendship*, and devoted affection!

"Love, then, hath every bliss in store,
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more;
Not to know love, is not to live."

EDWARD STANTON was a successful wooer, and Agnes, the artless and loving Agnes, lived in a dream of happiness; not a cloud shadowed her fair brow; even the fashionable Mrs. Stanton and the haughty Jane were metamorphosed into amiable women by the magic influence of Cupid. Bright season of joy, why so fleeting?

Guided by the mild and salutary advice of Mr. Lovel, Edward determined to turn his attention to the law; and, notwithstanding his high expectations of wealth, to become a man of *business*, and occupy hours of leisure, that sometimes hang heavily upon the hands of the man of pleasure, and thereby lead him with slow and stealthy steps, insensibly into the paths of vice.

With deep displeasure, Mrs. Stanton heard of Edward's engagement; but although the veil of *fashion* shrouded almost every feeling, still she loved her son; and as her health became greatly impaired by late hours and crowded rooms, she had the good sense to acknowledge that riches brought not happiness nor enjoyments to the domestic fireside without reciprocal affection. Even Jane became suddenly bitten with a mania to patronize Miss Lovel, and to show her off against her *bitter enemy in secret*, though sworn friend in *public*, Mrs. Rawdon; therefore, much to the surprise of Edward, the ladies paid a visit of congratulation to his blooming Agnes, who received them with so much unaffected pleasure and native grace, that they quite forgot to play the *condescending*, and overpower her by their excessive elegance.

Invitations to a dinner followed, and for the first time in many years Mrs. Stanton heard the voice of *real* sympathy, as Mrs. Lovel marked with regret her apparent declining health. The look, and tone of voice affected Mrs. Stanton; it touched a chord within her breast that had not vibrated for a long, long while; and secretly she determined to see more of Mrs. Lovel.

CHAPTER IX.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

SUMMER was fleeting fast, notwithstanding the many cares and sorrows that load the wings of time.

Many of the leaders of *ton* were at the various resorts of pleasure and matrimonial speculation; still Mrs. Stanton lingered in the city, finding more comfort, in her debilitated state, within her large airy rooms, and surrounded by luxuries that only can be found at *home*, than in country air, with small apartments, and wretched accommodations.

Not so thought Jane. Finding her mother resolved not to stir from the *horrid bricks* and mortar, and *hot* streets, she joined a party of pleasure to the springs, and left her sick parent to the care of menials. Then did the guardian angel of Mrs. Stanton hover around her in the form of Agnes Lovel; she was constantly by her side to soothe the hours of languor, and by her cheerful smile, and happy temperament, she upheld the drooping spirits of the invalid.

They rode daily together, and scenes through which Mrs. Stanton had passed for years, without dreaming of casting an admiring glance over them, were now viewed in a new light; for with a painter's eye Agnes beheld the setting sun, and glowing landscape, and from even the wild flowers that decked the road side, would she glean instruction blended with beauty. Silently did her pleased companion listen, as with the enthusiasm of a youthful mind would Agnes dwell upon the wonders of creation and the goodness of the *Creator*. The words sank deep into Mrs. Stanton's breast; they awakened a train of new-born thoughts; she felt an aching void, a something that fashion and the *world* could no longer fill. Thus left to *herself* and to the gentle guidance of mother and daughter, Mrs. Stanton lived to bless the hand that had stricken her; and to abhor the shrine, where she had for so many years sacrificed the best feelings of her nature.

LETTER FROM JANE STANTON TO HER MOTHER.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, August 3d.

DEAR MAMMA:—I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of the world of fashion that has assembled this season at the springs. All the elite from the south are here, and you know that they are such charming people, that it is delightful to be in their society. We are so crowded, and the bedrooms so small, that a breath of air cannot squeeze through to cool our fevered brows; but the balls are delightful, and I assure you that my net lace dress, with my diamond *ferrenniere*, cuts no inconsiderable figure here, so Mrs. Stubbs says, and I think her taste very good in dress; her son Adolphus is the most distinguished person here; he patronizes nothing American, everything Parisian, so you may imagine, I feel not a little flattered at his decided attentions, for, *entre nous*, it is the talk of the whole place. His mother is a charming woman, rather too short and fat to be elegant in appearance, but so kind. Adolphus assures me, he has known me by sight for a long time, and was only deterred from being introduced by that foolish report of my engagement with a certain person, which I told him was utterly false. A promised stroll with Adolphus (is it not a beautiful name?) will oblige me to leave off rather abruptly; which I trust, you will excuse. I hope you are better than when you wrote last. It gave me pleasure to hear that Agnes has made herself so useful. I think that match may turn out better than we at first expected.

Ned's wealth will make the display, and we may find Agnes convenient in time of sickness; so I think you are right to make the best of it—love to all, and believe me,

Your affectionate daughter,

JANE.

Sadly did Mrs. Stanton sigh as she read her daughter's epistle, so cold and heartless; and self-reproach increased the pang of maternal anguish; she was now reaping the fruits of her ill-advised training. "Poor Jane," mentally ejaculated Mrs. Stanton, "how deeply must the love of pleasure be planted in your breast when you can thus forget your dying mother. But I alone am to blame, I *forgot myself*; and how could I guide her." She wiped from her pallid cheek the scalding tear, and her thoughts turned for consolation to her youngest daughter.

The worldly Mrs. Stanton had placed Mary at one of the most expensive and fashionable boarding schools in the city, that she might there become perfected in the follies of a woman of fashion, and learn with greater facility to spend her father's reputed wealth.

Although of an age to leave school, still Mary was obliged to clip some years from her age and still play the child, until her elder sister should think proper to admit so dangerous a rival at home. Her mother was now awakened from her dream of folly, and immediately sent for Mary to share with Agnes the cares of the drooping invalid; cheerfully did she obey the summons; and soon learned to regard Mrs. Lovel as the most perfect of human beings, and the hearts of the youthful nurses were closely knit by bonds of mutual affection.

Mary Stanton was the opposite in disposition to her sister Jane. Naturally cheerful and amiable, she culled pleasure from every passing event. Her mind was easily biased to good or evil; her formation of character depended entirely upon the influence of the one to whom she attached herself. The mild and gentle bearing of Mrs. Lovel formed a striking contrast to her usual associates, while the simple elegance of Agnes struck upon her fancy, and without solving why, she determined to become like her.

Edward Stanton grieved to see his mother thus gradually sinking into the arms of death. When he looked upon her, so mild and resigned, so entirely withdrawn from the follies that had for years shadowed her better feelings, he remembered but her devoted love to him, her indulgence of every boyish wish, however absurd or arbitrary; and when he beheld his beautiful Agnes soothing with patience and gentleness his mother's pillow, and heard her breathe words of bright hope and peace to the sufferer, she seemed an angel sent by heaven to smooth the weary path of the poor worldling.

Mr. Stanton, although kind and gentle, appeared not sensible to the declining health of his wife. During the day he was seldom at home, and sometimes when the cool evening breeze fanned her wan cheek would Mrs. Stanton rally her fading powers, and thus deceive the unthinking husband.

"Farewell—in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair."

THE day had been unusually warm and sultry; scarce a leaf stirred; the daisies and rosebuds in vain courted the passing zephyrs; and as twilight usurped the gaudy day, dark clouds gathered over the face of heaven; flashes of lightning gleamed through the heavy atmosphere, whilst every burst of thunder proclaimed its nearer approach.

Mrs. Stanton reclined upon a sofa in the parlour; Mary sat near her mother, watching with deep anxiety her contracted brow, and Edward hovered around the sofa endeavouring by gentle attentions to dispel the fear of the trembling females. Mr. Stanton looked dull, appeared ill at ease, and with unusual harshness, negatived a trifling request made by his daughter. His hurried strides through the apartment were arrested by a low sepulchral cough; for a moment he contemplated the wan frame of his wife, his heart softened, and while a tear dimmed his eye, he took her hand, and endeavoured to persuade her to try change of scene, and the influence of another climate. The shower increased, vivid streams of lightning were followed by tremendous explosions of thunder, the very foundation of the house seemed to shake, and the wind swept in fitful gusts through the streets. Each sat absorbed in deep reflection, and not a sound was heard but the pelting rain between the thunder's roar. Amid the war of elements, a servant requested Mr. Stanton's presence in the hall, as two persons wished to see him. After a brief space he returned, deathly pale, but with a voice calm and composed, he took his wife's hand and bade her "good night," "as," he continued, "urgent business requires my presence down town."

"What a fearful night, Mr. Stanton, to venture out."

"The shower is passing off, my dear, good-bye, the sooner I go the quicker back"—he kissed her cold cheek and left the room.

The morning after the storm dawned clear; as the sun soared above the horizon, its genial rays dispelled the lingering clouds, and dressed (the now smiling) nature in glittering robes, like the tear in beauty's eye, chased away by the youthful smile of gladsome mirth.

Breakfast was over at Mr. Lovel's, and the cheerful parlour was arranged for the morning occupations. Mr. Lovel lingered with boot in hand, and foot suspended, listening to some tale of horror that his wife was reading from a daily paper, whilst Agnes (her thoughts far from the scene before her) sat plucking her needle when a messenger suddenly entered, and announced the death of Mr. Stanton! He was found dead in his office by a servant, early that morning. For a moment the intelligence seemed to paralyze Mr. and Mrs. Lovel; the next they prepared to hasten to the house of mourning. Sincerely did Agnes feel for her bereaved friends;

her hasty preparations could not keep pace with the intensity of her feelings, for every moment that separated her from sympathizing with them appeared an age.

Oh! the wonderful influence of that mighty conqueror, Death; how in a few fleeting hours is the ruddy glow of health, the active limbs, the cheerful tone, so full of coming hopes and joys, changed by the magic of *his* touch, for the cold marble hue, the stiffened, motionless frame, whilst the dreamy stillness that reigns through the house of mourning, is only broken by the quivering sigh and the measured footsteps.

— "No wonder that we dread
The thoughts of death, or faces of the dead;
His black retinue sorely strikes our mind,
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind."

The hours of sorrow sped onward; the remains of Mr. Stanton were committed to the tomb; many empty carriages and private equipages swelled the already lengthy train, the slow and measured pace of their horses expressing the sympathy of their owners.

Few tears were shed upon Mr. Stanton's bier; the pomp and display of wealth followed him to the grave; but not a sigh or secret prayer was heaved from the breast of gratitude.

The death of Mr. Stanton affected very differently the various branches of his family; the visible decline of his wife's remaining strength convinced the beholder that the shaft of affliction was sped with an unerring aim; whilst the absent air and petulant manner of Jane, showed that *her* thoughts were not with the silent dead.

To Mary the shock was great, although not regarding her departed parent with that *soul absorbing* love and veneration which sometimes glows within the heart—a holy flame kindled by the memory of scenes of youthful affection, and fed by the tear of never ceasing regret, when for ever removed from our sight. Still Mr. Stanton was Mary's father, and at his loss she wept with unfeigned sorrow.

Edward and Mr. Lovel were closeted with one or two friends daily, looking over the private papers of Mr. Stanton. The bloodshot eyes and haggard looks of the son revealed a heart and mind stricken by the hand of grief. Agnes, with the argus eyes of love, thought she discovered a distraction of manner, an absent air, that originated from other causes than the loss of his parent. She hid the surmise within her own breast, and trusted to time to reveal the cause.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip."

'Twas night; neither moon nor star shone through the heavy clouds; the rain fell in torrents;

and the fitful blast, as it swept ruthlessly onward, threatened to annihilate the dim lamps that shed their sickly rays over the deluged streets.

Clock after clock had tolled the hour of midnight; biped and quadruped, as if by mutual consent, had sought shelter and (perhaps) repose for the night. The stillness that reigned around was broken by the measured footsteps of a solitary individual as he threaded his way from the broad thoroughfare of the city through the less frequented streets towards that part called the Five Points. This tall and erect figure was wrapped in the ample folds of a cloak, whilst his mien and manner bespoke him a stranger to that place. He frequently paused, and seemed in doubt: but having at length assured himself of the way, he strode hastily onward, and soon stood before a large three storied wooden building, whose disjointed and rickety frame seemed to groan as every gust of wind swept past it. Not a ray of light could be discerned through crevice or crack; the whole place looked desolate and untenanted. Casting a keen and searching glance over the spot, he rang the bell cautiously; the door was opened, and a broad stream of light fell upon the form of the intruder, but so arranged as to shade the features of the porter. In a low tone he whispered a name, and, putting money into the hand of the man, he strode towards a door, through which glimmered a light. Ere Cerberus recovered from his surprise, the stranger had entered and the door closed.

In the centre of a large room stood a highly polished table. Upon it was burning a night-lamp; the bright rays were shaded by a large tin globe, so as to render the apartment gloomy, but throwing a strong light upon the papers beneath. Some attempt at comfort had been made; thick curtains fell before the windows; but whether to exclude the air from within, or lights from without, was matter of doubt.

By the table sat a man busily engaged in writing; his head rested upon his hand; so wrapped in thought was he that the intruder stood before him ere he was aware of his presence.

With a deep oath he started from his chair, and demanded the cause of his intrusion. Removing the shade from the lamp, the light fell upon the features of—Edward Stanton.

"Mr. Stanton! in the name of —, what desperation has brought you here?"

"You say right, Mr. Rawdon; desperation has brought me here. In me you behold a man determined to avenge a parent's wrongs, or die in the attempt."

"What mean you, sir? Your father has never received from me any injury, but the contrary; I supplied him with means when all others failed."

"Ay, I am aware how you aided him. But know, sir, I proclaim you gambler, cheat, and forger; and demand, without a moment's delay, the restoration of my father's bond, most unjustly held by you." Thus saying, Edward took from his breast a pistol, and placed it upon the table, the

muzzle pointing towards Rawdon, with his hand resting upon it.

Rawdon turned pale, trembled violently, and seemed visibly agitated. He hastily stretched his hand towards a hand-bell that stood upon the table.

"On the peril of your life ring that bell," cried Edward; and, springing forward, lunged it from the table.

"D——n, do you think to bully me? Fire off that pistol, and the room will soon be filled with those who will, with pleasure, wet their blades across your weasand."

"Be it so! I came not unprovided to this den of iniquity:" and, throwing open his coat, the light glanced upon a belt well stored with arms.

"Well, well, Mr. Stanton, put up your weapon; I'll not harm you willingly: but remove the muzzle of that barker if you won't put it up; for what man can talk calmly with it staring one in the face. Well, now, to business; to a gambler I cry guilty; but, sir, produce your proof of my talent as a forger."

"The voluntary confession of your accomplice, John Gordon—a man on whom I had heaped benefits; conscience smote him, and he has confessed all."

"The villain! the perjured wretch!" cried Rawdon, foaming with ungovernable rage; "but I'll be revenged; I'll track him till I make the earth suck his blood; and the carrions shall consume his flesh."

"Have a care; harm but a hair of his head, and instantly I will prove the murderer: your own expressions of revenge shall condemn you."

Rawdon saw that he had gone too far. To do away the impression, he demanded upon what terms he was requested to restore the bond.

"For once to rob justice of its rights, and leave you unmolested by me."

"That of course, sir, if you expect to leave this place in safety: but you name no compromise. Are you aware that I advanced Mr. Stanton money on that bond, and feel not disposed to lose it?"

"How dare you name a compromise, when you perilled the honour of my poor credulous parent, by advancing the sum in forged notes and money, of which he was not aware till the night of his death—caused, no doubt, by that discovery. I have papers to prove what I have asserted."

Caught in his own toils; betrayed by his accomplice; and, dreading a discovery ere he could leave the country, he determined to give up the bond, and thus bind Edward to secrecy, and facilitate his departure.

"Upon two conditions I'll destroy that bond. First, swear to me never to reveal to mortal this interview, and your knowledge of this place; and then draw me a check for two thousand dollars, payable to the bearer; and the paper is yours."

Taking the required oath, and drawing up the check, he received from Rawdon the desired parchment. Edward glanced over the contents, at the same time keeping a sharp look-out upon his com-

panion; who, when he observed Edward reading, rose from his chair, and made towards a side door. In an instant Edward was at his side with the pistol, and begged Rawdon, in a calm voice, to resume his seat until the deed was consumed, which he held to the lamp. Rawdon submitted with seeming good grace, for he was as great a coward as he was a villain.

With rapture did Edward behold the desired document lay a heap of ashes at his feet; then turning to Rawdon, he requested his company to the door, as, he continued, "our business is settled, I wish not to lose sight of you until we part, never, I trust, to meet again."

A satanic smile played around the mouth of Rawdon; he hesitated, but catching the stern look of Edward fixed upon him, he bowed, and advanced with him to the door. With a grateful heart Edward again encountered the rude blast and pelting rain; as he stepped from the stoop he turned to the right, but when the door closed, he sprang to the opposite side of the way, and ran with speed to the left; a wise precaution, as through the lower window, a bright flash, followed by a sharp report, convinced him that a leaden messenger had been sent after him. For a moment the noise made some confusion, but in a place accustomed to such nightly disturbances, it died away.

Edward reached his home in safety, and with feelings comparatively happy, he laid his head upon his pillow. He had wrenched from the clutches of a villain, what was to be resigned to his father's creditors, thus shielding that parent's honour from a censorious world.

CHAPTER XII.

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise, that has surviv'd the fall."

To the surprize of the *beau monde*, Mr. Stanton died bankrupt; everything was resigned to the creditors, and not a farthing was saved from the wreck. Fortunately for Mrs. Stanton, when the gales of prosperity wafted him on through the breakers of life, Mr. Stanton settled upon his wife the property that she brought him as a marriage portion,—an act of justice which saved the poor invalid from many an hour of suffering. Her yearly income was *now* no more than what she, in her days of vanity would have thrown away upon a favourite bauble, or any other article "remarkably reasonable;" still, she repined not; she had quailed the cup of pleasure—she now tasted its dregs.

Miss Stanton heard with surprising composure her blighted hopes; talked of disinterested affection, and love in a cottage. In the midst of this rhapsody a letter was handed her; with eager haste she tore off the envelope, and read the following:

DEAR MARY—We all condole with you on the

loss of your Pa, a worthy man I believe; we hope you are able by this time to look upon the matter composed.

After hearing the melancholy news that is floating about your Pa, you will not take it unkind to hear that our poor dear Adolfsuss is agoing to be married to the rich Miss Que—you see her at the springs. His expenses are very great, and he must have a *real* rich girl. He bid me say, my dear, that he has a very high opinion of you yet, and so has your

Friend till death,

PATTY D. STUBBS.

The rage of Jane knew no bounds; to be *thus* thrown aside for an obscure tailor's daughter—it was past all endurance; therefore, much to the secret satisfaction of her family, she suddenly determined to sail for New Orleans, and reside there with her married sister, a lady till that moment *almost* entirely forgotten by that amiable relative—and there she lived, and died, Miss Stanton, *unregretted and unbeloved*.

Poor Edward; his "fairy dream of bliss" seemed fleeting fast away;—for how could he think of wedding Agnes—beggard as he was! He would seek in other climes, wealth—but to part with *her* whose image was entwined with every thought and impulse of his heart:—distraction was in the idea. He determined to seek Agnes, and unburthen his disturbed mind, and leave the rest to fate. With his purpose thus resolved, he hastily hurried on to that spot, which to *him* seemed always the abode of innocence and contentment.

"What a type of our lives is yonder moon," cried Agnes, as they sat by the window with her head fondly resting upon the bosom of Edward; "watch how she sheds her lustrous light over the gray earth, and ere we can welcome her silver rays, those dark clouds sweep onward with troubled haste, and leave us in darkness."

"'Tis even so, dearest," sighed Edward; "how little did I dream, when last we sat and watched yon fickle moon, so sad a change would darken *yon* path of life."

"What is the matter, Edward?" cried Agnes, looking up into his face with great anxiety, "and how sad your voice sounds."

"Agnes, dear, beloved girl, promise me, let come what may, you will never forget your Edward; promise me, love, if you would preserve my reason."

"What *can you mean*, Edward; have I not vowed o'er and o'er again to be your own Agnes, and think you that the loss of a few paltry thousands could shake my firm resolves?"

"Say but the word, Agnes, you *will never* wed another."

"Wed another? never," cried Agnes, clasping her hands together with deep emotion, "and now let that solemn assurance calm your troubled spirits."

"Heaven bless you, dearest,—now can I endure perils and hardships—your *love* and *truth* will be

my *star of Hope*, to guide me onward to recover *that* which may enable me to claim with honour, this dear hand."

Agnes wept bitterly, and ere she could reply, her father entered the room and stood before them.

"Edward," cried Mr. Lovel, "with regret I perceive your mind still borne down by the weight of your accumulated losses; this must not be—ever cherish the memory of your departed parent, but cast aside this despondency, and youth will soon recover its elasticity."

"The deprivation of *that* which I once had a right to think would have been my inheritance, has but one sting."

"I know to what you allude; Edward Stanton, the hand of my beloved child you sought and won, when you were in the full enjoyment of all that could make life desirable, and *she* the daughter of an obscure lawyer; and now sir, with *more* confidence do I again give you this hand, with the burden of \$30,000, left to me by an eccentric relation in trust for my child, the knowledge of which I had intended to have kept a secret until your marriage."

Silently, but fervently did Edward press *that hand* to his lips—his heart was too full for utterance.

"Remember, Edward, it matters not on which side of the house fortune smiles, as long as the *heart is interested*."

Agnes, "with heart on her lip, and soul within her eye," hid her head upon the bosom of her mother, who had entered unperceived.

What a change in one brief moment came over that circle; from gloomy despair, to deep heartfelt happiness. The clouds had passed away, and the moon shone forth with unsullied splendour.

Mrs. Stanton lived to see her son united to Agnes Lovel, and to acknowledge that enduring happiness was not to be found at the shrine of Fashion.

The defects in Mary Stanton's early education, were like weeds in a garden; by care and judicious management they were easily eradicated, and when her mind became matured, and she gave her hand to one approved by her friend and preceptor, Mrs. Lovel, virtues that had been hidden by the follies of youth, shone conspicuously forth in the modest matron.

Agnes, the darling of her parents, the pride and idol of her husband, beloved, admired and honoured by all who knew her, passed her innocent life *happy and contented*, without once dreaming of

Le beau monde.

SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THE WHITE SATIN SHOES.

A STORY.

THE whole town of B—— was in commotion; the streets were alive with officers in red coats and white trousers, and young ladies in all the colors of the rainbow. It was the king's birthday; and in the morning the regiment quartered in the town gave an elegant *dejeuner* at the Dragon, and in the evening there was to be a brilliant ball at the Crown. Never had there been such a scramble for flowers and furbelows; white satin shoes were at a premium; the milliners and dressmakers were half dead with worry and fatigue, and the carrier from London came in loaded with bandboxes.

"How delightful!" exclaimed the pretty little Clara Rivers, as she stood by the bedside, where lay her new dress of white aerophane over a white satin slip, and a lovely garland of white roses for her head. "But my shoes, Sarah," she added, as a cloud came over her countenance; "I am very uneasy about my shoes."

"They'll be sure to come by the next coach," replied Sarah; "Dixon would never think of disappointing you. But indeed, miss, it's time you dressed for the breakfast, the clock has struck twelve some time;" and Sarah produced the delicate lavender silk pelisse, and the pale pink crape bonnet, ornamented with an elegant ostrich feather, which swept gracefully over the left shoulder of the little beauty; and, in the delight it afforded, effaced for the moment all anxiety about the white satin shoes.

"Now, Clara," said her mother, as they walked arm-in-arm up the street towards the Dragon, "pray be on your guard, and do not give any encouragement to the attentions of Major Waterton to-night; for although Arthur Henley is not here to see it, he will be sure to hear of it from some good-natured friend or another, and it will make him uneasy. Besides, it is improper, and should not be done whether Arthur is ever to hear of it or not."

"Very well, I will not," answered Clara; "but don't say any more about it now, for he is close to us."

"Who is?" inquired Mrs. Rivers.

"Major Waterton," replied Clara, in a low voice, for her quick eye had descried the gentleman in question hovering near the door at the very moment they emerged from it; and although she had not ventured to turn her head, she felt quite certain that the sword she heard jingling behind her, and the heels that resounded on the pavement, belonged to that gallant son of Mars. And so it proved; for in a minute more he was at their side, offering an arm to mother and daughter, and petitioning for the honor of escorting them to the breakfast.

This could not be refused; and although Clara had no intention of flirting, or doing any thing inconsistent with the allegiance she owed to her affianced Arthur Henley, yet the high spirits, and the laughing, and the repartee, and the sparkling eyes, and the bright cheeks, had a very suspicious appearance to the lookers-on, who one and all observed how very charming Miss Rivers looked, how very assiduous the major was becoming, and how lucky it was that Arthur Henley was not there to spoil the sport.

When the breakfast was over and the company dis-

persed, the major conducted the two ladies home, and then lounged towards the inn to see the London coach come in. Amongst those who awaited its arrival he perceived Sarah, with whose face he was acquainted; and thinking it right to observe the old maxim, of being well with the maid if you wish to recommend yourself to the mistress, he approached her, and asked if she were waiting for her sweetheart. "No, sir," replied Sarah, "I am waiting for a parcel from London for Miss Rivers." From this they fell into a little conversation, and remained together till the coach drove up; but, alas! it brought no parcel—at least, not the parcel. Sarah could not believe it; she thought it impossible that any christian shoemaker could be guilty of such an atrocity. Whilst the coachman declared it was not there, she declared that it was; she seized upon every parcel that was handed out to the bystanders, and got laughed at and abused for her eagerness and pertinacity.

"What will Miss Clara do?" she exclaimed, as she at length turned away in despair.

"Was it any thing wanted for to-night?" inquired the sympathizing major.

"Oh yes, sir," replied the Abigail, "it was a pair of white satin shoes for the ball. Miss Clara would not have them made here, because Smithson is such a clumsy hand, and she wrote up to Dixon, and sent him a pattern shoe a fortnight ago. What a wretch he must be, to be sure, never to send them, nor even so much as write a line to apologise."

"It's shameful!" answered the major; "and I'm afraid Miss Rivers will be very much disappointed."

"Disappointed! I fancy she will!" responded Sarah.

"Her dress is to be all white, and what she's to do for shoes, whip me if I know! There won't be such a thing to be got in the town now, for love nor money."

"That there certainly will not," replied the major, ruminating. "Let me see," said he, taking out his watch, "it's now three o'clock; I think it could be done: could you contrive to let me have a shoe that fits Miss Rivers exactly?"

"Oh yes," answered Sarah, "I could fetch one in a moment."

"Do, then," said the major; and calling the waiter, he ordered a chaise and four to be brought out instantly.

By the time Sarah returned it was at the door. "Tell Miss Rivers," said he, "that if there is a pair of shoes in Bath that will fit her, she shall have them by half-past eight or nine o'clock."

"Bath!" exclaimed Sarah—but her exclamations of astonishment and admiration were wasted on the winds; the post-chaise and four was out of sight before she had got half through them, and had cleared the town before she had sufficiently recovered her amazement to turn her steps homeward, with the final ejaculation of, "Oh my! what a gentleman!"

"No shoes!" exclaimed Clara, clasping her hands in despair, as Sarah entered her room empty-handed.

"That wretch Dixon has not sent them," replied Sarah; "but if there's a pair of shoes in Bath, you're to have them; and the major has just set off in a chaise with four horses to fetch them for you."

Clara turned pale and was silent; the conviction that this should not have been done struck her with such force as even to disperse for the moment all the fumes of vanity, and "What will Arthur Henley think if he hears of it?" hovered upon her lips. "How could you think of telling Major Waterton about my shoes?" said she to Sarah; but Sarah exculpated herself by relating how the thing had happened, adding, "Who could have dreamt of his setting off to Bath as fast as four horses could take him, to fetch a pair of shoes?" "Who, indeed!" thought Clara; "and as I did not know he was going to do it, it was impossible for me to prevent it," and the desire for the shoes, and admiration of the major's gallantry, soon superseded, or at least in a considerable degree superseded, her consciousness of impropriety and her apprehension of Arthur's displeasure.

"Are your shoes come?" inquired Mrs. Rivers of her daughter, when they were seated at dinner.

"Yes, mamma," answered Clara, blushing with shame at the falsehood, and yet not daring to tell the truth; aware how displeased her mamma would be, and not free from the apprehension that she might forbid her to accept the shoes when they arrived.

At eight o'clock Clara Rivers went to dress, and at half-past eight a carriage stopped at the door, and there was a loud ring at the bell.

"Run, Sarah," said she, "and take the shoes yourself; don't let James get them. I'm afraid mamma must have heard the wheels, and will want to know who it is."

Down flew Sarah, rushing past the footman, who had just opened the door, and presenting herself at the side

of the carriage, she thrust her hand into the open window to receive the parcel; but, to her surprise, she found her hand seized with the greatest ardor by the occupant, whilst the voice of Arthur Henley cried—

"Why, how did you find out I was coming, Clara?"

"Oh, Gemini!" thought Sarah; "it's Mr. Henley himself! It's not Miss Rivers, sir, it's me," said she; "Miss Rivers is dressing;" and whilst they were speaking the anxious ears of the Abigail detected the rapid approach of another vehicle.

"Well," said Arthur, "tell her I only called at the door to let her know I was come, and to leave this parcel; it's a pair of shoes from Dixon; I am going on to the Crown to dress, and will be ready to meet her on the stairs."

"Here," cried the major's voice from the other carriage, which had just drawn up, "give this to Miss Rivers, with Major Waterton's compliments!"

"Who the deuce is that?" inquired Arthur.

"It's only Major Waterton left a parcel," said Sarah, retreating with the two pair of shoes; whilst Arthur told the postillion to drive on to the Crown, deferring further investigation till he saw his mistress herself.

When Clara heard of the encounter, and found that, instead of having no shoes at all, she had two pair at her disposal, she felt exceedingly perplexed. She was afraid something disagreeable might arise out of the major's gallantry; and she was greatly in doubt which pair of shoes to put on—those brought from Bath were delicately embroidered with silver; the London ones were of plain white satin. Both fitted equally well; but the Bath pair were the prettiest; and she felt, besides, that not to wear them, after the poor man's chivalrous expedition to obtain them, would be too ungracious. So she decided in their favor, and stepped into her chair with a gratifying consciousness that no lady in the room would show a prettier foot, or a more elegant shoe; but yet not without some slight misgiving that these same shoes might cost her trouble.

As her chair was set down in the hall of the Crown Inn, two gentlemen advanced to hand her out, Arthur Henley and Major Waterton. She shook hands with the first kindly and warmly; and then, much to her lover's astonishment, took the arm of the second. He was looking so pleased, and proud, and confident of his arm being accepted, that she felt if she had done less her very shoes might have cried out against her.

"I hope they fit!" said he, looking down at her feet.

"Perfectly," replied Clara, blushing.

Henley overheard the question, and directing his eyes to the feet also, perceived they were not in Dixon's shoes. His blood began to fire; he understood at once that this presumptuous Adonis (for the major was very handsome) was the officer who had left the parcel at Clara's door an hour before; and he shrewdly guessed that the parcel must have consisted of the shoes. He therefore followed the lady and the triumphant major up stairs in a very fine mood for a quarrel, although Mrs. Rivers took an opportunity of whispering to him, "That's a Major Waterton that is quartered here; a very gentlemanly, distinguished man; he has been very civil to us about tickets for the breakfast, and Clara can hardly help dancing the first dance with him, as I heard him ask her this morning, when she had no idea you were coming."

"I shall make a point of writing to announce my intentions the next time," replied Henley with some irritation; and when Clara and the major took their places in the dance, and Mrs. Rivers sat down to the whist-table, he stuck his shoulder in the corner of the mantel-piece, and stood leaning there in silence and fults, the very picture of discontent. The moment the two dances were over he advanced and offered Clara his arm, which this time she took.

"I suppose you are not engaged for the next two dances?" he said.

"No," replied Clara; "I'll dance with you. But what brought you down, Arthur? I had not the least idea of your coming."

"I dare say not," answered he, rather drily; "but I heard of the ball, and finding I could get away from town for a day or two, I resolved to come."

He would have liked very much to learn the history of the major and the shoes; but although he was aware that he might possibly hear something that would clear up the mystery, he could not bring his temper to ask for an explanation; and when his two dances ended, he knew no more of the matter than when he began them.

"You know you are engaged to me for the first gallopade, Miss Rivers," said the major, approaching Clara; "and I find we are going to have one now;" and he handed off the young lady, who in a moment more was whirling with him

round the room, whilst Arthur, ten times more sulky than before, again stuck his shoulder against the mantel-piece and looked on.

"Well, I do think it was the most gallant thing I ever heard of!" exclaimed a young lady, who was standing near Arthur, looking on at the dancers.

"What is the chivalrous action that Miss Burnett so much admires?" inquired a gentleman who came up at the moment.

"Why, Major Waterton's taking a post-chaise and four at three o'clock this afternoon, to fetch a pair of shoes from Bath for Clara Rivers," replied Miss Burnett.

"Hush, Charlotte!" whispered Miss Burnett's sister; "don't you see Mr. Henley close to you?"

At that unlucky moment, whilst his ears were tingling with the information they had gathered, the whirl of the dance brought the offending couple close to him, and he felt the heel of the major's boot upon his foot. His temper got the better of his good manners, and as the major was turning to apologise for the unintentional offence, he uttered an opprobrious epithet, and pushed him rudely away—so rudely and so violently, that both the dancers had a very narrow escape of stretching their lengths upon the floor. Irritated at the affront offered to himself, but still more at that offered to his partner, and utterly unacquainted with Henley's person, name, or claims on Miss Rivers, Major Waterton's indignation, on perceiving that no apology was offered or intended, was beyond control. A violent quarrel ensued, which it became apparent to the by-standers must end in a duel. Henley's friends comprehending the cause of his provocation, endeavored to bring about an explanation. Mrs. Rivers entreated, Clara wept, and the whole room was in confusion; but the disputants were too angry to listen to any representations. At length, however, the friends of the offending party contrived to get him out of the room, and several adjourned with him to his private apartment in the hotel, where they made further efforts to placate his wrath; and although, in effect, with little better success, they succeeded in obtaining a promise from him, that, as far as he was concerned, nothing more should be done in the business till they returned to him in the morning.

When Arthur retired from the ball-room, Mrs. Rivers and her daughter went home; then Clara sat down and wrote a clear explanation of the whole affair of the shoes to her lover, concluding with the warmest assurances of her continued affection, and dispatched it immediately to the hotel. When the missive arrived, Henley was pacing the room like a wild beast in its den, resolved to do fearful execution on the major, and only wishing for the peep of day that he might obtain the relief of venting his wrath in action. But Arthur was more passionate than vindictive; and when he had read Clara's letter, and learnt that her allegiance was unviolated, and her affections untainted, he repented him of the unrestrained indulgence he had given his temper, and felt she had a right to be deeply offended at the pain he had occasioned her and the exposure he had made. He resolved to seek an amicable explanation with the major in the morning; and aware how much anxiety Clara must be suffering in the interim, late as it was, he put on his hat and cloak, and set forth to relieve her uneasiness.

As he advanced through the streets, towards the outskirts of the town, where Mrs. Rivers resided, he perceived that he was preceded by a gentleman in a military cloak, whom, from his height and demeanor, he suspected to be Major Waterton. "What can he be doing this way?" thought he; and an uncomfortable feeling of dissatisfaction again took possession of his mind. The major advanced straight to the house, examined the front, put his ear to the door, walked round to the back, tapped at a window where he saw a light, was answered by the extrusion of a female head—there was a short colloquy—a note was delivered; and then retreating, he walked away in the direction of his barracks, which were situated about a couple of miles from the town. Without very well knowing what he was going to do, and in a confusion of mind that rendered him incapable of deliberation, Arthur Henley walked after him.

(Conclusion in our next.)

SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THE WHITE SATIN SHOES.

(Concluded.)

By the time, however, Arthur Henley had continued the chase for about a mile, reason began once more to resume her sway. "Was it not passion," he said, "that has led to all this mischief and exposure, and am I not at this moment acting under the same pernicious influence? How do I know but this mysterious visit of the major's, strange as it seems, may admit of explanation? I'll turn back, and wait as I promised, till my friends come to me in the morning;" and so saying, he retraced his steps and returned to the hotel.

On the following day one of his earliest visitors was Mrs. Rivers herself. Having received no answer to Clara's letter, they feared it had failed to convince him; and she came to assure him of his mistress' innocence, bringing with her, also, a note from Major Waterton, addressed to Clara on the preceding night, expressing much regret at what had happened, imputing it to his ignorance of the relation in which she and Henley stood to each other, and assuring her that he should be quite willing to advance half way, or even more than half way, towards an amicable termination to the quarrel. "He left it at our house last night," said she, "after the ball was over, and he had learnt how you and Clara are situated."

Arthur thanked his stars that he had taken some grains of cool patience on the preceding evening, and not been guilty of an insult that no subsequent apology could have effaced; but, ashamed of himself, he said nothing of his midnight expedition.

"I did not answer Clara's note," he said, "because I fancied she would be gone to bed, and feared to disturb her."

"An ill-placed fear," replied Mrs. Rivers. "A satisfactory answer might have given her rest, and prevented her being as ill as she now is."

As Arthur was the undoubted offender, it was next arranged that his friend should proceed to wait on Major Waterton, and pave the way for the desired explanation; and for this purpose he despatched a gentleman named Wright to the barracks. But Mr. Wright returned, not having been able to perform his errand, Major Waterton being absent. "His servant says he has not been home since the ball," said he. Henley thought this odd, considering that he had himself seen him a great part of the way home, and that at an hour when it was not likely he should have found any other place to go to. However, Mr. Wright had left his card, and there was nothing to do but await a communication. But the day passed, and no communication arrived; and it soon came to be generally understood that Major Waterton had not yet been seen at the barracks. Considering his position with respect to Arthur Henley, this disappearance of his appeared not a little extraordinary; but when not only one, but two, three, and four days elapsed without bringing any tidings of him, surprise grew into astonishment, and his friends began to feel uneasy.

The first report that became current was, that, disappointed in his views with regard to Miss Rivers, he had made away with himself; and as his body was not forthcoming, drowning was fixed on as the mode of his exit. But most persons rejected this supposition, because the letter he had addressed to the young lady after the ball denoted neither despair nor displeasure. Indeed, his attachment was not imagined sufficiently serious, by those who knew him best, to have led to any such extreme re-

solution. But as the affair began to be more generally known and discussed, a fresh rumor arose. It was whispered that some man had been heard to say, that on the night of the ball he had met an officer walking rapidly on the road to the barracks, and that, a little way further, he had met Mr. Henley going in the same direction and at the same pace. The first he did not know personally, but the latter he did. This story was handed about from mouth to mouth, accompanied in the beginning only with mysterious looks, next with interjections and ejaculations, and at length with sundry comments implying or avowing suspicion, till at last the gossip reached the ears of Arthur Henley's friends, one of whom, indignant at the calumny, went straightway and informed him of what was going on.

"Of course, this fellow who says he met you following Waterton is mistaken," said Mr. Taylor; "but the sooner the thing is publicly contradicted, the better. Lies of this description travel at such a pace that if one don't make haste there is no overtaking them."

"I can't contradict it, unluckily," replied Henley. "I was out on that night, and I *did* follow Major Waterton for some distance on that road. This fellow may have met us, for any thing I know."

"That is very unlucky," answered Taylor. "For what purpose did you follow him?"

"I scarcely know myself," responded Henley. "I had no defined purpose, but I was irritated (and he here related the cause of his irritation) and acted without reflection. As soon as my passion had somewhat subsided, and I had time to see the folly of what I was doing, I turned back."

"Then there was no collision—no quarrel?" inquired Taylor.

"None in the world," replied Arthur; "I am satisfied Major Waterton never saw me, nor in the least suspected my vicinity."

"It is very unlucky—very unlucky, indeed!" reiterated Mr. Taylor, "that is, if any thing should really have happened to Waterton."

"What could have happened to him?" answered Henley. "I have no doubt he will turn up in a day or two. I shall not give myself any uneasiness or trouble about the matter."

But Major Waterton did not turn up in a day or two, and when a fortnight had elapsed without bringing any tidings of him, or from him, his friends were written to on the subject, and inquiries were made in every quarter where he was known to have acquaintance. But all to no purpose—Major Waterton was not to be heard of; and Arthur Henley found it more easy to make a resolution against uneasiness than to keep it. He began to feel that his situation was a very unpleasant one, and would have given half he possessed to see the man, whom a short time before he so earnestly desired to exterminate, walk into his apartment at the Crown in a whole skin. But as Major Waterton did not do this, when a reasonable time had elapsed Arthur Henley, with the approbation of his friends, surrendered himself to take his trial, as the only means of clearing his reputation and putting a stop to the rumors which were gaining ground every day.

We will not dilate on the grief and remorse of poor Clara when she perceived the melancholy results of what she had imagined to be a very harmless little flirtation. Her dismay may be conceived; but it was curious that all those who had been most busy in raising and circulating suspicions against Henley—those who had ejaculated loudest, shaken their heads most ostentatiously, and hummed and had most significantly—now that they saw him shut up in a jail, the victim of circumstances and of their evil tongues, became the loudest in his justification. In short, they were frightened and shocked; they discovered that, in their hearts, they had never believed him guilty, but had been actuated by the love of gossip, the passion for mystery, and the desire of excitement. But if Major Waterton was not found, poor Arthur Henley might be hanged, for any thing they knew; and every one who had helped on the report, felt as if, to use a common phrase, he had stuck a nail in his coffin.

During this distressing state of affairs Mrs. Rivers thought that Clara had better be removed from the immediate scene of action; but as the young lady objected to abandoning her lover in his adversity, she was only transported to the house of an aunt who resided by the sea-side, about six miles off, whence she could occasionally return to visit him.

The unhappy seek solitude; and accordingly Clara, avoiding the society and the haunts of her relations and friends, took to wandering on the sea-shore by herself, dedicating her thoughts to sad meditations, sacrificing her curls

and silk dresses to the damp winds and salt spray, and her delicate shoes and silk stockings to sharp pebbles and sea water.

There was a considerable extent of beach and sand which could be safely traversed at low water, but there was a point where the waves washed over the rocks jutting into the sea, which always stopped her; although she was aware that, could she have crossed this little promontory, the way would have been open to her for some distance further. She once tried to climb over it, but it proving to be much higher and broader than she had expected, she gave it up as a lost case, and submitted to the impediment. One day, however, to her surprise, she found the water had so far retreated, that the path was practicable—it happened to be neap tide—and she resolved to take a peep of the other side. When she had rounded the point she found herself in a little bay, enclosed by an almost perpendicular wall of rock, and carpeted by a smooth bright sand. "What a charming spot for bathing!" thought she; "but I suppose it would not be safe, except in this particular state of the tide; and indeed now," she added, "I had better be cautious, lest I should be caught myself."

Carefully watching the progress of the waves, she proceeded to cross the bay to the promontory which enclosed it at the other extremity, which proved to be as inaccessible as the first. Here she paused for a moment, and looked about her before she retraced her steps. There was a little basin in the rock which particularly attracted her attention; the water that had lodged in it with the last tide was clear as crystal, the bottom was of bright white sand, the sides were lined with beautiful sea-weeds of various hues, whilst a number of star-fish, and wilkes, and mussels, and other little denizens of the ocean, were feeding and taking their recreations, their motions as visible to the eye as if there had been no water to impede the view. But amongst them there lay something that appeared to be neither shell nor pebble—it was assuredly a ring—"perhaps belonging to some drowned wretch," thought she; so she tucked up her sleeve far above the elbow, and drew it out. But what was her surprise, when she recognised the trinket as one she had observed on the finger of Major Waterton, at the breakfast, on the morning of the fatal expedition to Bath, "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "then he has really made away with himself, and Arthur can never be justified!" Overwhelmed with this dreadful conviction, and with the belief that she should thus have occasioned the loss of two lives, the poor girl sunk powerless on a ledge of the rock, and, forgetful of her own danger, gave way to her tears, and there perhaps she might have sat till it was too late to escape, had she not been roused by the voices of some boatmen, who, perceiving her danger, hailed her as they sailed past, and cried to her that she had not a moment to lose. She accordingly rose, and hastening back, reached the promontory just as the waves were beginning to wash over it; and arrived at her aunt's wet and fatigued, and in the greatest agitation.

There she told her story; and the ring, which many could identify, was sent to Major Waterton's friends at the barracks. That it was his ring all admitted; but they were not all equally unanimous in the belief that he had drowned himself. Those who knew him best, positively denied it, and averred that he was the last man in the world to do such a thing. He might have gone down to bathe, and either got out of his depth, or been overtaken by the tide—the spot appeared likely for such a catastrophe. "Bring us an almanac," said one: "let us see how the moon was on that night." It proved to have been a neap tide, the moon was in her third quarter. This discovery led to further suggestions; and it was agreed that an expedition should be made to the spot, to examine if any further indications of their comrade's fate could be found.

They accordingly provided themselves with a boat, and set out on their voyage of discovery, and many a one has produced results of less importance. They found no new lands, nor so much as an unknown shell or sea-weed; but they found on a ledge of rock, just above high water-mark, the whole of Major Waterton's clothes—those he had worn at the ball—carefully rolled up, with his watch beside them, and evidently placed in security where the wind was not likely to reach them or the water to wet them.

Not a shadow of doubt remained on the mind of any one. He had strolled down to the beach to refresh himself after the excitement of the night—extended his walk to the bay—been probably attracted by its beauty, had thought, as Clara did, "what a nice place for a bathe!" had undressed, gone in, and been drowned.

Arthur Henley was justified; and Clara received a lesson which she never forgot.

THE WIDOW OF NEWBURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE."

'T WAS the eve of Newbury fair, and the time near the close of the long reign of Harry the Eighth, after monasteries were suppressed. Reform stalked through the land—all things were turned topsy-turvy—abbots and monks beggared, that poor lords might thrive—priests permitted marriage, and nuns driven from their pleasant retreats, were forced to spin for a livelihood. But amid the greater marvels, the townspeople of Newbury had often leisure to ask why Mistress Avery remained so long a widow.

Sitting in her embowered porch, watching the cavalcade of merchants, buffoons and jugglers, on their way to the encampment and site of the morrow's revels, she attracted many a longing eye. The merchant, whose wandering vocation led him from ancient Byzantium to the shores of the Thames, who came to Newbury to exchange rich silks and foreign jewelry for broadcloth, as he rode by the capacious square tenement, with its deep, embayed windows of dark chesnut-wood, and caught a glimpse of the fair owner, sighed when contrasting his own desolate, wandering lot with that of the fortunate wooer of the rich, comely widow. Mistress Avery was relict of the richest clothier of Newbury, who, dying, left her in sole possession of looms, lands, tenements and leases. Handsome, young, brisk, with riches unquestionable, she attracted tender regards from all quarters—even the proud gentry of Berkshire, with genealogical tree rooting from Norman marauder, far back as the conquest, disdained not an alliance garnished with broad manors, woods of a century's growth, and goodly array of tenements, of which our widow held fee-simple. But when pressed successively by belted knight and worshipful esquire, she courteously declined their offers, alleging she was bent on marrying one of her own class in life, (if she should change condition,) one who could take upon himself, without degradation, the task of superintending the looms. High born swains repulsed, the field was open to gallants of lowlier rank. But these faring no better, and incurring the ridicule of neighbors, suitors became shy and reserved, seeking to extract token of favor ere they avowed themselves. If the curate called, 'twas merely an inquiry after her soul's health—the inquiry perhaps linked to a request that she would, from her stores of boundless wealth, add a trifle to the contributions of the poor's box. The lawyer had his ever ready and undeniable excuses for visiting—leases there were to sign, indentures to cancel. Nor was the tailor barred his

plea—was there not much broadcloth yearly fashioned into apparel for lusty serving-man, active apprentice?

Behind Mistress Avery, as she sat gazing at the straggling pageantry, there loitered in hall and doorway the apprentices and domestic servants of the household. Distinguished amongst his companions, by superior stature, stood John Winehcomb, chief apprentice. To him the widow oft turned with remark on passing stranger; the soft regard thrown into her address would have excused boldness in one far less favored by nature than the apprentice, but his answers were submissive, modest, even bashful. An acute observer might perhaps have detected a shade of discontent on the widow's handsome features, perhaps, as fancifully, attributed it to the coyness and reserve of young Winehcomb; and, indeed, as revolving months lengthened the period of widowhood, there had not been wanting whispers, that 'Prentice John stood a fairer chance with his mistress than all the knights or reputable burgher citizens and yeomen of the county. His appearance certainly did not gainsay the rumor—he had completed his twentieth year, health flushed his cheeks, honesty and intelligence stamped his looks—the features were bold and decided, though of modest expression. In character, he was one of those gifted youths, in whom strict attention and unvarying promptitude supply the place of experience, and who acquire the management and conduct of business, in ordinary cases, rarely entrusted to men of mature years. The clothier, when dying, recommended his spouse to confide business affairs to John—she had done so; in the factory and with the workmen 'Prentice John was all and everything—from his word 't was useless to appeal.

But when young Winehcomb's credit with Mistress Avery was canvassed, the gossips were at a loss to affix on decisive marks of favor or tenderness. 'T is true, he accompanied her to church, but so did the other apprentices—walked by her side, sat next his mistress during prayers, his arm was accepted, his hand arranged the cushions—but then, was he not chief apprentice, would it not be slighting to prefer the services of a junior? Look narrowly at his conduct—there were none of the characteristics of a favored swain, no semblance of behavior indicating one presumptuous of the honor, nor could the absence of these tokens be attributed to natural timidity in the presence of the sex, for at country meetings and

fairs, where hoydenish romping was the usual diversion of youth, John participated in rustic gallantries. Yet, sooth to say, though the gossips were at fault, they were not wrong in their conjectures; the widow was deeply in love with 'Prentice John, for his sake had dismissed high-born suitors, wealthy citizens, and, we need hardly say, (though scrupulously regardful of reputation,) had given him many hints, which, alas! he was slow to understand. It might be inexperience, want of self-confidence, or innate modesty, which withheld the youth from tracing her encouragement to its real motive; but from whatever cause, Mistress Avery, who had a very high opinion of her own personal attractions, knew he must be perfectly well acquainted with her riches, was greatly perplexed with his diffidence, his want of susceptibility, and concluded the apprentice must be in love elsewhere to withstand such allurements.

One while, racked with jealousy, determined in very spite and vexation to accept the offer of the first suitor, the next hour affection gained the ascendancy, and she resolved to declare her love. But pride took fire and caused a tumult in the heart, of which young Winecomb, the unconscious origin, was little aware. How provoking the calmness of his replies, the quiet gaze which met her impassioned glance! Oft with difficulty she refrained from bestowing a hearty cuff on the cold youth, object of fond desire—as often, and with greater difficulty, did she refrain from tenderer salute. To-morrow shall put this wilful-headed boy to the test! If his heart be engaged, it is more than likely he has made an assignation, which I will frustrate! So thought Mistress Avery, revolving a scheme to bring young Diffidence on his knees, or to a direct confession that he loved another. Under pretence of making inquiries respecting the description of merchandise then passing the house, borne on a long train of pack-horses, under conduct of merchants of foreign aspect, the widow beckoned the apprentice (who was standing at respectful distance, beneath the threshold, with his fellow apprentices) to approach her chair, placed outside the house under cover of the overarching porch.

"John!" said the dame, fixing her large eyes on the youth, "I warrant there is store enough of trinkets and finery in yon bales to satisfy the wants of every maiden in Newbury. Happy the youth whose wages are unspent, for to-morrow, by 'r Lady! he might buy the love of the most hard-hearted damsel. Certes, no swain need die of love, if he have money in his purse!"

"If the love were bought by those foreign pedlar wares, it would not be much for a Newbury lad to boast of," replied the young man, blushing—for the gaze of his mistress was keen and ardent.

"Are the lads of Newbury then so disinterested, Master John," exclaimed the widow. "Well! I will put one, at least, to the proof. I must walk through the fair, if only to chat with my tenants' wives from Spene and Thatcham, and shall need your protection, for these strange foreigners may be rude, and Cicely is such a coward she would run away."

Mrs. Avery was rather baffled by the result of her own feint; for, contrary to expectation, she could discover neither chagrin nor disappointment; the apprentice answered cheerfully, he should be proud to attend on his honored mistress, and would not forget a good cudgel, more than a match for any foreigner's steel—nay, to ensure her from insult, he would bring all his fellow apprentices. This was more than the lady desired. She was again puzzled, and declined, rather pettishly, the extra corps of gallants, volunteered by the apprentice, more especially, as she affirmed that it was contrary to the letter and spirit of their indentures, which guaranteed festival and fair-days to be at their own disposal. But they would gladly abandon the privilege to do her service, rejoined the pertinacious and simple youth, with ill-timed assiduity.

"Fool!" muttered the widow between her teeth, but not so indistinctly as to pass unheard by the apprentice, who immediately drew back abashed.

A bright morrow gladdened the hearts of the good folk of Newbury. The morn was occupied in the sale and purchase of commodities—the staple article of the town was readily exchanged for foreign merchandise, or broad Spanish pieces, as suited the inclination of the parties dealing. These were busy hours for young Winecomb and his associates, but amply redeemed by the gayety and attractive dissipation of the afternoon. In walking through the fair, Mistress Avery leaned on the youth's arm, an honor envied the apprentice by many an anxious, would-be suitor. Ere growing tired of the drollery of the jugglers, mountebanks and buffoons, or the more serious spectacle of the scenic moralites, they encountered Master Luke Milner, the attorney, who thought the opportunity should not be thrown away of endeavoring to gain the widow's good graces. Master Luke believed his chance very fair—he was of good family, on the youthful side of thirty, but exceedingly foppish, after the style of the London gallants, but caricatured—too many ribbons on doublet, too many jewels on beaver, shoes garnished with roses large as sunflowers. "The worshipful attorney will never do for me," thought Mistress Avery! She had often thought so, and was blind to many courtesies and compliments which the learned man ventured to throw in with his legal opinions. But now she had a part to play, a stratagem to practice on the feelings of young Winecomb. Love, like hunger, will break through every restraint; she scrupled not making the lawyer's vanity subservient to her policy, and, accordingly, listened to his flattery with more than ordinary attention, keeping an eye, the while, on 'Prentice John, to observe the effect of the legal gallant's honeyed speeches. Alas! for poor, love-stricken Mistress Avery—no burning jealousy flushed the cheek of John—lightened in his eye, or trembled through his frame! Hearing the conversation grow each moment more interesting and tender, believing himself one too many, he politely retired to a respectful distance. Was he so cold and insensible, the handsome blockhead? soliloquized Mistress Avery, heedless of the lawyer's flowing speeches—I

will break the indentures—banish him the house! The wretch!

Not cold, not insensible, Mistress Avery, for see! Even whilst he loiters, there approaches a party from the village of Spene, with whom our apprentice is intimate—he laughs, chats with the young men and maidens, and finally, as the mirth grows more uproarious, salutes a very handsome, fresh colored, smart young damsel. The dame, who witnessed the scene, stung with jealousy, believing her suspicions confirmed, broke off abruptly, whilst Master Luke was at the very *acme* of his tender theme; leaving the astonished gallant, cap in hand, to the derision of acquaintance, who sarcastically advised him to repair the loss by writ of error.

CHAPTER II.

Though the widow took no notice of the incident which aroused her jealousy, John was made sensible he had incurred her displeasure. She walked silent, moody, reserved, scarcely replied to his remarks; her large, dark eye flashed anger, but the apprentice, though awed, was struck with its beauty, more struck than he had ever been. It was a new sensation he experienced. He inwardly deprecated the threatened wrath, wondered by what sad mischance he had incurred it, was more tremblingly alive to her resentment, than when oft-times—during the course of apprenticeship—conscious of deserving it. A strange, uneasy feeling began to haunt him—he was sensible of loss of favor, and though, after taxing memory, unconscious of merited disgrace—was surprised, in quieted, by the deep dejection of spirits under which he labored. It seemed as though he had incurred a loss, of which he knew not the extent till now. His arm trembled, and she snappishly rebuked his unsteadiness; he again encountered her glance—it was wild, angry, fierce, yet he felt he could have looked forever.

They were opposite one of those temporary taverns, erected for the accommodation of the higher classes frequenting the fair—tricked out with gaudy splendor, yet affording delicious viands, choice wines to wearied strollers. It so happened that, passing by the open doorway, their progress was arrested by Master Nathaniel Buttress, the wealthy tanner—mean, avaricious, advanced in years, yet ardently longing to add the widow's possessions to his own accumulated riches. With studied bow, and precise flourish of beaver, he bade Mistress Avery good day, and followed up the salute by invitation to sip a glass of sack, the fashionable beverage of the time. At fair-season, there was not the slightest impropriety, either in the offer, or its acceptance—it was quite in the usual license of these festivals. But 'Prentice John was doubly surprised; in the first place, that the miserly tanner (his niggardliness was proverbial) should have screwed up courage to treat any one with the high-priced nectar—and that his arm, which he gallantly offered, should have been accepted with

alacrity by the fair dame, who, our apprentice was aware, had oft made devious circuits, on many occasions, to elude a meeting. Young Winecomb found himself, lacquey-fashion, following in the rear. He was deeply mortified—such circumstance had never happened before—yet, though vexed, the annoyance was only secondary to extreme surprise at the character of his own feelings. He had valued highly the good will, kind words, and occasional gifts of the lady, as proofs of favor, founded on his honesty, diligence and promptitude, or, at least, without deeply analyzing his feelings, believed that in such spirit he received them. But now, smarting under disgrace, it seemed as though lost favor was dear for its own sake—bereft of smiles to which he had been insensible till the present hour, he was unhappy, miserable. 'Prentice John had great difficulty in withholding his cudgel from the tanner's back, but though he gave him not a beating, he mentally promised one. Master Buttress, elated with good fortune, was more vain-glorious than cautious; unlike prudent lover, uncertain of continuance of sudden favor, dreading loss of vantage ground, snatched by eager rivals, he escorted the dame to a conspicuous seat, whence they could behold the fair, from whence his favored lot was visible to all. The ready drawers; ere ardor called, hastened to place before the guests a tray laden with costly delicacies, crowned with silver flagon full of the favorite potation. Young Winecomb, who sat apart, though partaking the dainties, was maddened to behold his mistress listen so complacently to the addresses of the veteran suitor. Could she be serious? And if she were—what then? Was she not absolute mistress of herself, her wealth—and was he so specially concerned in her choice? This self-questioning elicited the conviction, startling though true, that he was deeply, personally concerned. He was, then, undeniably in love with his mistress! Was the passion of sudden growth, the birth of the present hour? Alas! no—it had been long smouldering unconsciously—nay, if he doubted, memory flashed innumerable, though till now, unnoticed facts proving its existence—and he had foolishly let slip the golden chance of wooing till too late—till his advantages were the prey of a successful rival!—his own affection only brought to light by the torch of jealousy. Such was the cruel, torturing position of young Winecomb. 'T was aggravated in being obliged to listen to the tanner's flattery, to witness its favorable reception. Nay, worse—he became conscious that Mistress Avery remarked his inquietude, his ill-suppressed hatred of Master Nathaniel, as her eye was often for a moment bent on him. He was convinced she took pleasure in his torments, for on these occasions her manner—though strictly within the rigid limits of propriety—invariably was more marked and tender toward the detested, fulsome niggard. He had heard, alas! such was the custom of the sex. Often was 'Prentice John resolved on leaving the lovers to their own conversation, but restrained anger on reflecting it was his duty to be present with and protect Mistress Avery, till she quitted the fair and returned home.

Nor did he relish the notion of leaving the field altogether to the tanner—jealousy united with sense of duty in detaining the youth.

Master Buttress was in rare good humor; he could not deem otherwise but that he was the fortunate, chosen man, and he found leisure in the intervals of fits of gallantry, to conjure flitting visions of broad manor added to broad manor, tenement to tenement, and to picture the future Master—nay, Worshipful Master Nathaniel Buttress, richest gentleman in the county of Berkshire. The only damp on his high spirits was the present outlay; he had been drawn into expenses far beyond usual habits; had never been guilty of similar extravagance; the veriest prodigal of London could not have ordered a more costly board; and that tall, rosy-cheeked lad imbibed the precious sack with the avidity of a sponge, and never looked a tithe the better humored, but sat grinning menaces at him—the donor of the feast! Well! well! all should soon be remedied, and the disagreeable, lanky apprentice turned adrift.

“But who is that now passing the tavern; is it not Master Luke Milner, the attorney? How enviously he looks! he has the reputation of having pressed hard his own suit, but in vain! If I invite him, he will gladly come—drink the widow’s health—and it will save me half the reckoning!” So reasoned the tanner. The lawyer accepted the invitation, though a slight shade of displeasure, he could not wholly dispel, flushed his brow. Master Luke entered, bowing lowly to the widow. Drawing a chair, near as good manners admitted, to the fair dame, he carefully deposited scented gloves and jeweled beaver on adjoining bench, and, in sitting, showed anxiety to display a trim foot, though rather overshadowed by the large roses. The tanner soon perceived that avarice had induced a grievous oversight, for the widow was not quite won. It was both unaccountable and annoying—how perverse these women are! she seemed now disposed to extend as much favor to Master Luke as she had previously exhibited to Master Buttress. ‘Prentice John was pleased and distressed at the scene—glad of the tanner’s discomfiture, he was enraged at the other’s success. The elder suitor had shown indifference to the presence of the apprentice, viewed him as a necessary appendage to the widow’s state, or, at worst, a tax on his purse to the extent of sack imbibed; but our lawyer, nearer John’s own age, and gifted with keener eye than his rival, liked not young Winecomb’s vicinity, his prying, resolute gaze.

“Mistress Avery,” said the lawyer blandly, “our young friend appears uneasy; nor do I wonder, for more than once, in the fair, did I hear red, pouting lips lament the absence of Jack Winecomb. I pray thee, suffer the lad to stroll where he lists; Master Nathaniel and your unworthy servant, with permission, will zealously protect the pride and boast of Newbury.”

If John had broken any engagement by attendance on her, replied the dame—and a keen smile, part malicious, part searching, lit up the widow’s features as she gazed on the disconcerted youth—let him seek

Cicely, who was not far off, to take his place, and he had full permission to absent himself. ‘Prentice John, though vexed and out of countenance, said he had no other engagement than duty enjoined, and he was entirely at his mistress’s command.

“Then I must not spoil Cicely’s holiday,” remarked the widow. The apprentice was doubtful whether she spoke in displeasure or not—the tone of voice and expression of countenance were equivocal. A quiet smile, which played for an instant around her mouth, when he declared he had no engagement, presaged returning favor, but the horizon was again clouded. Mistress Avery, turning to the gallants, said the youth should have his own way, that for herself she never found his presence irksome—he was so stupid, she might talk treason in his company without danger—what she was obliged to say was generally misunderstood. Stupid! misunderstood! Were there, in these words, more meant than met the ear? Had he been so blind, so deaf? Meanwhile the situation of the rivals was far from pleasant; the tanner had introduced an enemy within the fortress, whom he could neither dislodge nor compete with; the lawyer was angry that he had not the field to himself; whilst fair Mistress Avery, with impartial justice, hung the scales of favor suspended. Neither could now positively declare he was the chosen swain. Half suppressed taunts, and sarcasm clothed in ceremonious language, threatened more open bickering, when Master Luke, with due regard to a lady’s feelings, besought her to pardon their absence for a few minutes, as he suddenly recollected an affair important to the welfare of his friend, Master Buttress. The dame was condescending, declared she had too much regard for Master Nathaniel to deem their absence a slight, under the circumstances; so the lawyer, affecting to produce a leathern note-case, retired with his rival. The apprentice felt his situation awkward, but he was presently relieved; Mistress Avery bade him follow the gentlemen unperceived, and if they drew weapons, or otherwise exhibited hostilities, immediately interfere to prevent mischief. Concealed by the angle of a canvass booth, he listened, unseen, to the wordy strife. The lawyer was cool, sarcastic, overbearing; the tanner, fiery and threatening. Presuming on youth, good figure, and flowing rhetoric, the former contemned the pretensions of the elder rival, whom he affirmed had nothing to recommend him but wealth not needed; why, therefore, pursue a rivalry, when he could not lay claim to one certain token of affection? And the man of law began enumerating the distinguishing marks of favor which Dame Avery, spite of prudent, cautious, self-restraint, could not avoid exhibiting as soon as he entered the tavern. The tanner’s replication was in the same style. If these be marks of affection, thought the listener, what would they say to my pretensions if I told all? And ‘Prentice John, as he listened and commented on what he heard, grew a wiser, more knowing youth.

“If thou wert a younger man, Master Nathaniel,” said the lawyer, “there would be no need for these mutual taunts. We have a readier mode of settling—”

"Curse thy youth, and thee too," exclaimed the tanner; "'cause thou art a vain, braggart fop, with thy galloon and thy large cabbage roses, think'st to brave it over me?—there!—and there!" And so saying, the valiant tanner dealt successive cuffs on Master Luke's doublet, and drawing weapon, awaited the attack. Their rapiers—for the tanner, though following a handicraft, yet, as owning broad lands, deemed himself entitled to wear a weapon and dub himself gentleman—immediately crossed, but the alert apprentice, with stout cudgel, threw himself between and struck down their guard.

"Good sirs! good sirs! forbear!" cried one hastening to assist young Winecomb. 'Twas the curate of Spene. The belligerents immediately sheathed their weapons, muttering future vengeance. The holy man requested to know the cause of quarrel, and offered to act as umpire. This, after demur and consideration, was agreed to. Hearing each in turn, he proposed, as more becoming their respective characters than fighting, that the case should be stated to Mistress Avery—the election left to the fair widow. As each deemed himself the favored candidate, and, indeed, with good cause, for our dame had been gracious to both, the curate's proposal was accepted, and his eloquence solicited to open the pleadings. The party thereupon returned to the tavern, the apprentice not the least interested actor in the drama.

The curate of Spene, though grave and sententious, threw into his speech an under current of humor and *bonhomie*, which touched off the pretensions of each suitor with dramatic effect and felicity. Neither could question his impartiality, nor had he, as he affirmed, secret preponderance either way; both were esteemed friends, both had received the offices of the church at his hands, both had listened to his Sabbath exhortations. Which of the twain reigned in the lady's heart, to him he should offer congratulation; to the other he could fairly say, that he merited the honor for which he had unsuccessfully striven.

There was a pause, a deep silence. The blushing widow must now speak, declare herself, decide her own fate, and with it the fortunes of the suitors. How ardently did 'Prentice John long for one of the many opportunities of pleading his passion, oft thrown in his way, so heedlessly neglected! Would she indeed make an election? then, farewell, Newbury! in some far distant land would he hide his disgrace, forget his folly.

Mistress Avery said the gentlemen had certainly given her cause long to remember Newbury Fair; yet they could not expect her mind made up on so momentous a question of a sudden; besides, it was now Wednesday, which had ever been an unlucky day with the Averys, but to-morrow (Thursday) week they should have a decisive answer—her preference made known—provided, and it was the only stipulation besides secrecy, they both refrained pressing their amorous suits in the interim.

So ended the conference, and as the rivals, with the curate, gallantly bade the lady adieu (having promised obedience in every particular) 'Prentice John, in a paroxysm of anger and remorse, made firm re-

solve that he would challenge to mortal combat the favored suitor, beat him within an inch of life if he refused to fight, upbraided the widow for secretly fomenting a passion which she laughed at, and flee, forever, the town of Newbury.

"You forget, John, I shall need your arm through the press," exclaimed the dame reproachfully. The apprentice started; he had been leaning against the bench, lost in bitter reverie; he saw not his mistress was waiting. Uttering an indistinct apology, he escorted the lady from the tavern in time to witness that the tanner had been sufficiently adroit to palm off half the expense of the entertainment on his rival. Whether this was omen of higher fortune, the sequel will show.

They scarcely spoke during the remainder of the walk, nor even after reaching home. 'Prentice John was reserved, melancholy, brooding over bitter reflections; the dame, sly, observant, oft casting furtive glances at young Winecomb, seemingly, as he thought, indulging secret pleasure on beholding his misery. On the morrow they were together in the compting-room; it was his duty to produce entries of the bales of cloth sold during the business-period of the Fair; to account for the same in bullion, or according to the terms of sale.

"These for thyself, John," said the widow, placing a few gold pieces on the table, whilst she proceeded to place, under triple lock, the remainder. They remained untouched. The third lock of the huge iron chest duly shot, the dame arose, was surprised on beholding the money still lying unappropriated; John looking like man under sentence of death.

"Have I grown niggardly, Master Winecomb?" exclaimed the widow, "speak, if you would have more."

John replied by asking if she thought the ten pieces sufficient to equip him, and pay passage to Cadiz, where he heard an expedition was fitting out, in which many Englishmen had volunteered. Mistress Avery, with a calmness which confirmed his despair, replied in the negative, but demanded why he should think of starting for Cadiz, ere, indeed, his indentures were determined. The apprentice declared wildly, if she married either tanner or lawyer, he would depart, even with no more than the ten pieces, and for his reasons—he was not then sufficiently master of himself to detail them!

"But, John," said the widow, in a tone of expostulation, whilst a smile lurked in the eyes and round the mouth, "what am I to do if I say No? they press me so hard!"

The Newbury apprentice, at his mistress' feet, taunted the answer she should give. On the following Monday, Master John Winecomb was united in marriage with Mistress Avery—the wedding celebrated by the grandest entertainment ever beheld in the county of Berkshire, the fame whereof spread even as far as the court of bluff Harry. If lacking splendor in any particular, the omission was owing to the short time for preparation, as no expense was spared. The unfortunate suitors, of course, understood the affair from common report, and thought it

unnecessary to seek their fate at the widow's domicile, when they could learn it from every man, woman and child in the town. They were invited to the wedding feast, but wisely declined, as the story of their strange wooing was already abroad.

It was the custom, in those days, for the bridegroom to salute the bride on the cheek, in the church, after the ceremony was performed.

"And you are ready to swear, Master John," whispered the dame as the bridegroom approached, "that you never saw that damsel before Fair-day, whom you kissed at the Fair?"

"No—nor since!" replied he, believing it a hint for his future conduct.

Master Winehcomb lived happily—his wealth increased so quickly, with the increasing demand for the staple article of Newbury, that when the Earl of Surrey marched against James the Fourth of Scotland, who was then ravaging the borders, the rich clothier accompanied the expedition with a retinue of one hundred servants and artisans, clothed and armed at his own expense. The memory of John Winehcomb and his rich and handsome spouse was long preserved in their native town.

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THE WIDOW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY BENJAMIN B. THOM.

I WAS once journeying between Tours and Poitiers. The day was hot, and the road one I had often travelled before. I had been alone in the diligence, for many miles, when we took up a young man, of extraordinary manly beauty, and having the air of a Spaniard. We soon fell into conversation and became intimate. Among other things he whiled away the tediousness of our journey by the following story:

"Mr. Delaunay was a merchant of Poitiers, with two children who were the pride of his heart. These were a son and a daughter. The son's name was Maurice—the daughter's Mariette. Without stopping to draw for you a portrait of the son, let me present you with a slight sketch of the daughter. Mariette was exceedingly beautiful. But why, when I say that, enter into particulars? How can I attempt to do so, when her large, full black eyes, beamed a tenderness and kindness that no painter could copy—and her rich, long chesnut-colored hair fell over her shoulders in thick ringlets, and were so abundant that they could have shaded her neck and shoulders like a mantilla? What need to tell you that she had the smallest feet and the prettiest little hands in the world—that her forehead was broad and fair—that on her mouth rested a bewitching smile, or that in its very repose, there was mind and eloquence? At the age of seventeen, Mariette was the soul of the family. Each was eager to oblige her, without her commanding or ordering any body. They saw her wishes in her looks, and unspoken they were executed. Her intellect was as inexhaustible as her charity. She cast here and there money and ideas—as if she were the prodigal child of nature and of fortune—in short she was an absolutely perfect creature.

"Now, could you think it, Sir, that there was nothing in the miraculous beauty of Mariette that had enchanted the heart of a young man named Pascual—he was almost insensible to the charms of her face, her figure, and her manners. He did not conceive an inordinate affection for Mariette, by reason of her natural graces. He disdained to admire in her that which all the world, in common with himself, could admire. He preferred to all the outward attractions of this most lovely girl, her firmness, her enthusiasm, her happy turn of mind, and the noble resolution of her character. But now I think of it, you do not as yet know any thing of Pascual himself. I did, indeed, forget what the exigencies of every tale require—namely, a hero; and, therefore, I must tell you of Pascual, and where he comes from, what he has to do with the story, and what too happened to him.

"Pascual, then, had come into France from Spain—that unhappy country. There he had been the President of a Royal Court, and at the age of twenty-three years he was required by the Political Governor of his province to condemn by the most summary process, his countrymen, who were suspected of being opposed to the new order of things—to rid the soil of Carlists that they were not able to surprise with arms in their hands. Pascual refused to obey an order which required from judges a sentence, and not an investigation. It appeared to him that a court of law ought not to be converted into a slaughter-house, where men, principles, and humanity, were to be all massacred together. He tore to pieces the patient conferring upon him his office, he stripped the ermine from his shoulders, and he bade adieu to the rash zeal of the legal tribunals of Spain, and betook himself as an exile to France, where, in the town of Poitiers he waited for better days, and the return of justice to his own country.

"Once at Poitiers, Pascual was introduced to the family of Mr. Delaunay; for that introduction he was indebted to chance, which may be designated the Providence of the unhappy. Mr. Delaunay deigned to receive him with a truly paternal goodness. He gave him clothes, food, and money—the very best advice for the wretched—and he also gave him the situation of a clerk in his counting-house. At last, Pascual had the happiness of being educated, if I may so say it, by the friendship, the cares, and the intelligence of Mariette; she taught him to read, to write, and to think in French. What followed, think you? In the exuberance of his gratitude the pupil profited so well by the advantages conferred upon him by his enchanting instructress, as to reverence, to adore, and to love her.

"Mariette and Pascual were young, handsome, ardent, full of spirits and generosity—were they not formed to appreciate, to esteem, and to fall in love with each other? They did so, and that with an ardor, an intoxication, it might be said of affection, that yielded only to a sense of duty, and a hope of the future.

"You have learned that it was not the admirable beauty of Mariette that had captivated particularly Pascual; and, on the other hand, it was neither the aspect nor the personal bearing of the young Spaniard that presented attractions to her. That which most pleased the young girl was the courage, the reckless daring, the poetic imagination of her lover. She admired in him, with a species of respect, his disinterestedness, his bravery, that alike despised death and life; his eloquence when he spoke of the wicked, of traitors, of cowards, and, above all, of his country.

"What a strange circumstance occurred! Mr. Delaunay, in learning of the mutual love that existed between Pascual and Mariette, had not the courage to employ against them either complaints, or menaces, or any of

the generally very noisy resources of domestic authority. In place of reproaching him with the innocent wrong of paying his homage to the beauty, sense, and virtues of a pretty girl, Mr. Delaunay promised to protect, and to forward his interests in life. Instead of insulting, and driving him out of the house, as if he were a faithless servant, Mr. Delaunay most kindly declared one evening, when surrounded by a large party, to whom he introduced Pascual—'My friends, in this gentleman you behold another child of mine.' In truth, Mr. Delaunay was so exceedingly good as to permit an alliance that had been projected without his permission.

"Happiness sometimes travels across this world with the speed of a railway, to reach the chosen ones of the earth, that he sees from afar, that he protects, and who await his peace-giving visit. Sometimes, when he is near approaching the end of his journey, and he is about to touch with his magic wand the people that he seeks and loves, he seems to fall asleep; he becomes careless—he lies down—he slumbers—and then he awakes again, still goes onward, and arrives—perhaps, too late.

"And all that I have told you as occurring in the house of Mr. Delaunay was not long a secret. Already all the little gossips of the street, rue des Deux-Piliers, jokingly designated Miss Mariette as 'Madame Pascual.' All amused themselves in marrying, by anticipation, the daughter of a wealthy trader with a Spanish emigrant—with a poor forlorn exile. These honest people had excellent hearts; and doubtless their secret thoughts, their sympathies, and their kind intentions had never taken into calculation the injustice of fortune, the vicissitudes of commerce, the mysterious power that guides, controls, and directs us, like the merest infant, that totters as it tries to walk.

"Already the marriage had been settled. The family arrangements had been completed—the first publication of the banns had been made—they were about to sign the contract, and yet—adieu, marriage! farewell happiness! a long farewell to the happy prospects of Pascual and Mariette!

"One day—and a sad, sad day it was—Mr. Delaunay called together his wife, his son, and his daughter. He prayed them to sit down beside him, and to listen to him in silence. He spoke to them of his affairs, of his speculations, of unforeseen disasters, of sudden failures, of a sinking credit; and the heart of his listeners told them that he was ruined, dishonored, lost. Mr. Delaunay added, hesitatingly and with extreme embarrassment, that one only hope remained to him; it was opulence united with the friendship of Baron Grandet.

"My father," answered Mariette, 'do not hope for any thing from that person—as a friend; for the Baron Grandet is an inexorable old man; his greatness does not interfere with his memory nor his bad temper. You know, father, that I have a hundred times refused

to receive his hand, his title, and his fortune; and he now, in return, will refuse you his money, his countenance, and his advice.'

"Mr. Delaunay remained utterly dejected; his wife became like one distracted, and his children miserably wretched. At length the father of his family stood, sighed aloud, and addressing Mariette said, 'You are right, my child, you are quite right. Let us think no more of it.'

"It was lucky for her father that Mariette's thoughts were greatly occupied with the thought of his opulence, and the disposition of Baron Grandet. That very evening she mounted up to the very highest story of the house, and proceeded to the chamber that belonged to her lover—to him who was, it might be said, to be her husband the next day. Pale, suffering, but resigned, she told him, without trembling and without tears, that which had passed to her father's misfortune. She spoke to him of her duty, of her filial piety, of the imminent ruin and impending dishonor of Mr. Delaunay. From her noble devotion came to her the firmness and the resolution to propose to Pascual a separation, that she believed to be not only necessary but indispensable. She dared even to tell him of the project that otherwise would have been absurd, and in different circumstances ridiculous—of an alliance with the Baron Grandet. The wretched lover divined the immense sacrifice that was imposed upon his probity, his virtue, and his love; and not being able to express his thoughts by words, he could only show that he approved of her project by his looks and his gestures.

"My father is saved! I am happy!" cried Mariette.

"Heaven hear your prayer!" murmured Pascual.

"And having said this, the two lovers began to seek out, and to imagine extreme means, and to be, for the future, nothing in the world to each other. They preferred, as if it were by a species of immolation, the denouement of this cruel episode in private life, and I can assure you that it was a comedy that had in it all the sublimity of a tragedy.

"Three days after this very scene, there was for the family the duty of examining in secret the marriage contract that had been drawn up by the solicitor of Mr. Delaunay. The merchant was seated in an arm-chair. His wife was busily engaged or appeared to be so, with a piece of embroidery, the better to conceal her tears; the son was chatting tete-a-tete with Pascual, and the daughter amused herself with laughing or singing, as if she was the happiest little idiot in the world. What an admirable, noble-minded actress!

"Mr. Delaunay took advantage of the first reading of the contract to show himself a truly honest man in his dealings with Pascual, with him that he was about to call his son-in-law. He bravely told what had been his losses, and what his reverses of fortune, and which as

were a secret to the entire city. He looked like a man who was asking a favor, when he argued that, owing to a change of circumstances, he must ask for some alteration in the settlement that he intended to make.

"Entirely absorbed in the desperate part which he had been called upon to play by Mariette, Pascual began to reject with an assumed arrogance the views and the reasonable offers of Mr. Delaunay. Trembling he pretended to require the last farthing that had been first mentioned should be paid to him! and he inflicted upon himself the misery—the poor wretch!—of higgling about the most paltry details, about shillings, pence, and even farthings, and he did this so well, that the merchant at last started out of his chair, rushed toward him and said in a terrible passion—

"God forgive me, Sir, but you seem to me to chaffer about the hand of my daughter!"

"Sir," replied Pascual, while cold drops of agony poured down his face, "marriage I have always looked upon as a matter of business, and I want, therefore, to make the best bargain I can."

"Very well, Sir," observed Delaunay; "but this I have to say, that this is a merchandize in which I do not deal, and therefore I can strike no bargain with you. Begone, Sir!"

"I go," stammered forth Pascual.

"At the same moment Maurice, the brother of Mariette, ran toward him, either for the purpose of striking him, or of preventing him from leaving the room, when the young maiden stopped him, by crying out in a feigned tone of indignation, mixed with contempt—

"Do not touch him, Maurice. He is neither worthy of your anger, nor of mine. Let him go; for I now love him no more."

"Pascual ran from the hall of Mr. Delaunay to betake himself to a small hotel in the environs of Poitiers. The next morning he received a message from Maurice, and, as he never thought of defending himself, was wounded. It was intimated to him that, wounded as he was, he should instantly quit Poitiers.

"One night, and a few hours before his departure, a woman veiled, and followed by an old nurse, entered secretly into his chamber. The young man, astonished by this mysterious visit, uttered first a cry of fear, and then of joy—and then he knelt down in tears at the feet of Mariette!

"Pascual," said Mademoiselle Delaunay, "swear to me that you will have patience and courage."

"I swear it," answered Pascual.

"Swear always to love, and without seeking ever again to see me."

"I swear it."

"Farewell, then, and haste away. You are a noble being, and I love you."

"Mariette," timidly asked the wretched young man, "will our sacrifice repair the wrongs that fortune has done to your father?"

"Yes."

"Will your hand save his honor?"

"Yes."

"And will it make your mother's future life happy?"

"Yes."

"Will your brother's name be respected?"

"Yes."

"And will you all yet esteem me?"

"Yes."

"You have then no more need of me. I go."

"As Mariette was about to depart she stopped at the threshold of the door, and turned toward Pascual, whose sobs of grief reached her ear.

"Pascual, friend," said she, "long since, you heard from me the first whisper of love—receive to-day my first and my last kiss of affection."

"Pascual knelt before her, and he kissed the forehead of the neophyte. The two martyrs embraced.

"The following week Mariette became the Baroness Grandet. The wife, or rather the nurse, of a husband, whose only struggle in life was to postpone, amid pains and sickness, the final moment of his departure for another world. Pascual, however, kept the frightful promise he had made; he never again saw her, he never sought to see her again. And this Pascual—about whom I have told you such a long and tedious story is—myself!"

"You; and what then brings you back to Poitiers?"

"For the first time for three years—three long years, I received yesterday a letter—one single word from Mariette. She has deigned to write to me, 'Come,' and here I am. She suffers, perhaps. She is unhappy. In short, Mariette, calls me, and I am—*here*."

We arrived at the moment in the town of Poitiers. The horses advanced with slow paces up the street of the Deux-Piliers; in that pretty street in which Pascual had adored Mariette. I began to look at the number on each house, and I was not long in decyphering "No. 15." At that moment there occurred something very extraordinary. A young lady of ravishing beauty appeared on a sudden at one of the open windows of the habitation of which I speak, and the first sight of this angelic being made my fellow traveller tremble with emotion.

"Mariette!" It was Mariette, who was dressed in black, and who wore the weepers of a widow. What a misfortune! what happiness!

Poor Pascual wept with joy. Almost motionless from astonishment and delight, he placed his hand upon his eyes, upon his mouth, and then stretched it toward Mariette, as if he would send to her a kiss impregnated with his tears. At the same instant the lovely widow

took from her dress, from her mourning robe, a sparkling rose. She pressed it gently to her lips, and then flung it upon the banquette, even into the very arms of the enamored traveller.

All this was the affair of an instant, and no one, excepting myself, could divine the dramatic denouement—the mystery of the heart, which was enclosed in tears—a kiss—a black dress—and a rose upon the banquette of a diligence.

Is it necessary for me to proceed with my story, or to apprise my readers that “the maid” did not continue all her life “a widow?”

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Original.

THE WIDOW'S WEDDING.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"This looks not like a bridal."

"TELL us a story, uncle; a true story," exclaimed half a dozen young voices, as a group of girls gathered around the arm-chair of the venerable old clergyman.

"But you complain that my true tales are all grave ones," answered Mr. B——.

"Well, dear uncle, you must have married a great many people as well as buried them, during your long experience as a parish clergyman; tell us a story of some romantic wedding," cried a gay and jiddy creature, seating herself on his footstool as she spoke.

"I remember but few joyous and merry scenes, my light-hearted Mary," answered the old man, as he parted the hair on her white forehead. "Did you never notice in an old picture that the dark tints are always the most enduring, while the once bright ones are faded and dim. It is much the same with the sketches which memory traces in the chambers of our imagery: when she uses the sombre hues of sorrow the picture remains unchanged, but when we would look upon some vivid scene of joy once brightly depicted on our minds, we often find only a ghastly shadow of by gone beauty. Weddings are not always scenes of happiness, Mary."

"I am sure they ought to be," said the maiden, with a blush and a smile.

"Well, children, you shall have your wish. I will tell you of a bridal at which I officiated in earlier life, and you shall judge whether it is sufficiently romantic to please your excited fancy.

"Among the most influential of my parishioners in the little town of Woodlands, was a family named Danville. The father had made a large fortune in trade, and leaving the business in the hands of his two sons, had retired to a newly purchased estate in my neighborhood, where he lived in a style of splendor, far exceeding that of the surrounding gentry. Proud of his wealth, and vain of its numerous appliances, with which he was surrounded, he was yet hospitable to his friends and charitable to the poor; and if much of his hospitality and charity might be traced to the ostentation which was his besetting sin, yet those who knew him were willing to excuse the weakness for the sake of its frequent good results. His wife resembled him in some points of character. Her past experience of the evils of poverty, had perhaps tended to increase her sense of the value of money, while it served to keep alive in her a spirit of economy which savored strongly of parsimony, and blended most strangely with the love of display, which formed a prominent trait in her disposition. She was at once luxurious and mean—seeking to outshine her neighbors but always at the least possible expense. The sons were men of business, engrossed in the acquisition of gain and having no thought beyond their day-book and ledger.

"But how shall I describe their only daughter, Margaret? It seemed a strange fate which placed a crea-

ture so delicate in all her perceptions, so sensitive in her feelings, so refined in all her tastes, amid a family so coarse in their habits. Her figure was almost too fragile for perfect symmetry, but her face was full of that gentle, spiritualized loveliness which the painters of olden time imaged in the countenance of the Madonna. I think I see her now, with her soft brown hair braided smoothly upon her fair brow, her deep blue eyes full of liquid light, and her cheek wearing the delicate tint seen in the inner fold of the sea-shell. Quiet and placid in manner, every movement was full of grace. She had none of the buoyancy of early youth, but her demeanor was characterized by a timid and gentle reserve, which spoke rather of subdued feelings than of a cold nature. She always seemed to me like some delicate wild flower which had sprung up in native fragrance and beauty amid a bed of gaudy and flaming exotics. She was an only daughter, and of course an heiress, and her parents looked forward to the period when she should contract a brilliant marriage. Visions of French Counts and German Barons, and even vague dreams of the younger son of an English peerage, visited the scheming brain of Mrs. Danville. She determined that Margaret should visit Europe, and she scarcely doubted that she would return with a title which might excite the envy of all her acquaintances. She reflected upon the splendors of such an alliance; the sound of 'my daughter, the Countess,' rung in her ears, until she almost believed that her wishes were prophecies.

"In pursuance of these plans, Mrs. Danville steadily discouraged the visits and attentions of all those young men, who, attracted by the charms and fortune of Margaret, would willingly have sued for her favor. She wished to keep her daughter secluded from society, lest some girlish-fancy should mar her plans, and Margaret's retiring habits rendered this no difficult task. In fact Margaret felt little enjoyment in society, for she knew that the watchful eye of her mother was constantly upon her, checking the flow of quiet mirth and restraining the free impulses of her pure nature, until she absolutely dreaded to enter a gay circle. Her tastes were all perfectly feminine, and to the cultivation of these she devoted a great proportion of her time, taking little thought for the future, so long as the present brought contentment. She was neither a genius nor a beauty, but the loveliness of her gentle nature, her quiet good sense, and her nobleness of heart, were depicted in her sweet face, and if I were called to sketch the face of an angelic being, I should scarcely fail to trace the lineaments of Margaret.

"At the time I first became acquainted with the family, Margaret was about eighteen, and the charm of her society reconciled me in some degree to the very unprepossessing manners of her parents. There is something so impertinent in purse-proud superiority—something so annoying in the affectation of condescending politeness in such people, that those who are poorer but not less proud, are apt to lose sight of christian charity in their judgment of them. For my own part, I must confess, that I was rather vexed than pleased with Mr.

Danville's ostentatious display of his old wines and costly plate when I occasionally dined with him; and I would rather have plodded on foot through the most miry lane in the parish, than have accepted the use of his elegant carriage, with its gold-embroidered hammer-cloth and liveried footmen. I suppose I was wrong, but his very civilities seemed almost like insults, from the manner in which they were proffered, and, but for the interest I felt in the gentle daughter, I am afraid my parochial visits to them would have been few and far between. You need not smile at an old man's confession. I was not in love with Margaret Danville, for long ere then, I had wooed and wedded one who is the comfort of my age as she was the joy of my youth. No, I loved Margaret as I might have loved a younger sister, and I watched over her with deeper interest because her position was so little suited to her character.

"Mrs. Danville had a nephew, the son of a deceased sister, who had early shown such evidences of talent that his poverty-stricken parents had strained every nerve to bestow on him the advantages of a liberal education. They lived to witness the completion of his academical studies, and then died, leaving him to struggle with the world in that most helpless of all conditions—a poor scholar. But Carrington Wilson was too energetic a man to sit down in hopeless inaction. The opportunity of visiting Europe, as tutor to a young heir, was offered to him and immediately accepted. During his absence he applied himself to the study of medicine, for which the schools at Paris afforded great facility. His pupil, who fortunately for him, was equally studious, though his taste led him to a different class of pursuits, gave him all the aid in his power; and, when at the expiration of six years, the young men returned to their native country, the one was a skilful amateur painter, the other an accomplished physician. But the artist returned to the possession of an ample fortune, while the physician was doomed to all the wasting anxieties of an early professional career. He had talent and learning, but he was young and unpatronized, and his only prospect was a weary waste of expectancy. Mrs. Danville had never noticed her nephew during his early years, except by those decent observances by which people manage to quiet poor relations; a New-Year's gift to the mother, and a Christmas box to the boy, were supposed to make amends for the want of sisterly affection and kindly interest. But when the young Doctor returned from abroad as the companion of a rich friend, when she learned that they had possessed the *entrée* to some of the best society on the continent, she thought she saw an opening which led to the fulfilment of her schemes. She resolved to cultivate an intimacy with her nephew, and, by inducing him to become the companion of their projected tour in Europe, obtain admission into the circles where she hoped Margaret might shine. Whatever feelings of contempt Carrington Wilson might have had towards the designing and self-interested woman, he determined to avail himself of every honorable method of advancement, and he therefore accepted her invitations from motives as selfish as were her's who offered these courtesies.

"But his acquaintance with Margaret soon led to better feelings. Her pure and unsophisticated character, her timid gentleness, concealing as it did, the warmest and deepest affections, and her delicate beauty of person, soon awakened his earnest interest in his young cousin. Mrs. Danville encouraged their intimacy from perfectly sordid motives, without being in the least degree sensible of its danger. Indeed the idea that her penniless nephew should dare to raise his thoughts to the heiress of the rich Mr. Danville never entered her brain. She would have been as likely to suspect her footman of such presumption. But Carrington was perfectly familiar with the spoken languages of Europe, while Margaret only knew them from books, and in pursuance of her plans, she wished her daughter to be able to converse fluently in foreign tongues. She therefore suggested that Carrington should share with his cousin some of the benefit derived from his residence abroad, and that, by a course of reading and daily conversation, Margaret should endeavor to acquire his facility in speaking French and Italian. It may readily be imagined that neither of them undertook the task with much reluctance. For the first time in her life Margaret found perfect sympathy of tastes and congeniality of sentiments; while Carrington enjoyed the purest of all pleasures, an intimate yet passionless communion with one for whom he felt a more than fraternal affection. Had they been subjected to any restraint or suspicion, they would probably have discovered the nature of their feelings, but, content with the thought that Margaret, without any additional expense, was becoming better qualified to dazzle in the gay scenes of continental life, Mrs. Danville looked with perfect complacency upon their intimacy.

"The time fixed for their visit to Europe at length arrived. Carrington Wilson accompanied them, and during the two years that they remained abroad, I knew little of them, except a few vague reports of Margaret's success in society. But, at the expiration of that time, Carrington suddenly returned alone, and the Danville family soon followed. Not long after they were again settled in their home, Mrs. Danville informed me, confidentially, of her troubles, and begged me to exert my pastoral influence with Margaret to turn her from the error of her ways. Margaret had fallen in love with her cousin, and for his sake had refused a French Marquis, with more hair on his face than brush-wood on his estate—a Russian Baron, with a name longer than his rent-roll—and an Italian Count, with a palace as old as the republic and as empty as his head or pocket. It was quite a terrible affair. Notwithstanding all the money expended upon their tour, Margaret had derived no benefit from it, for, not only had she refused to listen to the overtures of these distinguished foreigners, but she had even threatened to apply to the American consul, when her parents talked of exerting their authority over her. This was a singular tale to hear of the gentle and timid Margaret, and I repaired to her with a determination to understand the affair more fully before I attempted to use my influence over my young favorite. Her version of the story was somewhat different.

"I know," said she, "that obedience to my parents is

a law of God, but the very words of the Book of Truth teaches that children should 'obey their parents in the Lord;' and surely there was no sin in rebelling against the authority which would have consigned me to temporal and eternal ruin. They would have wedded me to folly and vice, to age and covetousness, to ill temper and irreligion; and I refused—ay, even when threatened with the harshest of treatment—when the tyrannical laws of the land in which we sojourned were about to be exerted to enforce my obedience; when they would have dragged me to the altar a struggling victim, I resolutely refused; and had they persisted, I would have appealed to the laws of my own free country to rescue me from such martyrdom. I have been permitted to look upon my cousin as my dearest friend, and now—when the very intimacy which my parents encouraged has become necessary to my happiness—I am forbidden to cherish the feelings which are entwined with my very existence. If Carrington had faults of character to which they could object, there would be some reason in their opposition, but no—the only barrier between us is my mother's ambition, and I have suffered too much from that, to submit now calmly to its dictates. I will not degrade myself by a clandestine marriage with Carrington; but I will never marry another.'

"It always seemed to me as if this singular violence in one so uniformly gentle—this

"Unwonted fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovered o'er its mate,"

had terrified the sordid nature of her parents. They could not understand this sudden outbreak of impetuous will in a creature heretofore so docile and submissive. I believe they looked upon it as a species of insanity, the incipient stage of madness, and were actually frightened into a compliance with her wishes. Whatever were their motives, they yielded at length to her steadfast purpose, and, when Margaret had attained her twenty-first year, I was summoned to perform the nuptial ceremony. I must confess that I was not sorry for the turn which affairs had taken, for Carrington Wilson was a noble fellow, and I knew him to be worthy of the love of such a being as Margaret. I had never been able heartily to condemn her apparent undutifulness to her parents, because I was certain that they were incapable of judging wisely for a child so unlike themselves; and, therefore, though I have seldom known any good to come from a marriage contracted contrary to the wishes of parents, I was willing to hope the best from this union.

"Mrs. Danville had consented with a very ill grace, but, the sacrifice once made, she was determined to manage the affair with some display. A large party was invited; all the fashion of the neighborhood was collected; and, in the midst of the frivolous assembly, Margaret, looking like the Peri when she beheld the opening gates of Paradise, plighted her vows to her beloved cousin. I never saw a face so radiant with happiness as was hers on that eventful evening.

"The mother found some consolation in selecting the most gorgeous furniture for the house destined for the

young pair, and in relating to every one the tale of Mr. Danville's generous conduct towards them. Indeed a want of liberality was not one of the father's failings, and when he endowed his daughter with a fine house and a competent income, every body was in raptures with his noble spirit. Carrington devoted himself earnestly to his profession, probably from a wish to become independent of his father-in-law; and he was not long in discovering that his wealthy alliance had produced a wonderful effect upon the perceptions of those who had heretofore been blind to his merits. A wide field of practice began to open before him, and I believe if ever perfect happiness blessed the lot of mortals, the young husband and his gentle wife then enjoyed it. But alas! it was like the few glimpses of Heaven which the weary wayfarer beholds in his toilsome earthly pilgrimage.

"A year had scarcely elapsed, when they were aroused from their placid enjoyments by the necessity of a temporary separation. Margaret's elder brother had gone to the south on business, and, while there, intelligence was received of his dangerous illness. Mr. Danville immediately suggested that Carrington Wilson should proceed to the place of his sojourn, not only to give him the benefit of his medical skill, but also to accompany him home as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered to travel. Of course to such a summons there could be but one response. His duty was plain; and with his hopes of a speedy return struggling with his regrets at leaving his sweet wife, he bade her farewell. Day after day Margaret's heart was gladdened and her eye brightened by the receipt of a letter from him whom she loved with such passionate fondness. At every place where the traveller stopped, he wrote to her, and this enabled her to endure with patience the first fortnight of his absence. But at length a day passed without a letter—another and another followed—and while the family were filled with anxiety; they received tidings that the invalid brother was already on his way home. His letter told them of his convalescence, and bade them expect him home at a certain time—but the name of Carrington was not once mentioned. Margaret was almost wild with anxiety, but she strove to listen to the whispers of hope until the return of her brother. He returned, sick and feeble, and *alone!* He had not seen Carrington, and did not even know of his journey. Need I describe to you the anguish of the unhappy wife? Her family, sordid and calculating as they were, could not behold her agony unmoved, and her younger brother determined to go in search of her husband. Margaret, at first, prepared to accompany him, but when it was suggested that her presence would only impede him in his design, she quietly submitted, and remained to abide the issue of his research. What wretchedness did the young creature endure during that awful season of suspense! Daily did I minister to her the words of consolation, but her heart could listen only to its terrible forebodings, and my services were of little avail.

"Are you prepared to hear the result of young Danville's journey? In a lone and unfrequented wood, beneath a pile of withered leaves and hemlock branches,

was found a mangled and disfigured body. The knife of the assassin and natural decay had left little personal trace of its identity, but the name, still visible on parts of the dress, some peculiarities in the form of the poor remnant of mortality, and a little locket, apparently of too trifling value to tempt the cupidity of the robber, which still hung upon the ghastly breast, offered proof enough. It was indeed all that remained of the hapless Carrington Wilson! His murderer had probably been stimulated by cupidity, as his watch, his pocket-book, and even a ring, the gift of Margaret, which he always wore, were now gone. Every clue to the perpetrator of the awful crime, was, of course, lost; and consigning the body to a less unhallowed grave, young Danville returned to his home, bearing with him the terrible evidences of the fate which had befallen his sister's husband.

"I will not harrow up your young minds by a recital of all the wretchedness which I witnessed in that house when the fearful tidings were revealed to Margaret. She listened to them with a cold and strong look of horror, and when the locket was placed in her hands, she fell prostrate on the floor—not with the relaxed motion of one in a fainting-fit, but stiff and rigid like a statue thrown from its base. For three days she remained in that fearful state; her limbs bound in the rigidity of catalepsy—her eyes open but sightless—her features petrified in their horror-stricken expression, and nothing of life remaining, save a slight warmth of the skin and a feeble flutter of the pulse. All efforts to arouse her seemed futile, and her medical attendants watched, with almost breathless anxiety, for the moment when this '*Life-in-Death*,' should give place to the actual presence of the King of Terrors. But she awoke from this frightful trance—with senses bewildered and chaotic she awoke to physical consciousness, and the very alienation of mind, which prevented her from realizing the full extent of her misery, enabled her physicians to restore her to bodily health.

"The return of reason to Margaret's darkened mind, seemed like the slow upraising of a heavy curtain which had hidden all the past from her view. Gradually the truth broke upon her, and, at length, *tears*, the first she had shed, though Carrington had lain more than a year in his bloody grave, gave promise of a milder and more manageable sorrow. But I think she never quite recovered her vigor of mind. Her fine taste, her delicate sensibility, her firmness of character, seemed extinct; and, from the time when she was stricken down to the earth by the lightning-stroke of sorrow, she became merely a passive and unresisting instrument in the hands of others. She considered the awful death of her husband as a judgment for her former wilfulness; and this idea—a proof of her weakened state of mind—she brooded over, until it became like the skeleton at the Egyptian feast, the daily guest in the chambers of her heart. A system of penance, like that which condemns the nun to the cold austere of the cloister, became the guide of Margaret's conduct; and, while she steeled her heart against all cheerful impulses, she determined that the will of her parents should henceforth be the sole guide of her future life.

"It was about four years after the terrible death of Carrington, that I was again summoned to perform the marriage ceremony in the stately mansion of the Danvilles. Margaret was a second time a bride! You start, but she was only affixing the seal of martyrdom to her self-inflicted penance—it was the will of her parents. They had dragged her from one fashionable watering-place to another. They had compelled her to throw aside her weeds of widowhood—they had forced her into the giddy dance and the midnight revel, and to all this she had submitted without a murmur. 'It is a part of my punishment,' she would whisper, when she saw herself decked in ball-room attire; and she went into the midst of gayety even as a martyr might have gone to the stake. But no earthly power could change the cold, stony expression of her once lovely countenance. Its tender sweetness was gone for ever, and those who marked her frozen look, or the mechanical movements of her delicate form, might almost have believed that they looked upon the realization of the fable of antiquity, and actually beheld

'The marble stiffening o'er the mortal form.'

"During their stay at Newport, the preceding summer, the Danville family had become acquainted with a young Englishman, who, to great apparent modesty of deportment, united the advantages of fortune and high birth, being the second son of the Marquis of Thistle-down, and bearing the title of Sir William Thornton. Mrs. Danville was enraptured. A real English nobleman was something better than a foreign Count, for, though titles might be purchased in England, yet they were more costly affairs there than on the continent, and of course more aristocratic, according to her notions. The cold hearted mother saw with delight the possible success of her long cherished scheme, and actually congratulated herself on the chance which had thus left Margaret unfettered. Indeed, after the first natural feelings of horror had subsided, the Danvilles did not pretend to feel any regret at the death of Carrington Wilson. They had never loved him, and they determined that as Margaret had followed her own will in that alliance, they would assert the same privilege on some future occasion, for, it is certain, that the unhappy widow had scarcely recovered from her alienation of mind, when they began to form new projects for a future matrimonial connection. Mrs. Danville left no means untried to secure the attentions of the noble Sir William. She excited his sympathy for Margaret by details of her early widowhood, sedulously concealing however the manner of her bereavement, lest a knowledge of her past insanity should deter him from seeking her hand; and she took care to make him understand that Margaret was now perfectly free to bestow her hand and fortune on a second husband.

"Sir William seemed quite charmed with Margaret, although it must be confessed that, to a stranger, there were few attractions in the pale cold face of the young widow. But the feeling was not returned by Margaret. She walked with him, rode with him, listened to him, sang to him, only because her mother bade her do so—but not a ray of feeling ever lighted up her countenance or enlivened the tones of her monotonous voice. Sir

William, however, was not to be turned aside by trifles. He visited the Danvilles at their own house, and delighted them by the assurance that they lived in precisely the same style as his father, the Marquis; excepting that the noble possessed several fine seats and broad parks, while the tradesman, alas! could only boast of one villa. He succeeded admirably in his designs upon Mrs. Danville; she was perfectly happy, and when at length he made proposals in due form for the hand of her daughter, she was ready to drop him a courtsy and thank him for his condescension. Margaret was not consulted on the subject. She was told of his offer and commanded to accept it; and with shuddering horror, like that which convulses the poor Suttee when she binds herself to the funeral pyre, she submitted to her fate.

"I conceived a great dislike to Sir William Thornton from the first moment I beheld him. He was a strong-built muscular man, between thirty and forty years of age, thick-necked, coarse-lipped, and heavy browed, with an expression in his light grey eye which I could not endure. He never looked full in the face of any one, and his shifting restless eye seemed full of suspicion. He rather avoided me during the short time I had an opportunity of seeing him, and I began to doubt whether he was actually what he pretended to be. However, Mrs. Danville was pleased and Margaret submissive, so that the preparations for the marriage were carried on with a great degree of splendor.

"The day before that fixed upon for the marriage, I could not resist the impulse which led me to see Margaret in private, and learn her true sentiments. The familiar terms on which I now visited the family, enabled me to accomplish this with great ease, and our interview was prolonged for several hours.

"'I know you think I am doing wrong, my dear sir,' said Margaret in conclusion, 'but you cannot feel as I do. I am offering myself in expiation of the sin of my youth; a sin which cost my husband his precious life. God saw fit to punish my wilfulness by the most severe of all trials—for he well knew that while my idol lived, all other sorrows were as dust when weighed in the balance against my happiness. Carrington was taken from me, and I was left to make atonement. But I feel as if my punishment will not be made harder than I can bear; I shall not live long to wear the chains I now assume.'

"'And Sir William—what are your feelings towards him?' I asked.

"'Excessive repugnance;' was the shuddering reply. 'It has cost me many a bitter struggle to overcome the almost instinctive loathing with which I recoil from him. But waste not your sympathy upon him, my dear friend, nor think that I treat him with injustice; he wants only my father's wealth, and he shall be satisfied with money, while my mother will rejoice at seeing me ennobled, and I shall be made happy by a speedy release from a thralldom which must soon destroy either life or reason.'

"'It was useless to argue with one who erred so widely both in her feelings and her judgment. Indeed I fancied

there was incipient insanity lurking beneath her calm demeanor, and I could not but tremble for the result.

"The evening of the wedding came. The large rooms were filled with company, and the hour approached when I was to pronounce the nuptial benediction. I was already seated in the drawing-room, awaiting the entrance of the bridal party, when suddenly there rung through the house a long loud shriek, such as never yet issued from mortal lips save as the requiem of a broken heart. A look of consternation sat upon every face; with the swiftness of thought, all flew to the apartment whence the sound had issued. Mr. Danville and myself were the first to enter the room, and the sight which I beheld will never leave my memory. Seized with the same mysterious and frightful malady which had once before reduced her to the brink of the grave, the victim of catalepsy stood fixed as a statue—her arm extended—her long thin finger pointing towards some unseen object—the features of her face petrified in their awful expression of horror, and looking like some terrific spectre. Sir William cowered in a remote corner, his pallid cheek and lurid lip bearing witness to his alarm. But a frowning brow was bent upon him, and a strong arm was ready to grasp him when he arose from his abject position.

"Of course a scene of great confusion ensued. Rumors of all kinds were whispered among the company; the stranger guests dispersed quietly and quickly, and the few friends who remained learned the full horror of the tale.

"Margaret had suffered herself to be attired as passively as a child, and gave little evidence of heeding the efforts of her dressing-maid, until the moment when the girl attempted to remove from her neck a black ribbon which held the locket that had been her constant companion since it was removed from the bosom of her murdered husband. This she vehemently insisted on retaining, and in strong contrast with her necklace of pearls and her brussels lace, appeared that dark badge of sorrow. When she entered the apartment where the bridal party awaited her, she was observed to shudder as the bridegroom approached to lead her to a seat; but the emotion was instantly repressed, and she passively suffered him to place himself at her side. His eye was caught by the black ribbon, and with singular want of tact as well as delicacy, he made some jesting remark as he raised his hand, as if to draw from its hiding-place, the treasure which was attached to the dusky band. Margaret felt the dignity of womanhood insulted by the gesture, she turned suddenly to repulse his audacious touch, but as she did so, her eye fell on a ring which he wore on his finger. Without a word she snatched it wildly from him, and the next instant the fearful shriek was uttered which had so shaken the nerves of all who heard it. That ring was found tightly clasped in her hand, after she was placed in bed, and it was instantly recognized as the one which had been her gift to Carrington Wilson. It was of rich and massive gold set with a single diamond of great value; but, as a proof beyond all doubt, her brother who was familiar with the secret, touched a spring which raised the

diamond and disclosed the word 'Margaret,' enamelled on the inner gold.

"Do you read the enigma? or must I tell you that suspicion was aroused, and that by a singular concatenation of circumstances, such as often confounds the most deeply laid schemes of villany, the man who styled himself Sir William Thornton, but who was better known by the name of Will Tobin, was found guilty of the murder of Carrington Wilson, more than two years previous. When in prison, under sentence, he confessed the crime, to which he had been tempted by the sight of the victim's well filled pocket-book, which he had noticed as the hapless young man was paying for his night's lodging. But he solemnly disavowed any knowledge of the connection between the murdered man and the widow whom he sought to wed. He had destroyed Carrington's few papers without reading them, and the name of Wilson was too common a one to excite any suspicion in his mind. The wealth of Mrs. Danville, and his accidental discovery of Mrs. Danville's ambitious views, determined him to personate the character he had so successfully assumed. But for the silly vanity which led him to add the fatal ring to his wedding ornaments, the *widow of the murdered* would have been the *wife of the murderer* !

"Margaret did not survive the shock. She died without giving any evidence of returning consciousness, and six weeks after she was consigned to her early grave, the criminal perished by the strong arm of the offended law."

Original.
THE WIFE.

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BY THE EDITOR.

THE duties of the wife may be reduced to three general classes; viz., *affection, reverence, and faithfulness.*

1. The wife is to give the husband her affections. The duties of the married pair are reciprocal. The Bible commands the husband to love the wife. Surely, then, the wife is bound to love her husband. "Let every one of you in particular so love his wife as himself." Why the precept is not addressed to the wife as well as to the husband we cannot say. It would be rather gallant than otherwise to assume that the inspired penman deemed woman's affections incapable of alienation; yet it is true that her domestic attachments are exceedingly ardent and enduring.

The parties to the marriage covenant "are no more twain, but one flesh." Their union is the most sacred and binding amongst mortals. It is used to set forth the union between Christ and his Church. It binds the husband to love his wife "even as Christ loved the Church;" and in turn it obliges the wife to love her husband as the *sanctified* Church loves the Savior. So far as earthly objects are concerned, the bridal, like the marital affections, should be supreme. They should be stronger than the filial or the maternal.

The wife's affections should be more ardent than the daughter's. This is Scriptural: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." Why? Because "they two shall be one flesh;" that is, the bonds of wedlock shall be stronger than those which nature has created between the child and the parent. This applies equally to the man and the woman; and in accordance with the principle, the woman leaves *father* and *mother* to go any where—into distant climes, if circumstances demand it—to dwell with her husband. Conjugal love conquers all earthly loves, and tears its devotee from the most endeared scenes. One affection only can conquer *it* in turn—that is the love of Jesus. The husband can say to his wife, "She who loves father or mother, or brother or sister, or child, more than me, is not worthy of me;" but Christ only can say, she that loveth *husband* more than me, is not worthy of *me*. And from this we infer that she is blame-worthy who, having a husband and a home, spends a great portion of her time with her friends. I know a young wife and matron who leaves her husband in solitude, and, with her little children, spends about one month in three amidst a large circle of her connections. Had she seriously applied herself to understand her duty, or even to secure her own interests, she would pursue another course. What can she expect? May not her husband conclude that she married him for convenience—not because love moved her to the union? He sees that she gives him merely so much of her time as would render her a burden to her relatives. To help out his conclusion, she appears melancholy in his society, and is cheerful only when she is starting on an

excursion, or is abroad among her friends. Households have been broken up by such conjugal imprudences.

A woman should never marry a man for convenience. It is *base* in the extreme. She may do it without personal contamination in the view of the world, but not in the sight of God. If urged by parental cupidity or ambition to such a covert prostitution, her perpetration of the crime may be partly excused; but even then it cannot be justified. Under such a vile influence she shall be pitied, and the execrations which light upon her shall be softened; but let them fall in unmitigated severity upon the parents who decoyed and betrayed the unresisting victim.

If any reader is in this condition, married to one who does not possess her heart, as far as any creature may possess it, let her seclude herself from the world, and especially from the companionship of those who are attractive, and apply herself to the Father of all mercies, that he will be pleased to control her affections, and incline them towards those objects which duty as well as interest obliges her to love. Had Calista done this, she would have saved herself a world of sorrow. Racinus paid his addresses to her in her bright and heedless girlhood. After a long and intimate acquaintance they were "engaged." They loved each other well. But Lucinda, with fewer charms, (except of family and fortune,) came between them. Racinus did not forget Calista, or his promises; but ambition supplanted love. He pursued and won Lucinda. Calista spent her youth in binding up her wounds; and after years of mortifying sadness, she at length gave her hand to Lester. He was worthy, but did not possess her heart. She would not disguise her feelings, nor seek by grace a proper state of mind. Racinus lived their neighbor; and the frequent visits of the families served to keep awake in her unhappy bosom feelings inconsistent with the relation she sustained. The result was fatal. True, she never faltered in outward duty to her husband; but perceiving that another held possession of her heart, and that he had no place in her affections, he became careless and desponding—sought to drown reflection in the bowl—became a gambler, a bankrupt, and a drunkard, and died the victim of his wife's incorrigible neglect and disaffection. Poor woman! She had borne her husband an only child; and in the fortunes of her daughter the mother endured retaliating woes. But what they were we trust the reader to conjecture, and instead of the recital will leave a decent blank.

The mother should not expect her child to regard the filial more sacredly than herself does the conjugal relation.

The wife's love must be pure as well as ardent. But nothing is pure that belongs to human nature. Even the conjugal affections need to be regenerated. What a love that was which Mrs. Fletcher bore her husband! How intimately did it blend with her attachment to the Savior! She saw in him the image of her Christ, and loving Christ, she loved his image. There is a sacred-

ness indescribable, and to the worldly inconceivable, in a pious woman's love for one who is joined to her in wedlock, and re-joined to her in Christ. Milton's imagination, apt and fervid as it was, could never sketch a scene so enchanting as those which spring from the sanctified endearments of pious households.

True, this purity of affection may also be demanded of the husband; but if he fail, let not the wife copy his example. Let her not forget that the husband may be sanctified by the believing wife. Her purity may attract him to the all-cleansing fountain. So it was with Mrs. M. For years she walked alone, with no staff to lean upon but the comforting rod of Jesus. But this sustained her amidst trials severe as the furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont. Her husband's moods were changeable, and his assaults on her religion were varied many ways. But she never wavered. He cursed and she blessed. He scorned and she was meek and humble. He raved like a madman about "lazy preachers," lying Methodists, and swindling Church members; but she made no answer. She prayed, wept, and prayed on, year after year, and hoped against hope for her poor wicked husband. Revival after revival brought one and another and scores of her neighbors to the foot of the cross, but her husband raved on. Yet she prayed, and prayed, and hoped. All had given up her husband as judicially hardened in sin, but she did not give him up. Another revival came. She besieged the throne of grace in his behalf. On a certain Sabbath he consented to go with her to church. The sermon was over, and mourners were called to the altar for prayer. M. stood with his foot on a bench, his elbow on his knee, and his cheek on his clenched hand, his eyes fixed in a fierce gaze upon the floor. My friend pointed to him and said, "He's a hard case, but something ails him." In a minute a faithful follower of Christ, who had courage enough to suffer for his Master, approached and whispered in his ear. He glared fiercely around, and then raising himself up, came forward with a firm step, and cast himself down at the altar. In thirty-six hours he was a new man. When his pious wife saw what God had wrought, her fortitude forsook her. She burst into one flood of joy after another, weeping like an infant; and it seemed as though she who had so patiently sought the blessing now bestowed, would expire under the intense joy of its fruition.

Have you, reader, such a husband—unbelieving—hostile to the religion of Jesus Christ? Do not falter. Show him your faith by your works. Let all your tempers be controlled by grace. Live much in your closet. Let your love for him be sanctified, and let no provocation disturb the meekness of your heart. Remember that your husband looks at you to learn what religion is. He does not go to the Bible, nor to the closet, but he goes to your daily life, and from it he infers that religion is or is not what it claims to be—a sanctifying power to the heart.

O look to thyself, lest by some misdeed of thine—some act or word, dishonoring to Jesus, thy dearest

earthly friend—he who is more to thee than all the world beside, should be hindered and not forwarded in seeking this salvation. A word of thine may save, a word may kill. Fly to the throne of grace, and linger there. Plead for a sanctified heart. You cannot *act* unless you feel. A cold heart cannot yield the fruits of our holy religion. Live near the cross, be saved thyself by its power, and then thou mayest hope to become a savor of life to thy companion.

But perhaps you profess no religion, feel none, and practice none. As a wife you draw your companion into fashionable associations, and encourage him to neglect and to forget his soul. Alas! what sorrows are you probably treasuring up for yourself, and what woes for your family. Emily—not long since wedded to a man whose turn of mind had become religious, is striving to win him from his serious—or what she calls gloomy habits. She invites to her saloons the gay and the godless, and compels her husband to mingle with them. They reciprocate the favor, and he must wait on her abroad. She is succeeding to her heart's content. Her "James is becoming cheerful." She hopes to see him the gayest of the town. Probably she will; and no wonder if he becomes the most profligate and depraved. He is a reformed drunkard, and his sobriety is his safe-guard. Let him lose a sense of his religious obligations, and the chances are not a few that he will plunge into every excess, and ruin both himself and his family for time and eternity. She "loves her husband, and can't bear to see him gloomy." Alas! if she loved him with a pure heart, she could not bear to seduce him from God, and lead him by the soft attractions of woman's overpowering charms down to perdition. Love is sometimes worse than hatred. It kisses and yet betrays.

Faithfulness and submission on the part of the wife need not be enlarged upon. They spring from love, and where this is ardent and pure, those will be spontaneous. As faith always brings forth fruit, so bridal love always produces a reverential manner towards the husband. We say always; for those occasional fits of affection which some ladies display towards their husbands, interrupted now and then, almost daily, with fits of angry passion and words of rude reproach, deserve not to be called love. The softened feelings which now and then occur in the changing moods of the maniac might as well be called by that sacred name. She, therefore, who is wanting in fidelity and reverence towards her husband, may justly be accounted a stranger to those affections, without which a lady in wedded life is worse than a shrew. She is a monster; and a woman without discretion is to be preferred before her. She may have brought her husband a rich dowry in goods and chattels, and landed estates—she may display all the graces and charms of woman, and may have added to personal attractions a highly gifted and cultivated mind, but she is stripped of that jewelry of the heart, without which her companion is more to be pitied than the galley slave, or the prisoner on the scaffold.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

WRITTEN BY MISS M. S. C. OF OUR CITY.

CHAPTER I.

"Another tale of thine! fair Italia,
What makes my lute, my heart, ay turn to thee?
I do not know thy language—that is still
Like the mysterious music of the rill—
And nought have I seen thy cloudless sky.

Thy cities crowned with palaces, thy halls
Where art's great wonders light the storied walls,

I know them not, yet, Italia, thou art
The promised land that haunts my dreaming heart,
Perchance it is as well thou art unknown—
I could not bear to lose what I have thrown
Of magic round thee."—*The Fencing Braclet.*

He stood upon the marble floor of the *Ponte Della Trinita*, and gazed upon the wondrous works of art that gained for Florence, of itself so fair, a fairer appellation. It was an Italian evening, and the soft breezes of that favored clime were wooing with a gentle power all earthly things. The undulating waves of Arno's lovely waters kissed the receding sunbeams, and gave back to earth the soft reflection of their lover's smile. The rosy light stole gradually away, and the fair eve came gliding on with her pure crescent and clear glittering stars. Bright Phœbus lingered on the horizon's verge, as sorrowing to resign to Dian's less adoring eye so glorious a domain; a soothing melancholy characterized the scene, ill in accordance with the feelings of Henrico d'Vere: he had wandered from the city's crowded thoroughfare almost unconsciously, yet was the beautiful sunset and the Arno's waters sufficient recompense for longer journeying and more wearied feet.

"His cheek was pale, or toil, or care,
"Or midnight study had been there,
"Making its young colors dull,
"Yet leaving it most beautiful."

The girl who dreams of Endymion never imagined a more perfect specimen of manly beauty. His brow seemed a fair shrine, a temple for all holy things, his eye shone like the eagle's in his home afar, his lip curled with a *hauteur* that became them both, and his proud form was a fair emblem of the stately oak that bends not till it breaks. Yes, his was beauty, and that beauty spoke in stronger words than peerless features and a god-like form, for mind was there illuminating all, a soul that bowed not to the meaner joys of earth, but looked to heaven for strength, till it should cast away the mantle that encumbered, and wing its upward flight to the fair region of its birth.

The scene was fair, the waters placid, and the heavens bright; but the proud young artist heeded not their beauty; every breeze that flitted by, breathed in his ear *to-morrow*. And on these simple words has there not ever hung much of life's happiness. To him they told of glory, of a bright mind's acknowledgment, yet was the hope clouded by fear; true genius ever doubts its own existence. The morrow was to prove the merits of a production on which he had poured the very energies of his soul. The devoted Eleanor sucking the poison from the wounds of her husband had been his subject; how often had he started from his fevered sleep, as the dreadful vision of its destruction again and again returned to him. Yes, he had knelt before a senseless statue with all a lover's idolatry, and promised to it protection. How had he wrought, then turned to dream of beauty, and then wrought again. How had he hoped, and now to-morrow's sun must either bind the laurel on his brow, or blast his name for ever. He toiled for fame, and sacrificed with cheerfulness, life, health and happiness. Oh, fame, how like a siren art thou, luring men on to an abyss, where death stands with his poisoned darts to still the proudest throbbings of the youthful heart. Oh, fame! what art thou? D'Vere looked on the smiling orb of night, and gently did its rays steal to his aching heart; the Arno's silvery waves as they rolled on, chasing with fairy speed the fast departing, brought to his mind the past and future many, many days; and he knelt down with the fair moon smiling upon him, and offered up to heaven the contrite prayers of an o'ercharged spirit.

Life's promises are all delusive, the realization of hope's brightest dream dims the fair picture. The soul immortal and still hoping on, scorns the delights of earth's realities; hope is our happiness, and like a winged seraph flees before us, tinging the future with a rosy light as evanescent as the rainbow's hues.

CHAPTER II.

"His brow is pale with high and passionate thoughts,
"That come from heaven like lightning, and consume
"Even while they brighten."—*Portia's Portrait.*

The morning's dawn found D'Vere pacing the exhibition-room in no enviable mood, the fevered spot that burnt

upon his cheek told the intensity of the flame within. He paused to gaze upon his Eleanor, and doubt vanished as a vision. It could not be but all would acknowledge the surpassing excellence of his creation—the drapery, the *solid marble* drapery, seemed floating in the air, and the sweet face—oh! there, indeed, the christian's hope, the woman's love were wondrously blended. The day wore on—the rooms were crowded with the fair, the great, the noble. Lovely forms gathered close round his Eleanor, and many a fair and jeweled hand was raised, to point the beauties of the saint-like face; full many a word of praise came winging to his ear their worth, enhanced by the soft melody of silvery voices. Who was the gentle girl whose soul-like orbs were fastened on his Eleanor; "Who is she?" asked D'Vere, 'twas the first time that he had looked with aught of heart on woman:

"She was a creature beautiful as hope,
"With eyes blue as the harebell, when the dew
"Sparkles upon its azure leaves; a cheek
"Fresh as a mountain rose, but delicate
"As rainbow colors."

A dress of purple velvet, fitting closely to her *petite* form, and the slight wand she held with fairy hand told of her morning's exercise. From beneath a Grecian cap of exquisite proportions,

"Her silken tresses, so bright and so fair,
"Streamed like a banner of light in the air."

A veil of snowy white, that wanted round her lovely form, finished a picture too pure for aught less sacred than the eye of love to rest upon. She leant upon the arm of a person to whom she bore so striking a similarity in features and complexion; D'Vere knew it was her father, and the thought pleased him, though he asked not why. But the young noble, prattling by her side, "Who might he be?" at least she heeded not the impassioned words he poured into her ear, but the fair orbs of beautiful blue were lifted still to Eleanor, in sweet communion, as a kindred spirit.

"It breathes of heaven!" whispered the gentle girl.
"Methinks it breathes too much of heaven for earth, my fair Virginia," returned the giddy youth.

That my fell gratingly on Henri's ear, but the next words of the fair lady soothed his ruffled spirit.

"The mind that conceived so perfect a design," exclaimed she, while her eyes still rested on the figure, "how must it rank above its fellows." A shadow crossed the handsome face of the young count; she saw it not, but turning to the gentleman whose arm she leant upon, said, "Father, wears not this statue the impress of my mother's features? the same subdued expression, blended with hope, a glorious hope of heaven."

The countenance of her father assumed a look almost of sternness, as he replied, "My daughter, this was your mother's land, and here a superstitious feeling occupies your mind, making all things her shadow. The Count Visconti speaks to you, my child; turn to his sunny smiles, and chase away these gloomy visions of the past."

She looked upon the count, it was her father's will, but the bright smile seemed an insipid and a worthless thing. Yes, the Italian spirit burnt within her breast, a spirit coloring all things with its sunny hues. Wooed by Italia's breeze, it left its earthly confines, and mingled with her lovely waters and her purple skies, her evening sunset and her morning's light.

The exhibition had closed, and twilight rested upon the city, but D'Vere still lingered in the deserted hall, seeming a fit companion for the cold, pale forms that graced it; he stood in one of the deep recesses of its lofty windows, and gazed upon the scene without.

"Oh God! I have a part in thy most glorious works," he murmured; "the sun, the moon, the glittering stars that shine, are they not mine, mine as I feel them here, exalting, purifying and ennobling every feeling. Poverty may throw its heaviest chain around me, and embitter life or life's realities; but while I feel the pampered noble hath not more of these, thine own rich gifts, than thy deserted children, I am content." With the last peaceful words stole from his breast a sigh that mocked their utterance, a sigh full laden with unblissful thoughts. The figure of that gentle girl had crossed his mind; he thought of her, the daughter of a wealthy lord, the affianced bride of Count Visconti; he thought of her lovely face, where purity, and heart, and mind blended in sweet companionship; her fairy form, her gentle accents, and he felt he loved! but oh, how hopelessly, that sigh spoke for itself.

A light footstep, and a silvery voice in sweetly modulated accents fell upon his ear; he started at the sound—a melancholy and imaginative mind feels ever at such times, and 'mid such scenes, a superstitious awe; but that light footstep spoke of peace and hope; it was Virginia; she

had bribed the porter for admission, that once again she might but look upon that face so like her mother's. D'Vere stood motionless, and she moved on and knelt before his Eleanor. The silver orb of night rested upon it, and gave to the cold marble something that spoke of life, it seemed a being of another sphere, looking upon her with a face beaming with sorrow; the dress of the fair maid

"Was white, and simply gathered in such folds
"As suit a statue;"

her eyes were raised to heaven, and tears, full tears, trembled upon their lids; her lips moved as in prayer; D'Vere gazed on her with an artist's eye, and all a lover's heart; and that young heart beat high with hope; spell-bound he stood gazing upon her, as the astrologer on his own peculiar star.

If there are moments tinging the future as with magic stroke, then was this one. A dark and solemn cypress that graced the garden of the academy, and shaded but ineffectually the window through which the moon-beams played upon his Eleanor, moved by a sudden breath of heaven, threw such a heavy shade upon the marble brow of the fair statue, it seemed no longer bending its eyes in love upon the kneeling maid; but the strange darkness gave it the awful frown of Olympian Jove. The maiden's lip grew pale. With a wild look, and muttering incoherent words, she tried to rise, but fear had worked upon her sensitive mind and paralyzed her powers, and she sunk back in a deep swoon. Henrico rushed forward, and raised the senseless lady from the floor. He called, he could not leave her, and no answer came; but consciousness returned, and she arose, and tears came to her relief. D'Vere wiped from her eyes the precious drops as they sprang forth, and called her fair and gentle; he told her that he loved, and bade her banish fear; and he wooed her gently as zephyrs woo the delicate hyacinth; but she seemed to be dreaming, and his words fell on her ear unheeded. Then spoke he of the statue, of the deep inspiration that called forth his Eleanor; and she looked in his eyes and listened with eager heart; but when he ceased, and the rich cadence of his manly voice died on her ear, she glided from his arms, and stood erect before him, nor longer wept, but in her pure and holy purpose found support.

"Tell me, young artist," she exclaimed, "whether that face was wrought from recollection of some gentle countenance, or your heart's own imaginings?"

"From but a vision, lady," he replied, "but now a fairer wonder wakes the powers of my mind. Oh, gentle lady, I offer thee a heart, in its devotedness free from earth's chilling influences; a heart that slept unconscious of its power, till thou woke it to love and hope."

"Hope breathes not here," murmured the gentle maid, "of earthly promises, but points to heaven."

On bended knee Henrico urged his suit. She spoke not—

"Words are little aid
"To love, whose deepest vows are made
"By the heart's beat alone."

She spoke not, but the hand clasping her own felt the soft pressure of her answering vow. Love rustled his spotless wings, rested upon their hearts, and sighed as he acknowledged the rich sacrifice.

"They parted not that night for sleep:
"Henri had thought that well might keep
"Rest from his pillow."

CHAPTER III.

"Love! gentlest spirit! I do tell of thee—
"Of all thy thou-and hopes, thy many fears,
"Thy morning blushes, and thy evening tears;
"What thou hast ever been, and still wilt be—
"Life's best, but most betraying witchery!"—*Rosalie.*

Months had elapsed since Henrico first vowed himself a devotee at young Love's shrine, but time had taken nought from the fair plumage of the wily-boy, each day had added another link to the bright chain that bound him to Virginia.

They roamed beside the windings of the Arno's tide; heaven had set its seal upon the youthful pair; the rose had fled the maiden's cheek, and the youth's eye shone an unearthly thing; a mysterious inspiration beamed from their clear depths; he looked as a young prophet communing with the stars, seeking their light to dissipate the clouds earth had thrown round his spirit. Is there not a rich eloquence in silence—the thoughts traced on the lofty brows of that young pair were a full history of love?

They approached the dwelling in which Henrico resided. "Here, love, we'll rest us from our wanderings," exclaimed D'Vere; "tis but a remnant of a lordly hall, 'tis poverty's abode; but in my bosom beats as true a heart as ever thrubbed in princely palaces."

By many a winding stair and dimly-lighted corridor they reached his studio; it broke upon Virginia's sight a hidden treasure. Rich gems of art graced the walls of the young artist's home; a lovely Hebe smiled at its entrance, and bright Apollo, with a brow like heaven, seemed waking with a matchless grace his lyre's chords; Diana and a Niobe, too, graced the scene, breathing their histories of love, pride and revenge. The free air of heaven played through the room, and waltoned with its crimson draperies. The lovely Nine, placed in a hollow niche, seemed the true shrine of the young devotee; and at their shrine Henrico had poured forth the priceless treasures of his gifted spirit, till love, pointing his taper finger to a devious path, whispered a gentler name. D'Vere gazed through the latticed window of his studio on the Count Visconti's palace.

"Can it be love prompts me to wish thee to reject the Count Visconti's suit, my fair Virginia," exclaimed he; "see you his proud palazzo rearing its lofty dome, in very mockery of my presumption. Oh, my Virginia, I could almost bear that thou shouldst give thy hand to him, so that thy heart were mine."

"And wouldst thou have me barter peace and happiness for yonder palace? dearer, holier, and more glorious far is this thy home to me. Yes, love has hallowed it, religion sanctified, and genius, with his radiant wings, still hovers near. Oh, my Henrico, could I pluck the living stars of heaven, I'd wreath them in a coronet to place upon thy brow."

"Would to heaven I were worthy it," exclaimed D'Vere; "yet, dearest, I doubt thee not; love is an emanation of divinity, and thine is perfect, untainted by earth's breath; but you have promised to impart to me your early history, this is the twilight hour when sadness occupies the heart, and tales of love sound gracefully, will you comply?"

The lady blushed, and tears, warm tears, fell fast upon the hand clasping her own.

"If to recur to other days grieves thee, my gentle one, I ask it not."

"If it were sadness made me weep," returned the maiden, "thy sympathy, Henrico, would relieve my mind of half its misery; I cannot well define the gloomy thoughts that press like shadows on my heart; but listen, till I make the history of my youth thine own: I will begin it now like an old tale. My father was the only child of one of England's proudest peers; the evidences he gave, even during his boyhood, of an imperious disposition, were hailed by grandfather with delight, as a sure omen of a dauntless spirit; his pursuits and studies were left at his own disposal, and all the gentler feelings of his heart neglected. Have they not much to answer for who trifle with the growing passions of our nature? But though so unrestrained, at twenty my father had made great proficiency in the sciences; his mind, of an investigating character, rendered the acquisition of such knowledge comparatively easy. Fancy, with her airy phantoms, led him not aside from the stern path of duty. When he had attained his twenty-fourth year he left his paternal home for the continent. It was in Florence that he met my mother. She was an improvisatrice, and woke the lyre's chords to the rich flow of poetry. I know not why such gifts should captivate the young philosopher, though love, they say, loves not his likeness; but I believe it not. We may admire, but we cannot love the talent that awakes no answering strain within our hearts. All the enthusiasm of my father's nature burnt like a consuming flame when in the presence of that gifted girl. The spell which Italy's fair skies, and many relics of departed glory, weaves round all youthful hearts, was deeply felt by his, perhaps the more so from the very novelty of such impressions. He told her that he loved, and she, scorning deceit, confessed an answering flame; had she been less sincere 'twere better; unused to action springing from the heart, he valued lightly love so lightly won. They married—and when the death of his father compelled him to return to England, my mother left fair Florence, and, alas, all happiness! My father worshipped, but he did not love, and idol-worship will not long atone for *wealth of heart*. My mother loved with all the fervor of her native clime softened by fancy's spell, and he repaid her love but for a while; 'twas an unholy worship that consumed itself, 'twas but an artificial life, and he returned to old pursuits as to his native clime, to marvel at the power Italia exercised o'er England's son. My father then commenced his political career, and was quoted as a pillar of the government; deeply versed in intrigue, the investigating powers of his mind enabled him to look as with a prophet's eye through the dark curtain of futurity, and read with eagle glance the ever-varying impulse of the mass. Preferment followed preferment, till he stood on an eminence whose height towered beyond the wildest hope of

his most sanguine dream. Then he grew moody and discontented. Ambition may not rest, and he toiled on, flattering the spirits whom he most despised, bending them to his will by a true knowledge of the human heart. 'Twas then my mother's misery was complete, she looked on him she once had deemed almost a being of a higher sphere; 'twas the same stately form, the same blue eye melting in liquid light, and the rich mass of sunny curls were still thrown from his spotless brow with god-like grace, but the spirit's glow that shone through all—*was gone!* She was a gentle flower, most spiritually sweet, whose sunshine, dew, and air had been his love, and that withdrawn, earth had no charms for her. Her love had been closely wreathed with life, too close to part; each hope had perished, and each light had fled, and her fair blighted spirit looked on this world, this beautiful, bright, breathing world, as on an untracked desert.

"And spring returned—but the dark eyes that gazed with passionate delight upon her beauteous train were closed. The full sweet voice, whose untaught melodies vied with the nightingale's, *was hushed*. Death had dealt gently with her—a smile lingered upon her lips—she was most statue-like in beauty, and my father gazed on her till remembrances, withering as the sunoom's blast, woke into life to dwell within his heart.

"High minds, of native pride and force,
"Most deeply feel thy pangs—Remorse!"

CHAPTER IV.

"He thought upon his few and unknown years,
How much his power, how little it had done;
And then again the pale lip was compressed
With high resolve, the dark eye flashed with hope
To snatch a laurel from the grasp of death,
For the green memory of an early grave."—*Poetical Portraits.*

"See you my hope, Virginia?" murmured the youth, pointing to a block of marble; "dearest, you smile; you think it very strange that hope leads me to see in this huge mass aught but an unhewn stone. It was my couch last night, and in my dreams an angel came with plumes of light, and whispered hope; 'Create a Hope,' it said, 'young artist, to smile upon the world;' and it essayed to leave me, but I caught its garment as it looked towards heaven, and stayed its flight; I knelt to it, as I have knelt to none but thee, my love, and asked it to personify a Hope; as if by magic, the bright wings had flown, and the light drapery hung in folds so exquisitely fair, my senses ached as with a new delight."

He ceased to speak, and stood gazing upon the marble, as if absorbed in thought; 'twas but a moment, and he breathed her name in accents deeply musical: "Virginia," he continued, "it is a dreadful thing to die; not that, coward-like, I fear the pangs of death; but, oh, to die, to be forgotten as a senseless thing; I would leave something here, something to tell I lived; pride is my master-passion, and its ascendancy has blighted long all happiness. I cannot flatter for a paltry gain those whom I feel as far above as heaven's from earth. Think me not vain, Virginia, for to thee I bow, not in humility, that very pride owns thee a fitting shrine."

D'Vere's character had been early developed; losing his parents almost in his infancy, he had lived unloving and unloved, *alone* amid the myriads around; an unbounded pride, which under other circumstances had been hardly discernible, had become his ruling attribute; a consciousness of superiority, and a proper sense of independence, were the true groundworks of his least amiable traits of character. The father of D'Vere was a Parisian, a genius, and a prince's favorite. He visited Florence, by his king's desire, in the hope of recovering an art which time had almost buried in oblivion. 'Twas there he met the Lady Isabelle, she was an Italian, and the rich blood of the Medici flowed within her veins. 'Twere vain to tell the progress of his love; suffice it, that he sighed, nor sighed in vain, and when he received his monarch's summons to return to France, the lady gave her hand to him who long had possessed her heart. The Count Visconti, the father of the gentle Isabelle, frowned on their union, and cast his lovely daughter from him; and she went forth, trusting her all of earthly happiness to the frail tenure of a stranger's faith. A while the beautiful and highly-gifted young Italian moved in courtly circles, the star of every fete, the theme of every song; life was a fairy scene, and more than all, Leandro's heart was true.

But soon their monarch frowned; jealous spirits had whispered dark tales of treason into the prince's ear, and Leandro D'Vere was thrown into the Bastille. The morrow came—and he had ceased to be—he was beheaded in the dark still night, without a kindly voice to whisper peace to his departing spirit. When the dark tidings reached the

Lady Isabelle, an artificial life sprang up within her heart. She left fair sunny France for Italy, with the knowledge of her father's death, and the accession of her eldest brother to his power.

The intensity of her feelings led her to believe he would aid her in her last work, *revenge*, and that when her worn heart gained the deep rest it panted for, her helpless child would in that noble brother find a friend. She sought his palace, and was denied an audience. The last tie that bound her to her country was sundered. This unnatural brother was the father of the young Count Visconti, the affianced of Virginia Effingham.

"Ah! heaven, was not her cup of sorrow full—
"Full to overflowing? Though thou hast deemed it fit
"In all our bliss to mingle some alloy—
"—had not she enough
"Mingled with hers?"

"Her soul
"Bursting its bonds, soar'd to its home in heaven."

Henrico D'Vere stood by his unfinished work glowing in beauty; the rich hectic spot burning upon his cheek, and the unnatural brilliancy of his dark eyes told a dread crisis near. His lofty mind, most prone to old romance, had bent to a wild legend prevalent in Italy, that he who sleeps upon the unhewn block from which he hopes to carve an attitude, will be visited by angels, who will impart to him most useful hints. 'Twas a sad thing that one who might have blessed the world by the rich products of a gifted mind, should be deluded by so wild a tale; but it is ever so; indistinct visions of some brighter world unfits such spirits for the exercise of their abilities in this.

Death had set its seal upon D'Vere the night he lay upon that chilling couch, and he arose as with a spirit conscious of a change; the fine proportions of his manly form shrunk to a shadow of his former self:

"The glow of health,
"Of youth, was gone, and in his sallow cheek
"And faded eye decay sat visible."

But as the casket of the precious gem waxed weak, the spirit grew, as it were, drinking life and vigor from the consuming frame. He had a hope (based on a shadow, but reared by "young ambition") that he might shed a halo round a name which would ere long be the sole wreck of him who moved upon this earth—God's "noblest work." With an expiring energy he wrought, till his fair figure shone, a *promise* of perfection. 'Twas *Hope*—all incomplete.

CHAPTER V.

"The tie that binds the happy may be dear, but that which links the unfortunate is tenderness unalterable."

"Why tarries he? the glorious orb of day is descending in the west, and yet he is not here."

Virginia Effingham stood in the dark cypress forest that bounded the domains of her father's castle, and breathed these words. The appointed hour had past. Why tarried he? And the young maiden left the gloomy forest, and wandered forth to meet her lover. It seemed a magic power urged her on, until she reached the frowning pile Henrico called his home. Then a wild thought woke in her heart—onward she rushed through the dark windings of that lonely hall, unheeding the hoarse croaking sounds that issued from the tenantless rooms, whose only occupants were the dark night-bird. In her horizon the bright star of Hope looked dim; but Love shone with unusual light, nerving with its strong power the timid maid.

"Where hath not woman stood,
"Strong in affection's might; a reed upborne
"By an o'er-mastering current."

She reached his studio. There the young artist lay, his arms wreathed round the statue—and in his hand he clasped a chisel with convulsive grasp; his head rested against the base, and the dark loving eyes were closed—*closed, and for ever.*

Fame shed a transient halo round his name, and pity dropped a tear upon his grave; his Hope served as his monument, a fitting emblem of his short career. *A glorious hope unrealized.*

"One wept for him when other eyes were dry,
"Treasured his name in silence and in tears,
"Till her young heart's impassioned solitude
"Was filled but with his image."

A Greek maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, answered, "I will bring him what is more valuable than any treasure—the heart unspotted, and that virtue, without a stain, which was all that descended to me from my parents."